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# THE NEW YORKER

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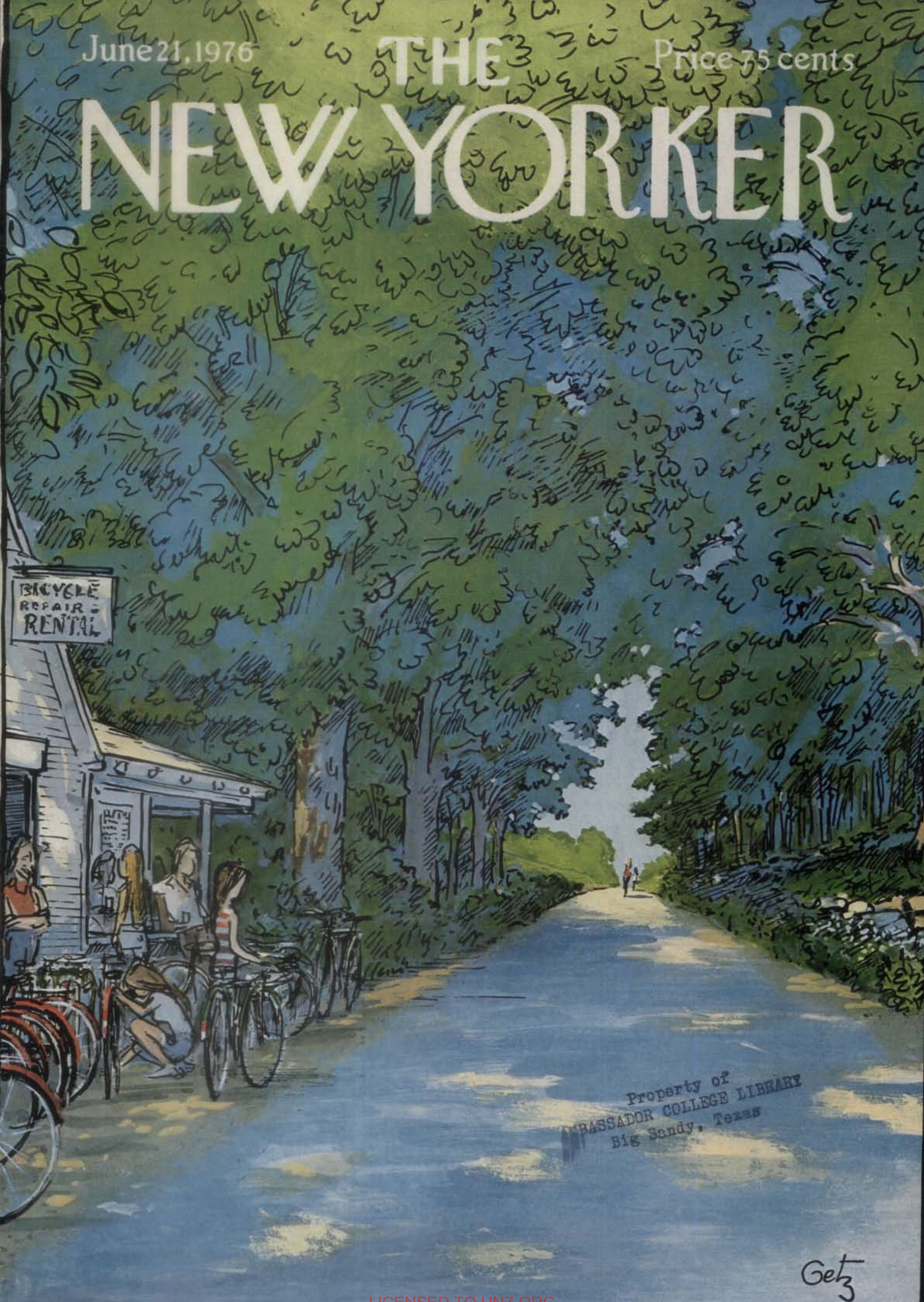
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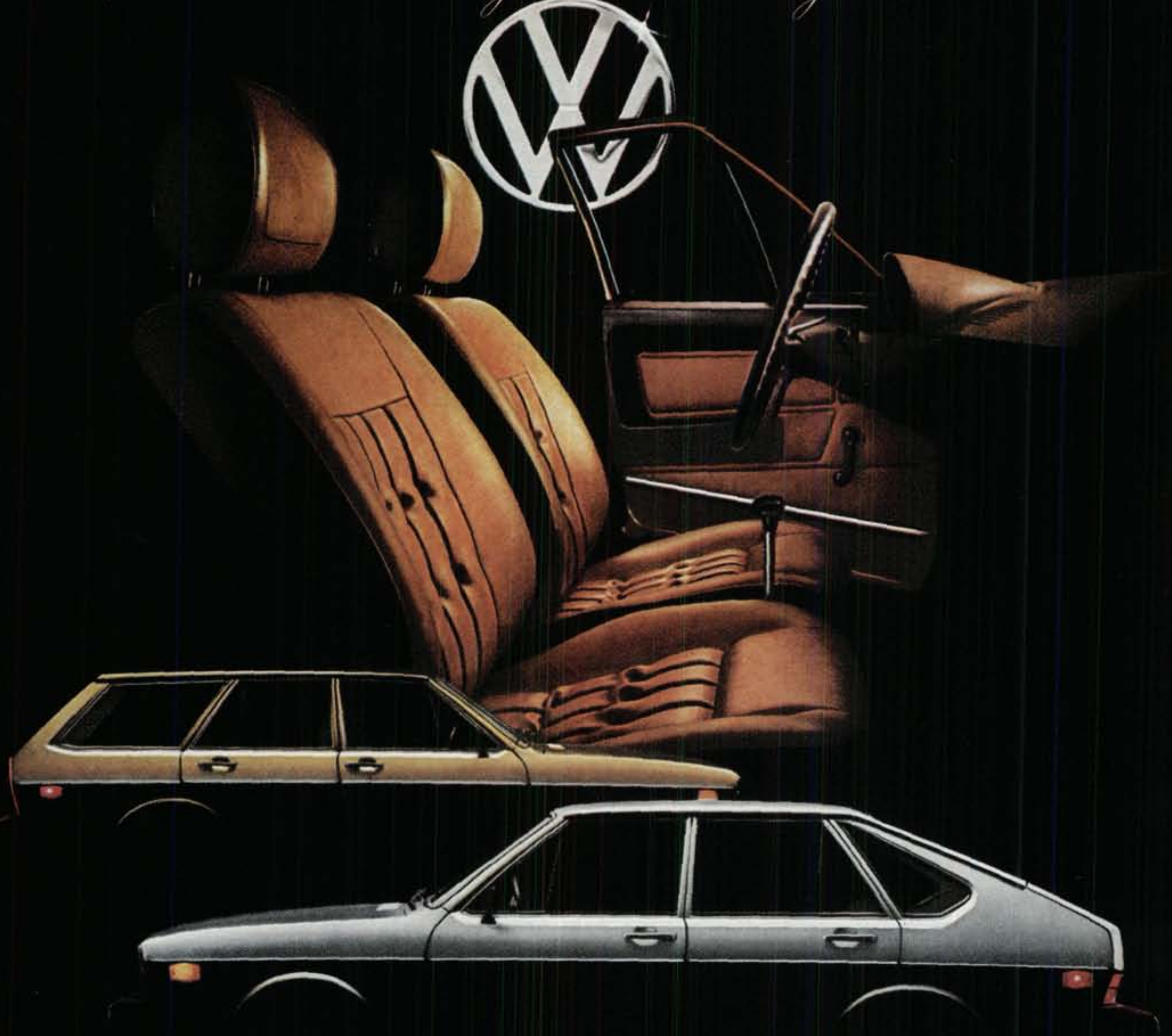

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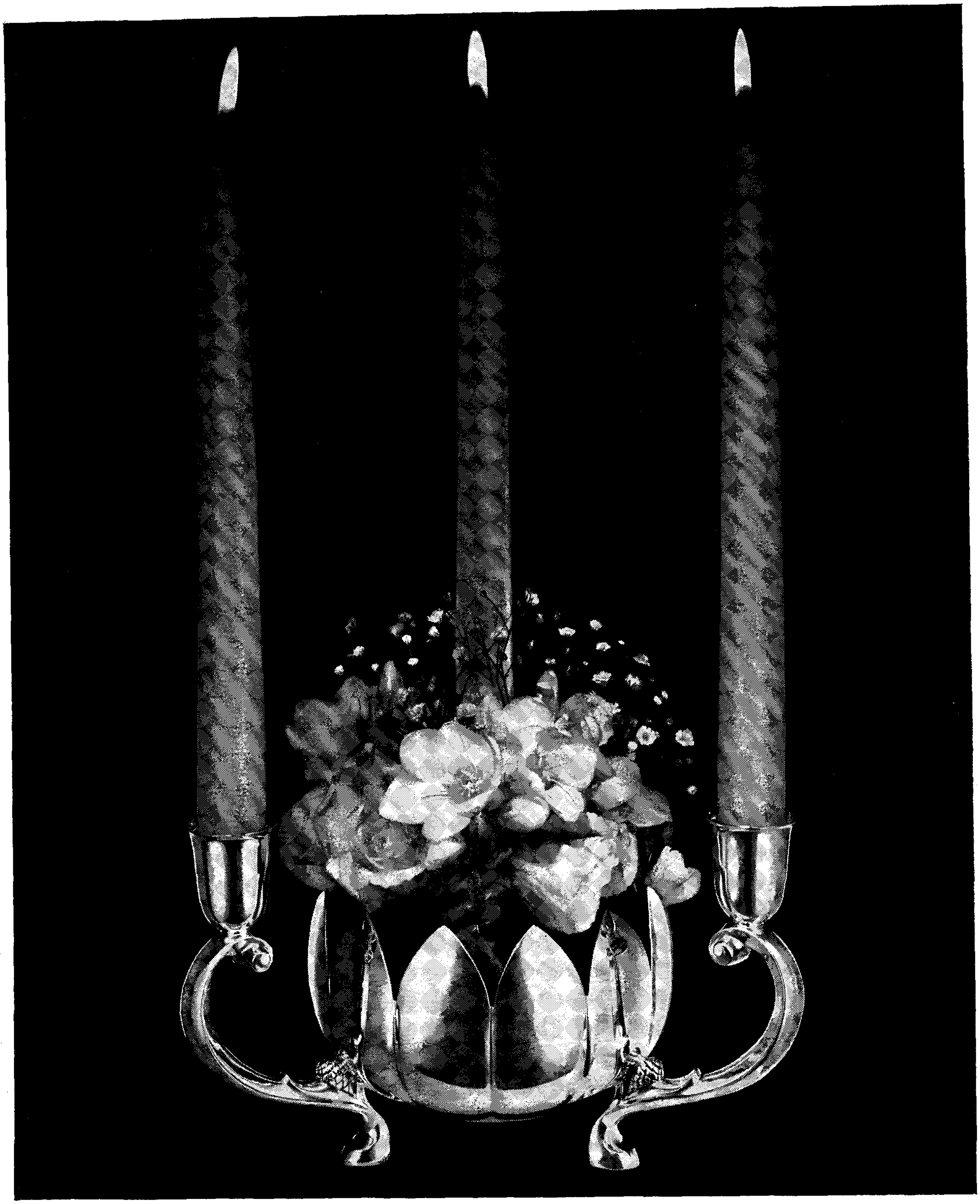

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Becoming**—A musical by Gail Edwards and Sam Harris. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**The Belle of Amherst**—Julie Harris as Emily Dickinson, in a one-woman show. A few more actors onstage might have turned this into a play instead of a charming, insubstantial stunt. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Beware the Jubjub Bird**—A play by Sandra Jennings. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Bubbling Brown Sugar**—Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**California Suite**—Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, George Grizzard, Jack Weston, and Barbara Barrie are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Eden**—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast, headed by Graham Brown, is very good indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide: When the Rainbow Is Enuf**—The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The result is an evening of great beauty, humor, and dramatic strength, for which the director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit. Choreography by Paula Moss who, along with the author, appears on the stage. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**Knock Knock**—A comedy with many laughs and some wisdom. Lynn Redgrave, Charles Durning, John Heffernan, and Leonard Frey are in a new production, directed by José Quintero. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Livin' Fat**—A satire, by Judi Ann Mason, played as a broad farce, about a young black janitor in a bank who "finds" a packet worth fifteen thousand dollars (after the bank has been robbed) and agrees to let his upright parents decide whether he may keep it. Much of the play is funny, as directed by Douglas Turner Ward and as performed by Frances Foster, Minnie Gentry, Frankie Faison, Joyce Sylvester, and (in the leading role) Dean Irby. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

**Me and Bessie**—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

**My Fair Lady**—An immaculate revival of the enchanting Lerner-Loewe musical. Shaw in Heaven is *so* pleased with his royalties; he talks of little else. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Norman Conquests**—Alan Ayckbourn requires three full-length plays to tell us as much as he thinks we ought to know about his nasty Don Juan of a hero. Funny lines and situations, and superior acting by Estelle Parsons. The schedule is complicated—**round and round the garden:** Wednesday, June 16, at 2; Friday, June 18, as well as Monday, June 21, and Wednesday, June 23, at 8; and Saturday, June 26, at 2. . . . **table manners:** Wednesday, June 16, at 8; Saturday, June 19, at 2; and Tuesday, June 22, as well as Thursday, June 24, and Saturday, June 26, at 8. . . . **living together:** Thursday, June 17, and Saturday, June 19, at 8; Wednesday, June 23, at 2; and Friday, June 25, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

**Pacific Overtures**—A musical curiosity, based on Commodore Perry's bullying visit to Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, and direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 4.)

**Rebel Women**—David Dukes, as General William Tecumseh Sherman, gives an admirable performance opposite Kathryn Walker, who also gives an admirable performance, as a Confederate wife, in this rather nebulous play by Thomas Babe. With Leora Dana, Deloris Gaskins, John Glover, and Deborah Offner, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Royal Family**—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is still very fresh and funny. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, and Sam Levene, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Runner Stumbles**—A first-rate play by an American newcomer, Milan Stitt. A priest and a nun fall in love in rural Michigan in 1911, and there is literally hell to pay. With Stephen Joyce and Nancy Donohue, directed by Austin Pendleton. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 730-0850. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Sexual Perversity in Chicago** and **Duck Variations**—A revival of this double bill by David Mamet. Opens Wednesday, June 16. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

**Something's Afoot**—No, something's awry. A terrible musical, with Tessie O'Shea. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Streamers**—This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent, with especially good performances by Peter Evans, Dorian Harewood, and Terry Alexander. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

**The Threepenny Opera**—A marvellous production of the Brecht-Weill classic, based on a new translation by Ralph Manheim and John Willett. Raul Julia is a superb Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is a passionate, dangerous Jenny. Richard Foreman, as director, has been faithful to Brecht and to himself. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!**—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Paul Kreppel, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

**Vanities**—In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

**Very Good Eddie**—Young folk raising innocent hell in the sunny days of 1915. With music by Jerome Kern. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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**Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?**—Edward Albee's play is as fresh and biting as ever. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara as the well-matched married adversaries in a night-long drunken donnybrook. Directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Women Behind Bars**—A revival of the Tom Eyen comedy. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 777-0140. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

**Long Runs**—**BOY MEETS BOY:** As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Perkins, Keith McDermott, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,721 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. Previews Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 22. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer, Bob Fosse. With Northern J. Calloway, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Antonia Ellis. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell are the cast. Starting Monday, June 21, Sandy Dennis will replace Miss Swit. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 16, at 8: "Watermill," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Piano Concerto in G Major.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8: "Serenade," "Sonatine," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Fanfare," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: "Watermill," "La Sonnambula," "Tzigane," and "Square Dance.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 1: "Fanfare," "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Tzigane," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 7: "La Sonnambula," "Square Dance," "Tzigane," and "Four Temperaments.". . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, June 23-25, at 8, and Saturday, June 26, at 2 and 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

**American Ballet Theatre**—Final performances of the engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House; moves on Tuesday, June 29, to the New York State Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 16; Thursday and Friday evenings, June 17-18; Saturday matinée and evening, June 19; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 26: "The Sleeping Beauty.". . . ¶ *Monday and Tuesday evenings*, June 21-22, and Thursday and Friday evenings, June 24-25: "Petrouchka," "Pillar of Fire," and "Le Sacre du Printemps" (American première). . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée and evening, June 23: "Gemini" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Australian Ballet**—Performing "The Merry Widow," with Margot Fonteyn (except at the Wednesday, June 23, matinée). A two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, June 22, and will run through Saturday, July 3. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. *Nightly, except Sunday, at 8; opening-night* curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Pennsylvania Ballet**—Final performances of a one-week engagement—Wednesday, June 16, and Friday, June 18, at 8, and Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Adagio Hammerklavier," "Concerto Grosso," "Solo for Voice 1," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, and Saturday, June 19, at 8, and Sunday, June 20, at 2: "Madrigalesco," "Grand Pas de Deux," "Grosse Fugue," and "Symphony in C." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

**Paul Taylor Dance Company**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, June 16, and Friday, June 18, at 8; Saturday, June

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

19, at 2; and Sunday, June 20, at 8: "Public Domain," "Big Bertha," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, and Saturday, June 19, at 8, and Sunday, June 20, at 2: "Aureole," "Tablet," "Runes," and "Cloven Kingdom." (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510.)

**MATTEO ETHNOAMERICAN DANCE THEATRE**—In a program called "Images of Asia," with Sahomi Tachibana. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, June 17, at 7; Saturday, June 19, at 8; and Sunday, June 20, at 2 and 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

**BAR NONE,** 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

**BOOMER'S,** 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cheerful and unassuming West Village bar and restaurant with mostly mainstream, occasionally out-there, and always well-amplified jazz. The New York Jazz Quartet—**FRANK WESS,** on flute and saxophone; bassist **RON CARTER;** pianist **ROLAND HANNA;** and drummer **BEN RILEY**—ends a four-night run with vocalist Mel Dancy on Saturday, June 19. On Monday and Tuesday, June 21-22, drummer Michael Carvin will head up a quintet. On Wednesday, June 23, bassist **CECIL MCBEE** will arrive with his worthy sextet. Music from nine-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20, singer Marilyn Sokol trades sets with singer and pianist Peter Allen, who uses a backup crew, a repertory of bittersweet, world-weary, schlock-chic compositions, and a whole gang of Elton John mannerisms. On Monday, June 21, **SUN RA** and his **MYTH SCIENCE COSMOS SWING ARKESTRA,** a twenty-seven-or-so-person aggregation—musicians, dancers, someone to run the slide and movie projectors, etc.—will go into orbit around these parts. A performance by the Arkestra, which amounts to one continuous set lasting some four and a half hours, usually includes way-out jazz; skillfully executed African dances; home movies of Sun Ra, the band, New York, the world. The music seldom lets up: either the entire ensemble steams along, or just one section—the reeds or the percussionists—plays while the others lay out. Tuesday through Thursday, June 22-24, Oregon, a collective-improvisation, oddly instrumented, pretentious quartet will arrive, along with saxophonist Gerry Niewood and his band. On Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, Tower of Power, a ten-member soul machine from Oakland, will take over. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Exemplary pianists and their bassists perform duets that are barely—if at all—amplified, in hectic, buzzing surroundings. **BOB DOROUGH** and **BILL TAKAS** take on the musical chores through Saturday, June 19. On Monday, June 21, pianist Peggy Stern and bassist Brian Torff will move in. The Sunday pianist is **BARRY HARRIS.** Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave., at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle, is back, vigorously paying his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Short and his sidemen, Gene Gammage and Beverly Peer, appear twice Tuesdays through Thursdays and three times on Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

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**C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G.,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A long, narrow, rustic bar, lined overhead with rows of neon beer signs that hang from the ceiling. Onstage are mostly local, primitive rock bands. There are no discreet sound checks, no roadies, no extensive (if any) record-company backing, no seating section for the music business, and, often, no place for *anyone* to sit. Most of the regulars who perform here have some way to go before their music makes the WABC playlist. Monday is showcase night. Music from about nine-thirty.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The forthright **HELEN HUMES** delivers delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs with backing from Jerry Wiggins and Major Holley; Mondays through Saturdays. On Sundays, **SAMMY PRICE,** a polished performer and boogie-woogie specialist, has taken over for Dick Hyman. Music from eight to one. Dining.

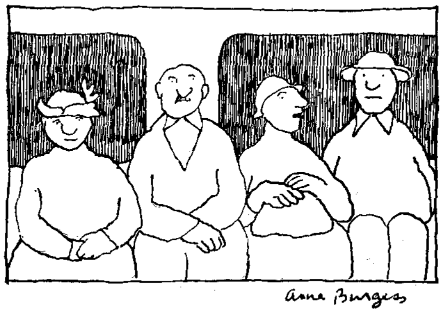
**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. On Tuesday, June 22, trombonist Jimmy Knepper will sit in with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, June 20, will be set aside for trumpeter and local jazz activist **JOE NEWMAN** and his quintet, beginning at eight. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—pianist **BROOKS KERR,** drummer **SONNY GREER,** and clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays accommodate vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON,** guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** and bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** Music from ten to three. Chiasson and Little will be back again on Sunday, June 20, to take up with **CHET BAKER** from five to nine. Mondays through Saturdays, Gene Roland, Wayne Wright, and Morris Edwards collaborate from six to nine.

**HOPPER'S,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times, is here heading up a trio. Two sets Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Frankie Dash on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER,** 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A warm, cheering, aging corner bar where people drink, check their mail, throw darts, and listen to Lance Hayward, who performs every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts is the relief man. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.



**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BENNY CARTER,** well into a rare New York club date, is playing progressive swing with pianist **RAY BRYANT,** drummer **GRADY TATE,** and bassist **MILT HINTON;** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble on the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Among them are saxophonist Denny Morouse's quintet, which shows up Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** and his quintet, Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19. Music from ten to three.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Singer and songwriter Tim Hardin, a folk legend (if an uneven performer) in the sixties, is here through Sunday, June 20. On Wednesday, June 23, the Movies, a jolly rock trio that gathered a following when it played C.B.G.B. last summer, will take the stage. Shows Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**RAINBOW ROOM,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**RENO SWEENEY,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—This attractive bar-and-restaurant complex currently features Judith Cohen, a short and wiry, frenetic singer-comedienne, who performs through Sunday, June 20. On Tuesday, June 22, Cab Calloway, still prancing about at sixty-eight, will arrive to sing "It Ain't Necessarily So" and "Minnie the Moocher." Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

**STORYVILLE,** 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club changes from night to night, and passing musicians are welcome to sit in. The club does not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

**STRYKER'S,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Mondays are given over to **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, trumpeter and sometime vocalist **CHET BAKER** inspires a youthful quartet. On Thursdays, saxophonist Eddie Daniels pilots a rousing combo, and Fridays and Saturdays feature groups in transit. Sundays, as always, are reserved for the **CHUCK WAYNE-JOE PUMA** guitar duo. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sundays from nine.

**SWEET BASIL,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Remodelled again, this busy restaurant has come up with a desirable seating arrangement, and if it's crowded, it's only because the management has good taste in its bookings. **TEDDY WILSON,** a case in point, is working with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Sunday, June 20. Wilson, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, is still achieving wonders; he's about due to win over a new generation of listeners. On Monday, June 21, guitarist **BARNEY KESSEL** and bassist **JACK SIX** will begin a six-night engagement. The music runs from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

**TOP OF THE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—A place that draws both tourists and knowledgeable jazz partisans. Music from about ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and some other nights, too. Two first-rate mainstreamers—saxophonist **SONNY STITT** and trumpeter **NAT ADDERLEY**—will be present with their groups on Friday and Saturday, June 25-26. Closed Mondays.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th

St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but the place is nevertheless worth visiting. Saxophonist Dave Liebman and his adventurous jazz-rock outfit Lookout Farm perform here through Sunday, June 20. On Monday, June 21, slipping, sliding, gliding, and flying trombonist **BILL WATROUS** will bring back his energetic, if rather mainstream, young band. On Tuesday, June 22, **RON CARTER,** the near-magical bassist, will descend the murky staircase with a quartet. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year-round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Music begins at eight.

**WEST END CAFÉ,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. Mondays and Tuesdays have been set aside for a swing group that includes trumpeter Franc Williams, trombonist and guitarist **EDDIE DURHAM,** pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary. Wednesdays, **JO JONES,** seated behind a trap set—although all he needs is a hi-hat—is in command of a quartet. A swing-to-bop quartet performs Thursdays and Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays, Jim Roberts, **BUDDY TATE,** Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette get together for some more swing sessions. On Saturday, June 19, the great trumpeter **HARRY EDISON** will fill in for Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

**WILLY'S,** 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—Quiet and peaceful most nights, but on Tuesdays the place fills up with musicians and friends of musicians who are members of the Dick Cone big band, a seventeen-piece pickup affair that lumbers through Cone charts, beginning after ten-thirty. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** leads a quartet through Saturday, June 19. On Wednesday, June 23, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will begin working with a sextet. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**DIANA ROSS**—With three mimes and a trio of girl singers. (Palace Theatre, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Friday and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

**NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL**—The opening performances in an eleven-day series that will be taking place in five halls, on a Staten Island ferryboat, in Waterloo (N.J.), and on Broadway from 50th to 54th Streets. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate on Friday, June 25, at 7:30 and 11:30: "Schlitz Salutes an Evening with Tony Bennett," plus the Bill Evans trio. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Friday, June 25, at midnight: "Schlitz Salutes Blues at Midnight," with Fats Domino, Bobby Blue Bland, Muddy Waters, and Mike Bloomfield. (Radio City Music Hall.)... ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 7:30: Charles Mingus's sextet in a program of flamenco jazz, with the Azucena y Edo Flamenco Dance Group. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 11:30: The Billy Cobham/George Duke band. (Carnegie Hall.)... **NOTE:** Three concerts, for some reason, will take place at Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. (Exit 25 from Route 80; buses available from Seventh Ave. and 56th St. For information about tickets, which must be purchased by Wednesday, June 23, call 787-2020.) Saturday, June 26, at noon, a gospel picnic; Saturday, June 26, at 8, Count Basie's orchestra, with Eubie Blake; and Sunday, June 27, at noon, a jazz picnic, with Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, John Bunch, Kenny Davern, Pee Wee Erwin, Major Holley, Natalie Lamb, Bucky Pizzarelli, the Red Onion Jazz Band, Bobby Rosengarden, Cliff Leeman, Warren Vaché, and others. (Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.)

**RICHIE BLACKMORE'S RAINBOW** and **THIN LIZZY**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday, June 17, at 8.

**EDDIE PALMIERI, CAL TJADER,** and **AIRTO**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, June 19, at 7:30 and 11:30.

**KAMAHL**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Monday, June 21, at 8.

**JAZZ COMPOSER'S ORCHESTRA**—The first four in a series of a dozen workshop concerts devoted to the new music of six composers. Wednesday and Thursday, June 23-24, at 8:30: Works by Hannibal. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 25-26, at 8:30: Works by Dave Burrell. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. For information about tickets, call 749-6265.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**DINA GUSTIN BAKER**—Recent oils, lusty in both subject matter and color, in one or two of which she seems to be trying to do to men what de Kooning does to women. Through Saturday, June 19. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**GIORGIO DE CHIRICO**—A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by this earliest of the Surrealists, who is now in his eighty-eighth year and still turning out mystical landscapes inhabited by broken columns, galloping horses, and festive towers. Through July 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

**ENRICO DONATI**—A retrospective exhibition of works (paintings and sculptures) ranging from his surrealist paintings of the forties to his more recent abstract, textural works. Through Friday, June 18. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

**SANTE GRAZIANI**—This artist is having a great year, since he specializes in star-spangled, red-white-and-blue compositions built around portraits of George Washington, with Martha occasionally also present (not to mention Abraham Lincoln). Through June 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**DAVID HOCKNEY**—Drawings, including a couple of the Met curator Henry Geldzahler, by this English draftsman whose pen-and-ink line is nearly as sensitive as the one produced by a seismograph. Through Friday, June 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**BERNARD LANGLAIS**—Wooden sculptures of animals, mostly with anthropomorphic faces whose features are built up in layers and then painted; there are Assyrian-looking lions and inquisitive giraffes, plus eagles, bears, cows, and a huge surfacing sea lion with bristling whiskers. Through Saturday, June 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

**ANDRÉ MASSON**—A show of works on canvas and paper, using sand, shells, gouache, and other materials, which is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Through June 30. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**EMIL NOLDE** (1867-1956)—A scattering of watercolors and oils by the German Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**ANDY WARHOL AND JAMES WYETH**—Portraits of each other. Warhol has done a silk screen of his handsome friend in a pensive, poetic pose, and Wyeth, who has the more eye-catching model to work from, takes every advantage of Warhol's ravaged features. In addition to the portraits, there are thirty-four preparatory works, which in some respects are more interesting than the main events. Through July 9. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: Paintings, drawings, and graphics by five artists, including Jan McCartin and Shozo Nagano. Through Saturday, June 19. . . . **BYKERT,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings by four new artists. Through July 2. . . . **ELKON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tony DeLap, David Roth, John Wesley, and others. Through July 30. . . . **FAR,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A selection of about a hundred and twenty-five drawings, many of gem quality, executed by American artists over the past two hundred years. (Whatever made the gallery think of *that*?) Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four new talents. Through Friday, June 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **GIMPEL,** 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paul Jenkins, Pierre Soulages, and Carla Lavatelli are among the artists exhibiting paintings and sculptures here. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: Two exhibits, one of French and American Impressionists, such as Bonnard and Twachtman, and the other of recent work by gallery artists Will Barnet, Ogden Pleissner, and others. Through July 16. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: A single new work by painters and sculptors, James Brooks, Alma Thomas, and Dennis Byng among them. Through July 2. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART,** 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by gallery artists Frank Stella, Larry Poons, Robert Goodnough, and others. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: A selection of paintings and drawings by Julius Bissier, Pol Bury, Hans Hartung, and others. Through Friday, June 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.)... **NICHOLLS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons, *New Yorker* covers, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, William Cotton, and others. Through July 16. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.)... **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A show of drawings by gallery artists, among them Douglas Cumming and Louisa Matthiasdottir. Through July 16. (Closed Saturdays.)... **ZIERLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Grace Hartigan, Budd Hopkins, and Stephen Greene are three of the artists showing works in various mediums. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**THE CUZCO CIRCLE**—Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Peruvian paintings, done by colonials and mestizos in the rococo way that their religious teachers (Spanish, Italian, and Flemish) taught them. Through July 25. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Leonard Baskin**—Watercolors, bronze sculptures, and drawings from the past two years, based mostly on mythological and Biblical themes, and often incorporating his predatory-looking birds. Through July 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**John MacWhinnie**—More in this artist's series of portraits of other artists, this time including Lichtenstein, de Kooning (as a young man), and Duchamp (both as a young man and in his metamorphosis into Rrose Sélavy), plus a study of Arshile Gorky's mother, an arresting painting of a young Osage Indian girl, and a self-portrait in the raw. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Abraham Walkowitz** (1878-1965)—A show of works in a variety of mediums and first exhibited between 1912 and 1917 at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery. As a complement to this exhibit, several Stieglitz portraits, including some of Walkowitz, are on view. Through Saturday, June 26. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Ruckus Manhattan**—Parts I and II of Red Grooms' three-dimensional caricature of nothing less than New York City whole, which can be touched, climbed on, and walked through. Parts III and IV, dealing with midtown and uptown, are promised later. A benefit. Through July 16. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and other works (by, among others, William Fares, Michael Vessa, and Nina Yankowitz), all of which are small in size. Through Aug. 13. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Peter Saul, Michael Isen, and Joan Brown are three of the contributors to an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and other works all taking the Bicentennial as their theme. Through July 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **GENESIS**, a new gallery, at 41 E. 57th St., devoted to contemporary British artists: The current exhibition of drawings, paintings, and sculptures includes works by Hubert Pattison, whose colored drawing of a red-eyed crying young woman stands out, and John Howard, who paints the élite at their cocktails. Through Sept. 11. . . . **KORNBLEE**, 20 W. 57th St.: Works on paper in a variety of mediums and styles. Through July 16. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Landscapes and figures by Geer Morton, who with equal facility reduces mountains, clouds, and nudes to planes of contrasting color, in the California fashion; paintings of Indian-looking female figures by Arnaldo Miccoli, an Italian-born artist who now lives in Tenafly; and collages of various fabrics, some of them metallic, that resemble stratifications of rock, by Beej Dolnick, who lives in Marblehead. Through Friday, June 18. . . . **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Latin-American painters and sculptors. Through Aug. 6. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

### GALLERIES—SoHo

**Fred Gutzeit**—Large oil paintings that catch the dim iridescence of, say, oily cast-off work gloves and other sidewalk litter are prominent in this first local one-man show by an artist whose painting (also included here) of a large dog sitting on a banana-strewn street was one of the memorable works in last year's crop of group shows. Through Saturday, June 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**K. H. Hödicke**—This Berlin artists offers what he calls his European Travel Bag, containing relics of his travels—a corkscrew, a couple of bugs he first encountered in Rome but met again in Florence and bottled, a heel of French bread that resembles a breast, and so on, to a total of twenty-eight items. Through Saturday, June 19. (Block, 409 West Broadway.)

**Robert Katz**—Photographs of Montana farm machinery incorporated into drawings that seem to make something totemic out of them, done by a New York artist who has been teaching among the Indians in Big Horn County out there. Through Saturday, June 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

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**Jim Nutt**—Colored drawings of odd-looking people who seem to belong in a comic-strip world and who cavort around, usually naked, on some sort of stage, waving their attenuated, useless arms and legs. If eroticism is intended, it misses. Through Saturday, June 19. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

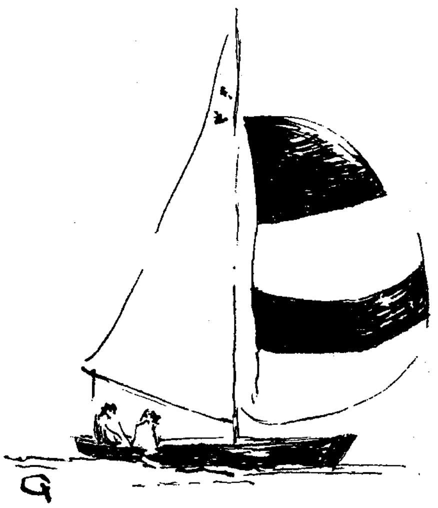
**Group Shows**—At the **BONINO**, 98 Prince St.: Among the gallery regulars who are currently being shown are Mary Bauermeister, whose glass-and-wood constructions are called lens boxes; Helaine Blumenfeld, who does sensuous sculptures in marble or metal; and Grace Knowlton, who makes huge spheres of a wire mesh covered with cement and ground stone. Through June 30. . . . **55 MERCER STREET GALLERY**: Paintings and sculptures by John Fekner, Tom DeFeo, and other invited artists. Through June 30. . . . **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: New works on paper by Tworkov, La Noue, and others. Through June 30. . . . **KNOWLTON**, 153 Prince St.: Works by four artists who have never shown in New York before. Phyllis Bramson, who makes baroque, expressive dolls, and Ron Isaacs, who makes convincing-looking wedding gowns, work gloves, and camisoles of jigsawed and painted plywood, are both from Chicago. Joan Zalenski, who makes feet (and legs) of clay which are disembodied but give a clear idea of what their possessors are like, and Kathy Karwat, who makes deceptively naïve-looking watercolors, are both from Massachusetts. Through June 30. (Opens at noon.). . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 112 Prince St.: Ten artists—Blythe Bohnen and Howardena Pindell among them—are exhibiting drawings. Through Saturday, June 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Twenty-two alumni of Carnegie-Mellon University (Janet Culbertson, Gillian Jagger, and Philip Pearlstein, to name a few) showing a single work apiece. Through Wednesday, June 23.

### OTHER GALLERIES

**Minoru Niizuma**—Fourteen pieces of abstract marble sculpture that offer subtle sermons on the relationships between the rude, unfinished stone and the polished surfaces that can be obtained from it, plus a tall bronze column of a style and aspect that remind one that the artist was born in Tokyo. Through July 24. (Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St., which is down Lafayette and around the corner from Mr. Papp's Public Theatre. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Eric Sloane**—Oil paintings and pen-and-ink drawings, most of them depicting rural America. Through July 2. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Group Show**—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Nell Blaine, Sidney Geist, Jacob Landau, and others. Through Sunday, June 20. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)



### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Robert Adams**—Landscapes taken in and around Denver, Colorado. Through Saturday, June 19. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Nina Alexander and Herta Hilscher-Wittgenstein**—A series documenting a woman's death; also self-portraits. Through Wednesday, June 23. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**William Eggleston**—Color photographs (figures, still-lifes, landscapes) taken in Tennessee and northern Mississippi. Through Aug. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Laton Huffman** (1854-1931)—Photographs of the American frontier. Through July 16. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Rhoda Nathans**—Portraits of well-known figures in the arts and in politics, including John Updike and William O. Douglas. Through Saturday, June 19. (Avanti, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Barbara Y. E. Pyle**—Photographs of a jazz funeral in New Orleans. Through Thursday, June 17. (Third Eye, 17 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 4 to 8.)

**Keith Smith and James Henkel**—Hand-colored prints and other works. Through Saturday, June 26. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Edward Steichen** (1879-1973)—A large show of gravures from *Camera Work*, and vintage prints from the twenties and thirties, including some of Steichen's most celebrated portraits. Through July 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

**Karen Tweedy-Holmes**—Work from the last ten years, including portraits and architectural subjects. Through Saturday, June 26. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **HARLOW**, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A show of portraits, including examples by Nadar, Carjat, and Adam-Salomon. Through July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.). . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Four exhibits are on view through July 11. One Show, "The Alaska Gold Rush," consists of prints made from the original glass plates of photographer E. A. Hegg. (Open Sundays.). . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Eighty photographs selected from the more than three thousand works acquired by the Department of Photography since January, 1974. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.). . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Civil War photographs, some of them taken by Mathew Brady. Through July 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: The black photographers' annual includes works by Mickey Mathis and James Van DerZee. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: A show of photographs (by Minor White, Judy Dater, Jan Groover, and others) that are included in Kelly Wise's survey of contemporary photography, "The Photographers' Choice." Through Saturday, June 19. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Eight Goya paintings, selected to represent the high points in the artist's career, on loan from the Prado. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ "American Ephemera" is a show of posters, valentines, advertisements, and other items (all dated before 1935) from the museum's print collections. Through Aug. 8. . . . ¶ A small show of Chinese landscape paintings dating from the eleventh century through the eighteenth. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ Forty-one Chinese paintings from the Arthur M. Sackler collection, these dating from the fourteenth century through the twentieth. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—who were

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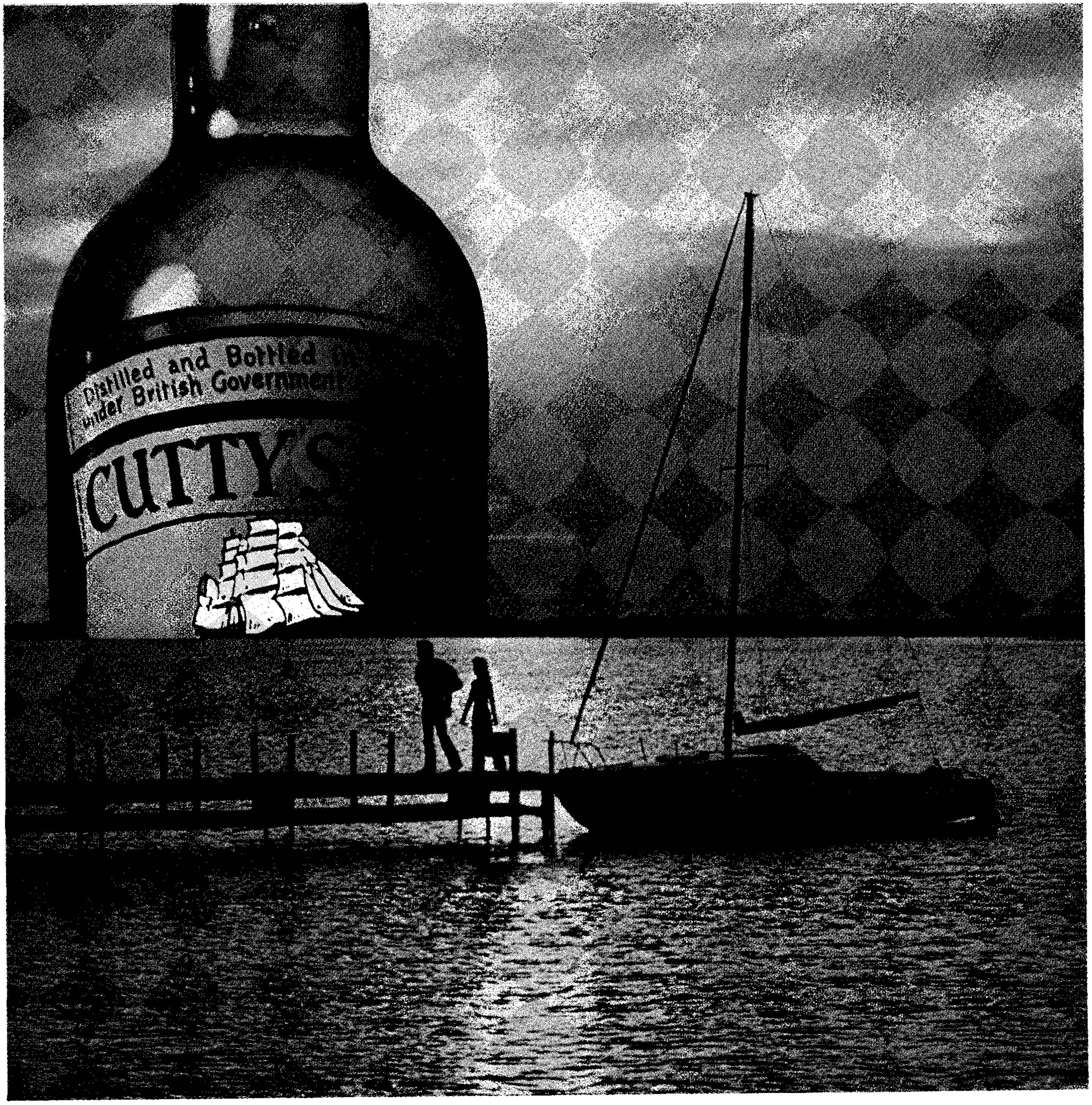
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noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Five taxicabs, new in design, built by two American and three European car manufacturers to specifications developed by the museum. Also a 1968 London cab. Starts Friday, June 18. . . . ¶ More than eighty paintings as well as a group of drawings are included in a retrospective exhibition of the Surrealist André Masson. Through Aug. 17. A complementary show is at the Lerner-Heller Gallery, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. . . . ¶ Photographs by William Eggleston. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibition of eighty recently acquired photographs. Through July 13. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . NOTE: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of experimental music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A vast historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years, beginning with primitive weathervanes, figureheads, and other naïve works. A really big show, occupying all three floors, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum,** Eastern Parkway—Contemporary Japanese ceramics, including about twenty-five pieces by Kitaoji Rosanjin, together with sword guards from a private collection. Through June 27. This exhibit opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Minerals and Gems, occupying one-third of an acre in space, has on display such stones as the Star of India sapphire, the deLong Star ruby, and the Patricia emerald. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Japan House,** 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-three Edo period kimonos (1615-1868) from the Kanebo collection, including four made with a tie-dye technique that took two years to complete—one year to tie the kimono in readiness for the dye, and another year to untie it. Through July 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—The black photographers' annual. Through July 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Caramoor Festival**—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 22—Saturday, June 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25, at 8:30, and Sunday, June 27, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists presenting the New York première of "Fables," a chamber opera with music and text (taken from La Fontaine's "Fables") by Hugh Aitken. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26, at 8:30: Brian Priestman directing the Caramoor Festival Chorus and Orchestra in a varied program, with Berenice Bramson, soprano. (Katonah, N. Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

**Berkshire Festival**—Saturday, June 26, at 7:30: Laura Nyro and Tom Rush. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 27, at 7:30: Seals & Crofts. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, June 18, at 8:05; Saturday, June 19, at 4:05; and Sunday, June 20, at 2:05. . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Monday through Thursday, June 21-24, at 8. . . . ¶ Milwaukee, Friday, June 25, at 8, and Saturday, June 26, at 2.

**Racing**—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, June 28. The Fashion, Wednesday, June 16; the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 19; the Hill Prince Handicap, Sunday, June 20; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:05, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Nov. 13. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Thursdays, at 7:15; through Saturday, Oct. 2. . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 26.

**Soccer**—At Yankee Stadium—Cosmos vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 16, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Toronto, Friday, June 18, at 7:30. (For tickets, call 484-6010.)

**Trotting**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 17. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

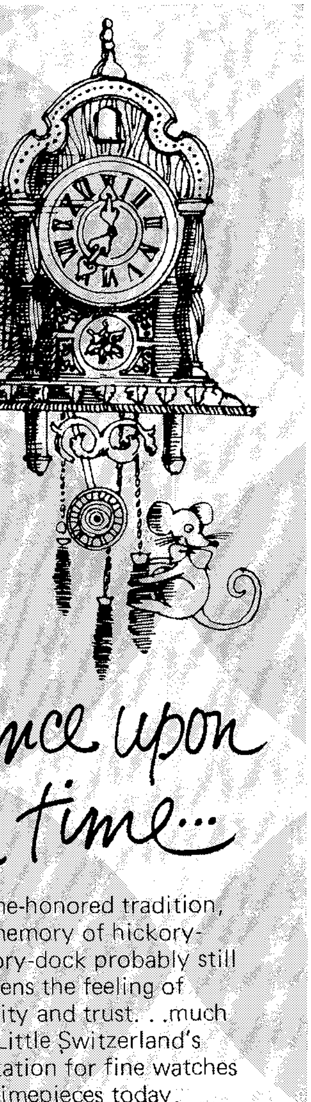
**Yachting**—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 18.

## ET ALIA

**Bicentennial Matters**—If you can't beat it, join it: American prints dating from the seventeen-hundreds to the present. Some of the artists are Paul Revere, Winslow Homer, Mary Cassatt, and Saul Steinberg./Early American books and papers, among them two copies of the Declaration of Independence, one printed in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, and the other in Thomas Jefferson's handwriting. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . An exhibit of documents ranging from a letter written by Amerigo Vespucci (1476) to the Proclamation of the Louisiana Purchase, signed by Thomas Jefferson and attested to by James Madison, Secretary of State. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . An exhibition that centers on the Revolutionary War: maps, military buttons, ammunition, tools, present-day photographs of battle sites, and so forth. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . "Farewell to Old England" offers a look (by means of photomurals, newspaper accounts, and artifacts) at the lives of three New York citizens before, during, and after the Revolution. (South Street Seaport, 16 Fulton St. Daily, noon to 6.) . . . A collection of money and money substitutes used in Colonial America. (American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 155th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . A show of folk art on paper or made with paper done primarily by New York artists over the last two hundred years. An item of interest is an ink-and-watercolor drawing of New York Harbor that was made for the 1876 Centennial by a Utica schoolboy. (Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Poetry Readings**—Charles Bukowski reading from his own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

**Auctions**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, June 16, at 10:15: Watches and *objets de vertu*; American, Continental, and English silver; and French and American



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paperweights. From various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, June 16-17, at 2: Old Master paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 2: European works of art, tapestries, and furniture; from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, June 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 24, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, June 18.

### THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Paul Rudd and Meryl Streep in HENRY V, directed by Joseph Papp. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Thursday, June 24, and will run through Sunday, July 25. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions**—CROCHERON PARK, Bayside: Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Madame Butterfly," with Anna Moffo, Joann Grillo, Ruben Dominguez, and Theodor Uppman; conducted by Jan Behr. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn: Friday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Mignon Dunn, Gilbert Py, Cornell MacNeil, James Morris, and Philip Booth; Richard Woitach. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Saturday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Madame Butterfly," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Schmorr; Jan Behr. . . . VAN CORTLANDT PARK, Bronx: Tuesday, June 22, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Mignon Dunn, Gilbert Py, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill; Richard Woitach. . . . CLOVE LAKES PARK, Staten Island: Wednesday, June 23, at 8:30 (rain date, June 24), "Madame Butterfly," with Lucine Amara, Joann Grillo, Ruben Dominguez, Theodor Uppman, and Andrea Velis; Jan Behr. . . . CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens: Friday, June 25, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Aida," with Rita Hunter, Mignon Dunn, Gilbert Py, Cornell MacNeil, James Morris, and Philip Booth; Richard Woitach. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn: Saturday, June 26, at 8:30 (rain date, June 27), "Madame Butterfly," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Robert Schmorr; Jan Behr.

**Damrosch Park,** *Lincoln Center*—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 15. (First concert on Wednesday, June 23—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

**Wollman Rink**—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 16: Labelle. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18: Gentle Giant and Starcastle. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: Jesse Colin Young and Aztec Two-Step. . . . ¶ Monday, June 21: New Riders of the Purple Sage. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 23: The Charlie Daniels band and the Atlanta Rhythm Section. . . . ¶ Friday, June 25: Kenny Rankin and Tom Rush. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 26: Jerry Jeff Walker and the Lost Gonzo Band. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 11. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

**Walking Tour**—"Greenwich Village—II," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 20, starting at Jackson Square, Eighth Ave., south of 14th St., at 2:30.

**Brooklyn Botanic Garden**—The Cranford Memorial Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rose bushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 8 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**Flea Market**—The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

**Deep Breathing**—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

CIRQUE cinema

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | | |

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 22: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."
From June 23: "Murder by Death."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 22: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 23: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."

**12th St. Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (254-4188)
Through June 22: "Torso" and "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."
From June 23: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Breakheart Pass."

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 22: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From June 23: "La Chienne" and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 22: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From June 23: "Family Plot."

**Kips Bay**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through June 24: "Robin and Marian."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through June 23: "Dog Day Afternoon" and "Little Murders."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 23: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through June 22: "A Clockwork Orange."
From June 23: "The Big Bus."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 17: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
From June 18: "Midway."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Last Woman" (X-rated).

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through June 17: "Swept Away" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From June 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 22: "The Jewish Gauchos."
From June 23: "Murder by Death."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

**D. W. Griffith**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

**First Avenue Cinema**, 1st Ave. at 61st. (688-0143)
Through June 22: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 23: "Blazing Saddles" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 19: "Guernica."
From June 20: "Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 19: "All the President's Men."
From June 20: "The Tenant."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 22: "Robin and Marian."
From June 23: "The Missouri Breaks."

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 23: "The Bad News Bears."
From June 24: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 22: "Jackson County Jail."
From June 23: "All the President's Men."

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through June 22: "Mother, Jugs & Speed."
From June 23: "Logan's Run."

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Leadbelly."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 17: "Winterhawk."
From June 18: "Midway."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through June 22: "Deep Red."
From June 23: "The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Missouri Breaks."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through June 22: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant."
From June 23: "All the President's Men."

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through June 22: "Walkabout" and "Don't Look Now."
From June 23: To be announced.

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 23: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 24 (tentative): "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."

**Quad Cinema**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Seven Beauties."
Theatre 2: "A Boy and His Dog."
Theatre 3: Through June 22: "Robin and Marian" and "Two for the Road." From June 23: "Spasmo."
Theatre 4: "A Piece of Pleasure."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hawmps."

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
June 16: "1776."
From June 17: "Harry and Walter Go to New York."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment, Part 2."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Mean Streets" and "Badlands."

**Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 22: "Family Plot" and "The Sugarland Express."
From June 23: "Blazing Saddles" and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 22: "A Piece of Pleasure."
From June 23: "Murder by Death."

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Children of Paradise."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." (No evening performances on Monday, June 21.)

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 22: "Robin and Marian" and "The Black Bird."
From June 23: "The Missouri Breaks" and "Breakheart Pass."

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Man Who Skied Down Everest."

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Seven Beauties."

**Loews 83rd Triplex**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Lipstick."
Theatre 2: Through June 17: "Winterhawk." June 18-22: "Moses." From June 23: "The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday."
Theatre 3: Through June 17: "Jackson County Jail." From June 18: "Torso" and "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"A Boy and His Dog" and "Dr. Strangelove."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 22: "The Missouri Breaks."
From June 23: "All the President's Men."

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 22: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From June 23: To be announced.

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 22: "All Screwed Up" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From June 23: "Family Plot" and "Frenzy."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 16: "Attica" (1974), a documentary, directed by Cinda Firestone; and "Riot in Cell Block 11" (1954), directed by Don Siegel, with Neville Brand, Emile Meyer, and Frank Faylen.
June 17: "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by, and with, Vittorio De Sica.
June 18: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.
June 19: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.
June 20: "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and "Alice Adams" (1935), directed by George Stevens, with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson.
June 21: "The Soft Skin" (†) and "Odd Obsession." (†)
June 22: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "Black Moon." (†)
June 23: "Ludwig" (†) and "Lola Montès." (†)
June 24: "Johnny Guitar" (†) and "Cat Ballou." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 16: "The Informer" (1935), directed by

John Ford, with Victor McLaglen and Wallace Ford; and "Steamboat Round the Bend" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Will Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb, Eugene Pallette, and Berton Churchill.

June 17: "Blood and Sand" (1941), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Tyrone Power, Rita Hayworth, and Linda Darnell; and "Becky Sharp" (1935), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Frances Dee, Cedric Hardwicke, and Alison Skipworth.

June 18: "The 400 Blows" (†) and "Los Olvidados." (†)

June 19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Miracle in Milan." (†)

June 20: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.

June 21: "The Murderer Lives at '21'" (1942), in French, the first film directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Pierre Fresnay and Suzy Delair; and "Le Corbeau." (†)

June 22: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954) and "Story of the Last Chrysanthemums" (1939), both films in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.

June 23: "Stagecoach" (†) and "Young Mr. Lincoln." (†)

June 24: "Four Nights of a Dreamer" (†) and "Pickpocket." (†)

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

"Who's That Knocking at My Door?" (1969), the first film directed by Martin Scorsese, with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through June 17: "Murder" (1930), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Herbert Marshall and Norah Baring; and "Young and Innocent" (1937), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Derrick de Marney, Nova Pilbeam, Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare.

June 18-19: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

June 20-22: "Rain" (†) and "Flamingo Road." (†)

From June 23: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (†) and "Call Me Madam." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 17 at 2:30: "Skinner's Dress Suit" (1926), directed by William A. Seiter, with Reginald Denny and Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "We're in the Navy Now" (1926), directed by Edward Sutherland, with Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and Chester Conklin. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8:30: "Anna Christie" (1923), directed by John Griffith Wray, with Blanche Sweet and William Russell. . . . ¶ June 18 at 2:30: Two films directed by Malcolm St. Clair in 1926—"The Show-Off," with Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, and Louise Brooks; and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," with Adolphe Menjou and Florence Vidor. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "Show People" (1928), directed by King Vidor, with Marion Davies and William Haines. . . . ¶ June 19 at noon: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1928), directed by Charles F. Riesner, with Buster Keaton and Ernest Torrence. . . . ¶ June 19 at 2:30: "My Best Girl" (1927), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers. . . . ¶ June 19 at 5: "The Show-Off" and "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter.". . . ¶ June 20 at noon: "Speedy" (1928), directed by Ted Wilde, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ June 20 at 2:30: "The Fair Co-Ed" (1927), directed by Sam Wood, with Marion Davies and John Mack Brown. . . . ¶ June 20 at 5: "Cabiria" (1914), an Italian silent film, directed by Giovanni Pastrone and Enrico Guazzoni, with Umberto Moszato; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ June 21 at noon: "My Best Girl.". . . ¶ June 21 at 2:30: "The Circus" (1928), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "College" (1927), directed by James W. Horne, with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "Loose Ends" (1975), directed by David Burton Morris and Victoria Wozniak, with Chris Mulkey, John Jenkins, and Linda Jenkins. . . . ¶ June 22 at noon: "The Fair Co-Ed.". . . ¶ June 22 at 2:30: "Rookies" (1927), directed by Sam Wood, with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. . . . ¶ June 24 at 2:30: "The Cohens and the Kellys" (1926), directed by Harry Pollard, with Charlie Murray and George Sidney; French and Flemish inter-titles. . . . ¶ June 24 at 6: "Speedy" (1928), directed by Ted Wilde, with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ June 24 at 8:30: "The Circus" and "College." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8:30 will not be accepted before 8.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 20: Video programs by Martha Haslanger, Rita Myers, and Jaime Davidovich. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting June 22: Video program by Willie Boy Walker. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**Film Forum**, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Musical Holdouts" (1975), directed by John Cohen; and "Maybe Next Week Sometime" (1974), directed by David Boatwright. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother**—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. The idea has mouth-watering possibilities, but they aren't developed. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Thalia; through June 22.)

**All Screwed Up**—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Olympia; through June 22.)

**All the President's Men**—Alan J. Pakula's film of the famous book by Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward about the uncovering of the Watergate coverup. Woodward is played by Robert Redford, one of our best actors; Bernstein is played by Dustin Hoffman with edgy intelligence. The film is good on newspapers' nervous verve, though it has its share of clichés about the working press. (4/12/76) (Loews Tower East; through June 19. . . . ¶ U.A. East, Waverly, and Symphony; starting June 23.)

**Badlands** (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (Festival.)

**The Bad News Bears**—A story of a team of sort of mini-Mets, with Tatum O'Neal as a pitcher, and Walter Matthau as a coach who feeds his team Coke and franks and pours slugs of Scotch into his cans of beer. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 23.)

**The Big Bus**—A comedy, with Stockard Channing and Joe Bologna, directed by James Frawley. (Sutton; starting June 23.)

**The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant** (1972)—The prodigal young Fassbinder, aged thirty-one, writer and director of more than twenty feature films, here makes a film about lesbians that is furnished with elegance but sustained by deep and primitive power of sensibility. Like Bergman, Fassbinder works with a troupe of actors that has almost become his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious: great talent is often a sort of cheek. In German. (6/14/76) (Waverly; through June 22.)

**The Black Bird**—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Cinema Studio; through June 22.)

**Black Moon**—Louis Malle is temperamentally unsuited to the meandering, enigmatic, post-apocalypse fantasy he attempts here; he's a sane man trying to make a crazy man's film. Fifteen-year-old Cathryn Harrison is Alice in a bombed-out Wonderland, where flowers squeal when they're stepped on and a unicorn talks. There's *no* obsessive quality in the disordered vision, and no wit. It's deadly. (11/24/75) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

**Blazing Saddles** (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (First Avenue Cinema, and Playboy; starting June 23.)

**A Boy and His Dog**—A futuristic film with Don Johnson, directed by L. Q. Jones. R-rated. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

**Breakheart Pass**—A mystery set in the Old West, based on the Alistair MacLean novel. With Charles Bronson, Ben Johnson, Richard Crenna, and Jill Ireland; directed by Tom Gries. (12th St. Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting June 23.)

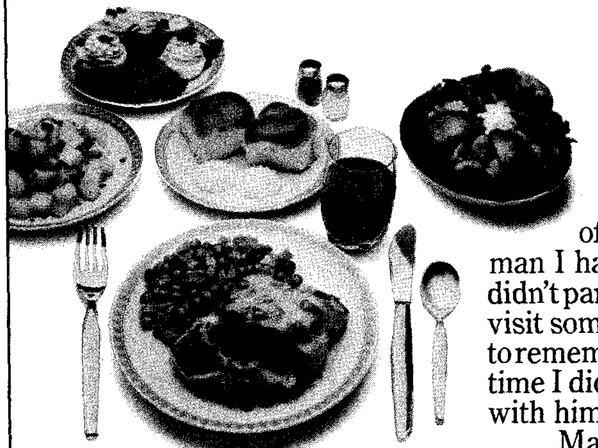
**Buffalo Bill and the Indians**—With Paul Newman, Joel Grey, Kevin McCarthy, Harvey Keitel, Geraldine Chaplin, and Burt Lancaster; directed by Robert Altman. (Murray Hill, Eastside Cinema, and Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting June 24. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting June 24, tentative.)

**Call Me Madam** (1953)—Ethel Merman gets more elbowroom than usual in Howard Lindsay's and Russel Crouse's topical satire on the activities of a wealthy Washington hostess whom Harry Truman appoints ambassador to the sort of country where people are poor but love to yodel, and where the chorus hops around in what are alleged to be peasant dances. Merman has tedious telephone conversations with Truman about his daughter's troubles in her singing career, but the Irving Berlin score has a few songs good enough to make the whole apparatus tolerable. Chief among them is the duet "You're Just in Love," sung by Merman with Donald O'Connor, who works surprisingly well with her—he's so ingratiating he lightens her a bit. (He also gets in some dancing.) George Sanders, in one of his rare singing roles, has a voice and personality weighty enough to make him a fit romantic partner for the lady. With Vera-Ellen (dubbed) as a princess who's anxious to marry O'Connor, quite obviously a commoner; and Walter Slezak, Billy De Wolfe, and Helmut Dantine. Walter Lang directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 23.)

**Cat Ballou** (1965)—A self-consciously cute parody Western about a girl train robber (Jane Fonda), a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), two gun-shy young cattle rustlers (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman), a bronco-busting Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted robberies, killings, and wisecracks. There are occasional good lines and some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry;" Lee Marvin's ritual preparations for a gunfight; Marvin mistaking funeral candles for a birthday celebration. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny ideas. The director Elliot Silverstein's spoofy tone

# “The best thing about my last trip to the Orient was the flight.”

by Joe Frazier
Businessman



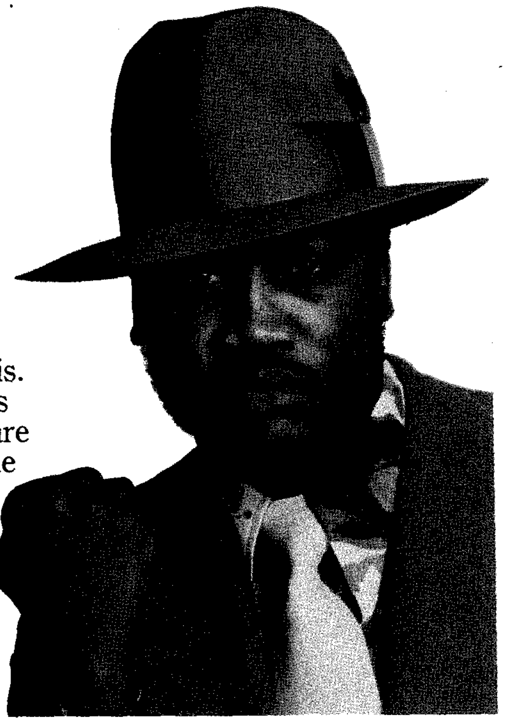
**“I'd recommend this food to anybody. 'Cept you know who.”**

“It comes down something like this. You see, I had this business to take care of in Manila. And the man I had to meet with didn't particularly make my visit something wonderful to remember. However, the time I didn't have to spend with him was fantastic.

Man, the people, the country and the flight were not to be believed.

I remember that big Philippine Airlines DC-10 jet. I settled right down and turned on the music. They had every kind except for my favorite singer (which is me). It was nice tho'. I had my whole gang with me, and from the nose of the plane all the way to the back, those beautiful flight attendants never stopped movin' and being helpful. They really worked their hearts out. On the flight back home, even tho' my business didn't quite work out the way I expected, the people on Philippine Airlines really got me to relax and have some fun. And I needed that, if you know what I mean.

So naturally, I think the best way to go to Manila, or for that matter, Singapore, Taipei, Hong Kong or Bangkok, is with Philippine Airlines. They'll treat you like a champ. Whether you are or not.”



**“I am one tough businessman.”**

**“The only thing wrong with my flight was that it got me to Manila on time.”**

**Philippine Airlines**

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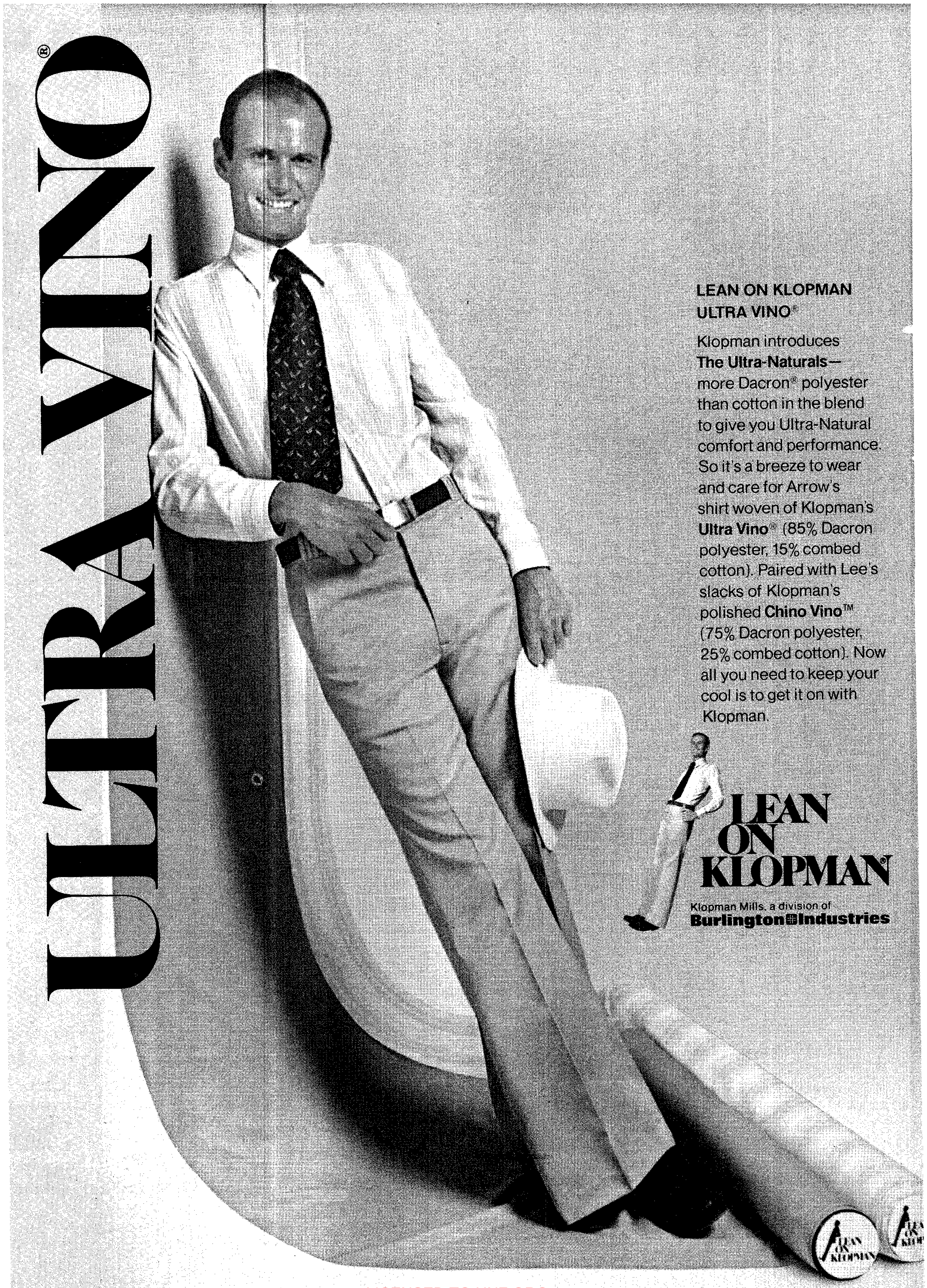

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is ineptitude, coyly disguised. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 24.)

**La Chienne** (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. Greatly rewarding. In French. (5/3/76) (Cinema Village; starting June 23.)

**Children of Paradise** (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Paris.)

**A Clockwork Orange** (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Sutton; through June 22.)

**Le Corbeau** (1943)—Henri-Georges Clouzot's gall-and-wormwood thriller about a town terrorized by a series of vicious poison-pen letters that drive various townspeople to crime and suicide. The plot—tracking down the blackmailer—is rather mechanical, but Clouzot can give an audience the cold creeps. At the time, the depravity and political corruption revealed in this slice of provincial life were nastily shocking; there's not a likable person in the entire film, and, since it was released during the Occupation, it was thought to serve the interests of the Nazis. When France was liberated, both Clouzot and the picture's star, Pierre Fresnay, were accused of unpatriotic activity. With Ginette Leclerc as the lame girl. (Remade in 1951, by Otto Preminger, as "The 13th Letter.") In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 21.)

**Deep Red**—With David Hemmings, directed by Dario Argento. An Italian film, dubbed in English. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through June 22.)

**Dr. Strangelove** (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (New Yorker.)

**Dog Day Afternoon**—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Murray Hill; through June 23.)

**Don't Look Now** (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 22.)

**Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex** (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish bestseller. (First Avenue Cinema, and Playboy; starting June 23.)

**Face to Face**—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

**Family Plot**—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris plays a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The posh villains are played by Karen Black and William Devane. (4/19/76) (Art, and Playboy; through June 22. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; starting June 23.)

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**Flamingo Road** (1949)—Joan Crawford's heroines have a few too many ups and downs. This time, she's involved with Zachary Scott, the same heel who betrayed her in "Mildred Pierce," and she's implicated in murder again, and with the same director, Michael Curtiz, but the script lacks the mythic overwrought James M. Cainisms of the earlier film. It's merely tediously overwrought. With Sydney Greenstreet, Gladys George, David Brian, Gertrude Michael, and Fred Clark. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20-22.)

**The 400 Blows** (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

**Four Nights of a Dreamer** (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 24.)

**Frenzy** (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Art; through June 22. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting June 23.)

**The Great Scout & Cathouse Thursday**—With Lee Marvin, Oliver Reed, Robert Culp, and Elizabeth Ashley; directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 23.)

**The Groove Tube** (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; through June 22.)

**Guernica**—Arrabal's film about the bombing of Guernica and the siege of a buttressed little village in the Spanish Civil War. His heroine, played by Mariangela Melato, is a woman of feral magnificence and gifts of leadership. Arrabal quit Franco's Spain and now lives in Paris, where his avant-garde plays are famous. He uses shock as a device; perhaps shock today is as impelling a force as heretical doubts were in Galileo's time. In Italian. (6/7/76) (68th St. Playhouse; through June 19.)

**Harry and Walter Go to New York**—A turn-of-the-century comedy, with James Caan, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, and Diane Keaton. Directed by Mark Rydell. (Music Hall; starting June 17.)

**Hawmps**—A comedy of the Old West, when the Cavalry tried using camels. With James Hampton, Christopher Connelly, and Slim Pickens. Directed by Joe Camp, who made "Benji." (Guild.)

**Jackson County Jail**—With Yvette Mimieux, directed by Michael Miller. (Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 17. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through June 22.)

**The Jewish Gauchos**—A film, with music, about some Russian Jews who resettle in Argentina in the eighteen-nineties. With Pepe Soriano and Luis Politti, directed by Juan Jose Jusid. In Spanish. (Baronet; through June 22.)

**Johnny Guitar** (1954)—A very rum Western, with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. Enjoyable. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 24.)

**The Last Woman**—With Gérard Depardieu, directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. X-rated. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Fine Arts.)

**Leadbelly**—Directed by Gordon Parks in banal color. The story of the famous guitarist who became a folk hero in spite of imprisonment. Good-natured but not very distinguished. Still, a sincerely told piece. (Loews Ciné.)

**Lipstick**—Smeared. With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**Little Murders** (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (Murray Hill; through June 23.)

**The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir** (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (Cinema Village; starting June 23.)

**Logan's Run**—An adventure film set in the twenty-third century. With Michael York, Jenny Agutter, Richard Jordan, and Roscoe Lee Browne; directed by Michael Anderson. (Loews Orpheum; starting June 23.)

**Lola Montès** (1955)—Max Ophuls' command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carol, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French, and in its full form. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23.)

**Ludwig** (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23.)

**The Man Who Fell to Earth**—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. He has learned Cockney English by long-range television, which makes him an even odder alien in Middle America. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Cinema I, and Cinema II.)

**The Man Who Skied Down Everest**—An Oscar-winning Japanese documentary about the celebrated skier Miura, who toiled most of the way up Everest with a caravan of Sherpas and scientists, and then skied down part of it, at a hundred miles an hour. Six Sherpas died. Was it really worth six men's lives for anyone to demonstrate a singular, Oscar-winning accomplishment? There is a difference between an endeavor and a feat. (6/7/76) (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

**The Man Who Would Be King**—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Gramercy; through June 22.)

**Mean Streets** (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Festival.)

**Midway**—Henry Fonda, Charlton Heston, and Robert Mitchum in a noisy, flag-waving film, directed by Jack Smight, about a key Pacific maneuver of the Second World War. Doddering chauvinism, which unlikably mixes its belligerent and silly fiction with real newsreel footage of the battle. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East; starting June 18.)

**Miracle in Milan** (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people, the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. With Francesco Golisano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and the great Emma Gramatica as the old lady. Cesare Zavattini did the adaptation of his own novel. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

**The Missouri Breaks**—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (5/31/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ Symphony; through June 22. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Greenwich; through June 23. . . . ¶ 12th St. Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Cinema Studio; starting June 23.)

**Monty Python and the Holy Grail** (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and then picked up a devoted following here. (5/5/75) (St. Marks Cinema, and First Avenue Cinema; through June 22.)

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**Moses**—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Loews 83rd Triplex; June 18-22.)

**Mother, Jugs & Speed**—A comedy-adventure about an ambulance company in Los Angeles. With Bill Cosby, Raquel Welch, and Harvey Keitel; directed by Peter Yates. (Loews Orpheum; through June 22.)

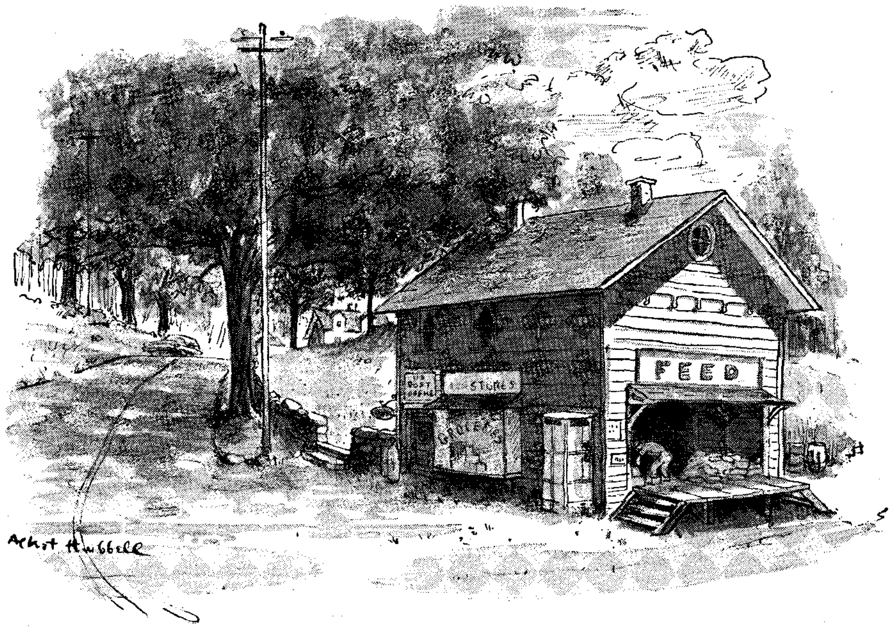
**Murder by Death**—A comedy by Neil Simon. With Eileen Brennan, Truman Capote, James Coco, Peter Falk, Alec Guinness, Elsa Lanchester, David Niven, Peter Sellers, Maggie Smith, Nancy Walker, and Estelle Winwood; directed by Robert Moore. (Art, Baronet, and Little Carnegie; starting June 23.)

**Next Stop, Greenwich Village**—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Thalia; through June 22.)

**Odd Obsession** (1959)—Kon Ichikawa's film with Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano, based on a novel by Junichiro Tanizaki that was published here under the title of "The Key." The story is about a man who tries to prop up his waning sexual powers for the sake of his avid young wife with the aid of injections, brandy, and a Polaroid camera. The picture of man-as-lover is sometimes unmeaningly funny, though the distinction of Ichikawa gleams through things; the film's effect is pretty dispiriting, and perhaps it shouldn't be rated for anyone over twenty-one. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 21.)

**Los Olvidados** ("The Young and the Damned;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

**One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest**—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Monday, June 21. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through June 17. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting June 18.)



**Pickpocket** (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 24.)

**A Piece of Pleasure**—With Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through June 22.)

**Rain** (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20-22.)

**Robin and Marian**—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the picture's revisionist approach to legends results in a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed from James Goldman's script; with Robert Shaw, Nicol Williamson, and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through June 22. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; through June 24.)

**The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea**—From the late Yukio Mishima's book. Sarah Miles plays a beautiful young widow cursed with an angelic-faced son who is a member of a club of sadistic schoolboys. The boys not only cut up a cat alive but calmly murder the sailor whom the boy's mother means to marry—Kris Kristofferson—because they feel that his decision to become a landlubber husband has broken his sacred compact with the sea. This very Japanese and violent idea of a religious pact has been transferred to, of all places, Dartmouth, in Devon, with its tea shops and benign, mannerly colonels. (4/26/76) (Coronet.)

**The Seduction of Mimi** (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Plaza; through June 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Village, and Olympia; through June 22.)

**Seven Beauties**—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**1776** (1972)—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall; June 16.)

**The Soft Skin** (1964)—François Truffaut's odd, irritating but compelling study of adultery and its consequences. With Françoise Dorléac and Jean Desailly. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 21.)

**Stagecoach** (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

**The Sugarland Express** (1974)—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet its director, Steven Spielberg, who is in his twenties, is a wizard at action sequences, and this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (Playboy; through June 22.)

**Swept Away**—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Plaza; through June 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; through June 22.)

**The Tenant**—With Roman Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, and Shelley Winters; directed by Mr. Polanski. In French. (Loews Tower East; starting June 20.)

**The Texas Chain Saw Massacre** (1974)—With Marilyn Burns, directed by Tobe Hopper. (12th St. Cinema; through June 22. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting June 18.)

**That's Entertainment, Part 2**—Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire narrate a sequence of clips from the M-G-M vaults, which are presumably up to providing us with "That's Entertainment, Part 2002." There are some splendid things here, full of genuine fun and conviviality, though the narration is of the A = A sort. Highly recommended for children, and adults are likely to be entranced by the comedic beauty of some of the clips. (5/24/76) (Ziegfeld.)

**There's No Business Like Show Business** (1954)—The competent hoofing by Donald O'Connor and Dan Dailey isn't enough to compensate for a seedy plot about a family of vaudevillians and for performers like Johnnie Ray, who sings like a rutting cat and then—as if to win our indulgence—announces he is going to be a priest. Marilyn Monroe, Ethel "Iron Lungs" Merman, and Mitzi Gaynor perform without much distinction; there's no lift to this thing. The score is by Irving Berlin; Walter Lang directed, for Fox. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting June 23.)

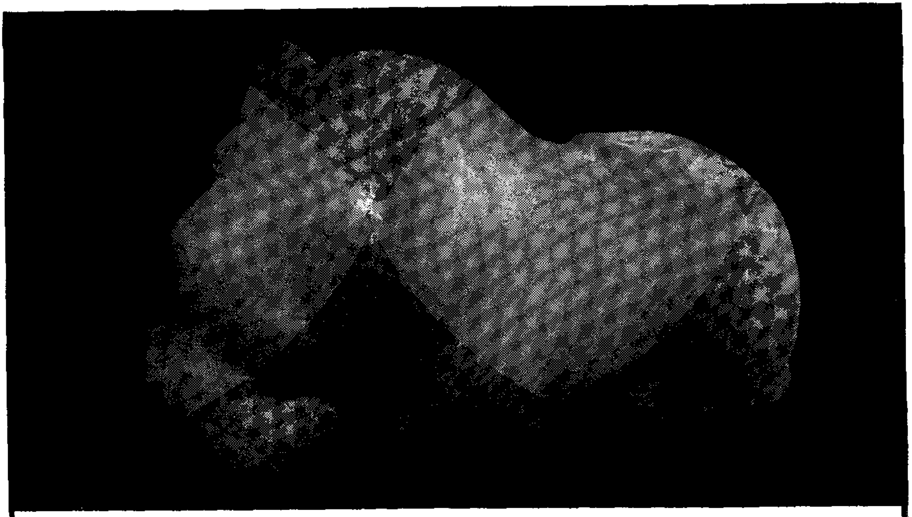
**Two for the Road** (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay, and the cast includes Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Quad Cinema; through June 22.)

**Véronique; or, The Summer of My 13th Year**—With Anne Teyssèdre, directed by Claudine Guilmain. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; starting June 20.)

**Walkabout** (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (8th St. Playhouse; through June 22.)

**Winterhawk**—Michael Dante as Winterhawk, leader of the Canadian Blackfeet during the eighteen-forties. Directed by Charles B. Pierce. (86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through June 17.)

**Young Mr. Lincoln** (1939)—One of John Ford's most memorable films, and not at all the tedious bummer that the title might suggest. The film is an embroidery (by the scenarist Lamar Trotti) on an actual murder trial in which Lincoln was the defense lawyer. Henry Fonda, in one of his best early performances, is funny and poignant as the drawling, awkward young hero, and Alice Brady plays the mother of the two defendants, Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. With Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge, Marjorie Weaver as Mary Todd, and Arleen Whelan, Ward Bond, Donald Meek, Robert Lowery, and assorted members of the Ford stock company. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)



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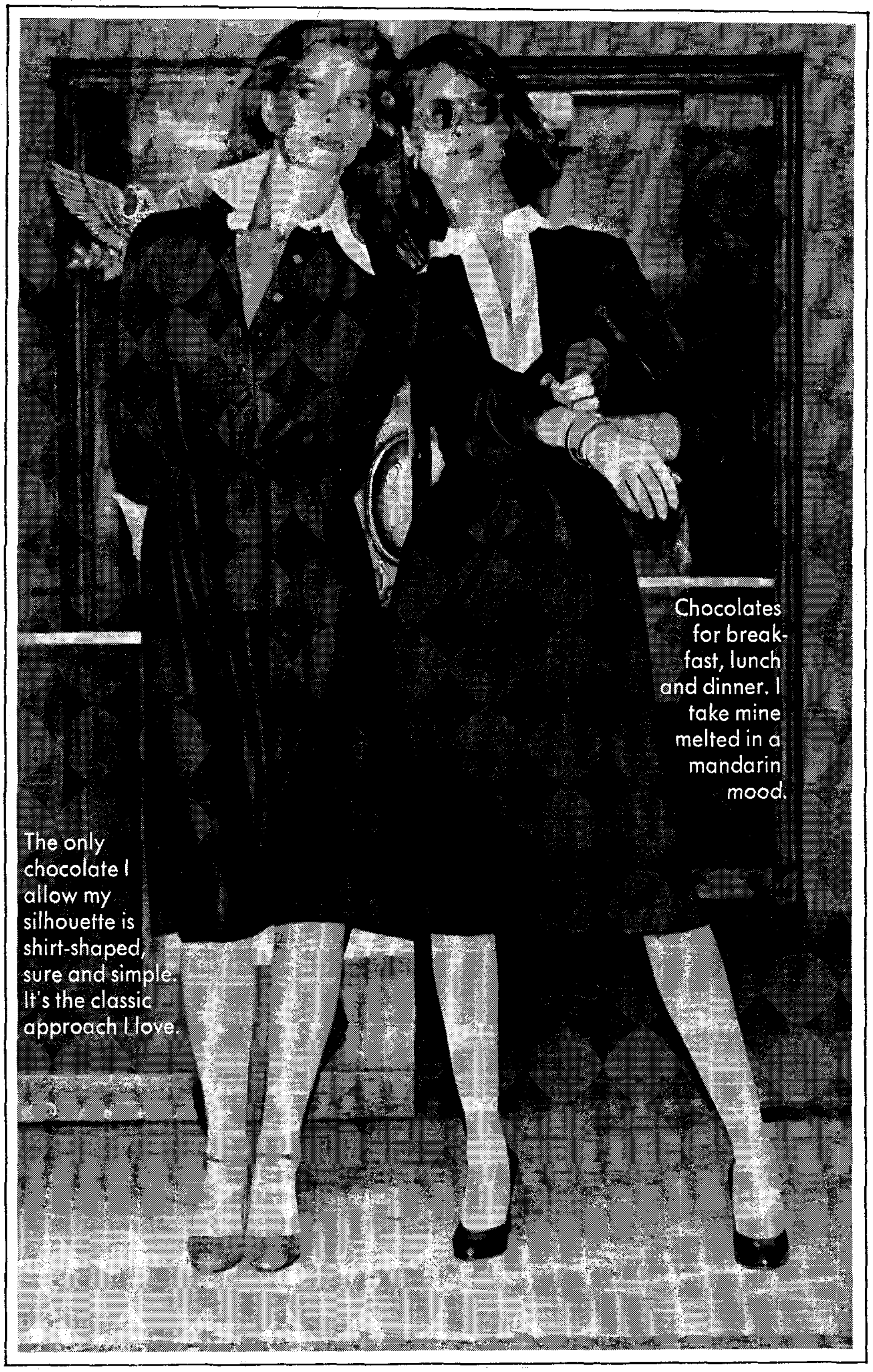

Chocolates for breakfast, lunch and dinner. I take mine melted in a mandarin mood.

The only chocolate I allow my silhouette is shirt-shaped, sure and simple. It's the classic approach I love.

A couple of ounces of soft chocolate brown jersey, trimmed with a helping of fake chamois. Left: the shirtdress, chamois'd at collar and cuffs, $75. Right: the mandarin, $75. Both belted. In polyester knit with polyurethane-and-nylon trim, for 6 to 14 sizes. Ours exclusively in Knitwear Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Mm-mm-m . . . Chocolates look good on me. Soft, soft jersey ones, licked with sham-chamois. And they're from Saks Fifth Avenue

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WITH the Democratic nomination for the Presidency now settled, Jimmy Carter's most immediate and pressing problem, besides picking a running mate, is finding a way to persuade as many Democrats, independents, and disaffected Republicans as possible to tune in to the proceedings at the Democratic National Convention next month. Otherwise, he and his party may lose the voters' attention—even when he delivers his acceptance speech, which will be the first, and among the most important, of the remaining steps he has to take in his race for the Presidency. Worst of all for the Democrats, the Convention may now seem to most people such a humdrum prospect that they will turn their attention to the Ford-Reagan contest, and thereby transform Carter into the forgotten candidate now that the primaries are over. Of course, there is bound to be intense speculation about Carter's selection of a Vice-Presidential candidate, but that will scarcely rivet the nation's attention on the Convention itself if everyone is merely waiting for him to announce his choice. While the Democrats could arrange to have a few raucous fights over various planks in the Party's platform, such matters are usually too complicated, drawn out, tedious, and inconclusive to hold the public's attention. As it happens, the perfect solution to Carter's problem is also the most democratic—to throw the choice of his running mate before the Convention delegates, as Adlai Stevenson did in 1956. Carter has demonstrated his firm adherence to one political principle throughout his long campaign for the nomination—letting the people choose their candidates for the Presidency through an endless series of primary contests. Why, then, shouldn't he let them, through the Convention delegates, pick his running mate, too? That would create a battle for the public to watch on television—demonstrations, bands, balloons, lobbying, ballot after ballot after ballot, and the press hotly pursuing Henry Jackson, Morris Udall, Birch Bayh, Frank Church, Walter Mondale, Adlai Stevenson III, Jerry Brown, Edward Kennedy, various dark horses, and maybe even the one experienced Vice-President, Hubert Humphrey. Then, when the American people are in a frenzy of anticipation over the final choice, that old back room could be opened up and filled with smoke, and the Party managers, who have so far been largely left out of things, could get together and pick their man from among the front-runners and with Carter's approval. Now, *that* would be democracy in action.

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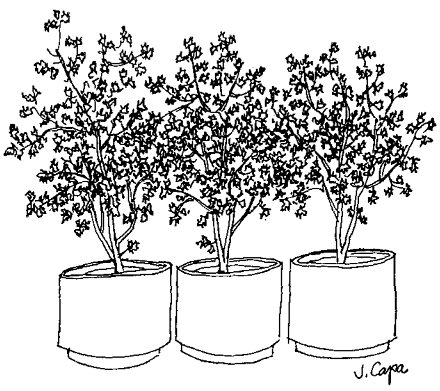
## *The Bicentennial Beat*

TALL SHIPS: When the Tall Ships sail up the Hudson in a parade past the city on July 4th, in celebration of the Bicentennial, one of the smaller ones, a fifty-one-foot brig named Black Pearl, will be watched with special pride by her owner, Barclay Warburton III, and also with a special sense of relief. More than anyone else, Mr. Warburton has been instrumental in bringing here the greatest gathering of sailing ships since the Battle of Navarino (British, French, and Russians versus Turks and Egyptians), just shy of a hundred and forty-nine years ago. Warburton will view the parade from the aircraft carrier Forrestal while his son Barclay Warburton IV sails Black Pearl. The elder Warburton is president of the American Sail Training Association and will be responsible for the Tall Ships during their stay in Newport, Rhode Island. Once they get under way for New York, a different organization, Operation Sail '76, takes over, and Warburton can relax.

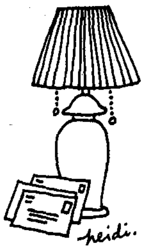


We called on Warburton, a man of fifty-four, known to his friends as "Buzzy," aboard Black Pearl, berthed at the Williams and Manchester Shipyard (est. 1901), in Newport. We found him genial, charming, with eyes of nautical blue and a trim figure, impeccably dressed (navy-blue blazer with New York Yacht Club emblem on breast pocket and gilt buttons; captain's cap with high peak; white shirt; navy-blue tie, patterned in white with the logo of the Tall Ships; collar pin; white handkerchief in breast pocket; gray flannels). He gave us a hand as we leaped from the dock to the scrubbed teak deck and led us below, down a spiral mahogany companionway, to the cabin. Through a porthole we could see blue sky, silver-gray pilings, and seagulls, and in an hour's talk we picked up the following information.

Tall ships (the phrase is taken from John Masefield's line "And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by") began to fade away at the turn of the century. Among the last to be used commercially were a fleet called the Flying P's—each ship's name began with "P"—built for a Hamburg shipowner, F. Laeisz, who used them in the grain trade with Australia until the Second World War, and Portugal's Grand Banks schooners, which carried cod fishermen to sea for five hundred years. Two of the present Tall Ships are survivors of these enterprises. The Soviet Union's huge Kruzenshtern was built for Laeisz in 1926 and christened Padua. The Russians took her over in 1946. Gazela Primeiro, one of only four large ships in the Tall Ship fleet with a wooden hull, is the oldest. She was built in 1883 and was working the Banks until seven years ago, but now takes it easy as the property of the Philadelphia Maritime Museum, which uses her as a sail-training ship. Herr Laeisz partly financed his ships by charging apprentice crewmen for the privilege of sailing on them. Loaded with grain, the ships raced back from Australia around the Horn. The last "grain race" was in 1938. The idea of training young men on sailing ships in preparation for a naval or merchant-marine career has remained alive in Europe, especially in Germany, and most of the Tall Ships are school ships. In 1955, a group of British yachtsmen formed the Sail Training Association, in order to make the experience of sailing available to more young people, whether or not they were preparing for a life at sea, and to promote international races that would bring together young sailors from a number of countries. Four years ago, Warburton sailed Black Pearl across the Atlantic for one of these races and found that his was the first American yacht to enter. As an ardent yachtsman who had spent much of his youth sailing a sloop off Long Island and later owned a catboat fatefully named Enchantress, he deeply approved of the idea of giving young people a chance to learn about the sea. He and other sailing enthusiasts formed the American Sail Training Association, based in Newport, and they arranged that this year the British association's biennial international race would finish there.

About eighteen big, Class A square-riggers are entered, and eighty smaller Class B's—yawls, ketches, sloops, and so on. Warburton expects twenty-three nations to be represented. The race has three stages. It began May 2nd in Plymouth, England, on a course of 1,425 miles to the Canary Islands. Joined there by additional entries, the fleet sailed on May 23rd for Bermuda—a distance of 2,530 miles. On June 20th, with still more vessels added to make up the grand total of about a hundred, they will set sail for Newport—635 miles distant. For a few days, a small part of the Atlantic will be crowded with sail. It so happens that two other sailing races—the Newport to Bermuda and the Observer Single-handed from England—may intersect the Tall Ships around June 22nd as they cross the Gulf Stream three or four hundred miles off Newport.

The first Tall Ships should cross the finish line, four miles southeast of the Brenton Reef Tower, on June 24th. The U.S. Coast Guard cutter Hamilton and the Race Committee will be waiting for them. Ships arriving at night will illumine their sails to show their number. Since the ships are handicapped by a complicated system, the first to cross the line is not necessarily the winner. All should be in port by June 27th. They will stay in Newport until July 1st, during which time their combined crews of about four thousand young men and a few young women will be busy with regattas and get-togethers of various kinds, and the ships will be open to the public. Logistical problems are numerous, and for a year Warburton and his staff have been trying to think of everything. Three radio stations will handle communications with arriving vessels. A dozen pilots have donated their services. Tugs will stand by to assist big ships to their berths. Eight thousand feet of dock space has been reserved. Four or five of the big ships will be at wharves, and a number of nine-ton anchors have been set out to moor others. Navy landing craft will bring crews ashore, and commercial launches will take visitors to the ships. Provisioning and refuse pickup have been arranged. Interpreters have been lined up. Tourists—possibly a half million of them—must somehow be shuttled to the waterfront, since parking will be impossible. The Newport harbor master expects five thousand visiting small craft. Lobstermen expect that their trap buoys will be run over. Finally, Warburton and his aides pray for a light northerly wind and no fog on the morning of July 1st, when all hundred ships are to hoist their sails to parade up Narragansett Bay before heading for New York.



The rules of the transatlantic race require that fifty per cent of the crew be trainees sixteen to twenty-five years old and that engine power be used only to pump bilge, to charge batteries, to weigh anchor, or to help in a dire emergency, such as a man overboard. Thus, with these exceptions, the ships will be sailed as they were a hundred years ago. How tall are the Tall Ships, and what are the problems of navigating them? Kruzenshtern's mainmast is a hundred and seventy-four feet ten inches above her deck. The length of the main yard is ninety-five feet six inches. She carries thirty-four sails, with such romantic names as double topsails, double topgallants, royals, and double spanker. It takes thirty-five men to haul them up. The U.S. Coast Guard's Eagle, a former German training ship, which will lead the parade up the Hudson, has a mainmast a hundred and fifty feet tall. Black Pearl, less than a quarter their size, has ten sails, and her mainmast is fifty-six feet above the deck. She is technically a "hermaphrodite brig," with her foremast square-rigged and her mainmast rigged fore and aft. Sailing a square-rigger is a special technique. The yards pivot at the mast and can be turned to catch the wind—"bracing the yards" is the term. Old-time captains were so adept at maneuvering that they could do almost anything with their ships—could even back through a crowded anchorage. Coming about, however, is a critical moment for a square-rigger—so critical that the captain always used to give the command "Mainsail haul" himself. If it is given too soon, the ship may be caught in stays (unable to move); if too late, she may gather sternway (start moving backward).

The sails of a square-rigger can be trimmed by hauling on lines from the deck, but to furl or unfurl the sails the crew must go aloft, climbing up narrow rope ladders called ratlines, and then go out on the yards. A sailor stands on a footrope just under the yard and drapes his body over it as he works. Warburton admits that it can be terrifying at first, but he breaks his trainees in gradually, and most of them feel at home aloft in a few days. Sail Training cadets wear a safety harness, and there have been no fatalities. "You learn to move with the ship," Warburton said. "It's beautiful up there, close to the sky, watching the sea—a wonderful feeling. I go up myself now and then, just to show the crew that the old man can still do it."

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PHASE ONE: Morris Pesin has spent a good portion of the past eighteen years urging his fellow-men to recognize Jersey City as the "host city of the Statue of Liberty." The question does not involve subtle legalities. Mr. Pesin, a retired clothing retailer, who is a member of the Jersey City Council and a half-dozen or so other civic committees, commissions, and planning boards, says he realizes that Liberty Island and its resident statue are federal possessions. He understands that though Liberty Island lies within the territorial boundaries of the State of New Jersey, it is under the jurisdiction of New York State. He is well aware that Jersey City has no defensible proprietary claims to the Statue. On the other hand, Councilman Pesin knows that, thanks to Morris Pesin, Jersey City has a brand-new state park where anyone can walk right to the edge of the waterfront and see that the Statue of

Liberty is *only about twenty-five hundred feet away*. "Let me put it to you this way," he said, when we went to visit him recently, a few days before the park opened. "There is no city in the world *closer* to the Statue. Supposing a big hurricane were to come along, with the wind blowing so hard the Statue of Liberty were to topple over. And let's say she fell in a westerly direction. Now, where would the head of the Statue land? That's right—Jersey City."

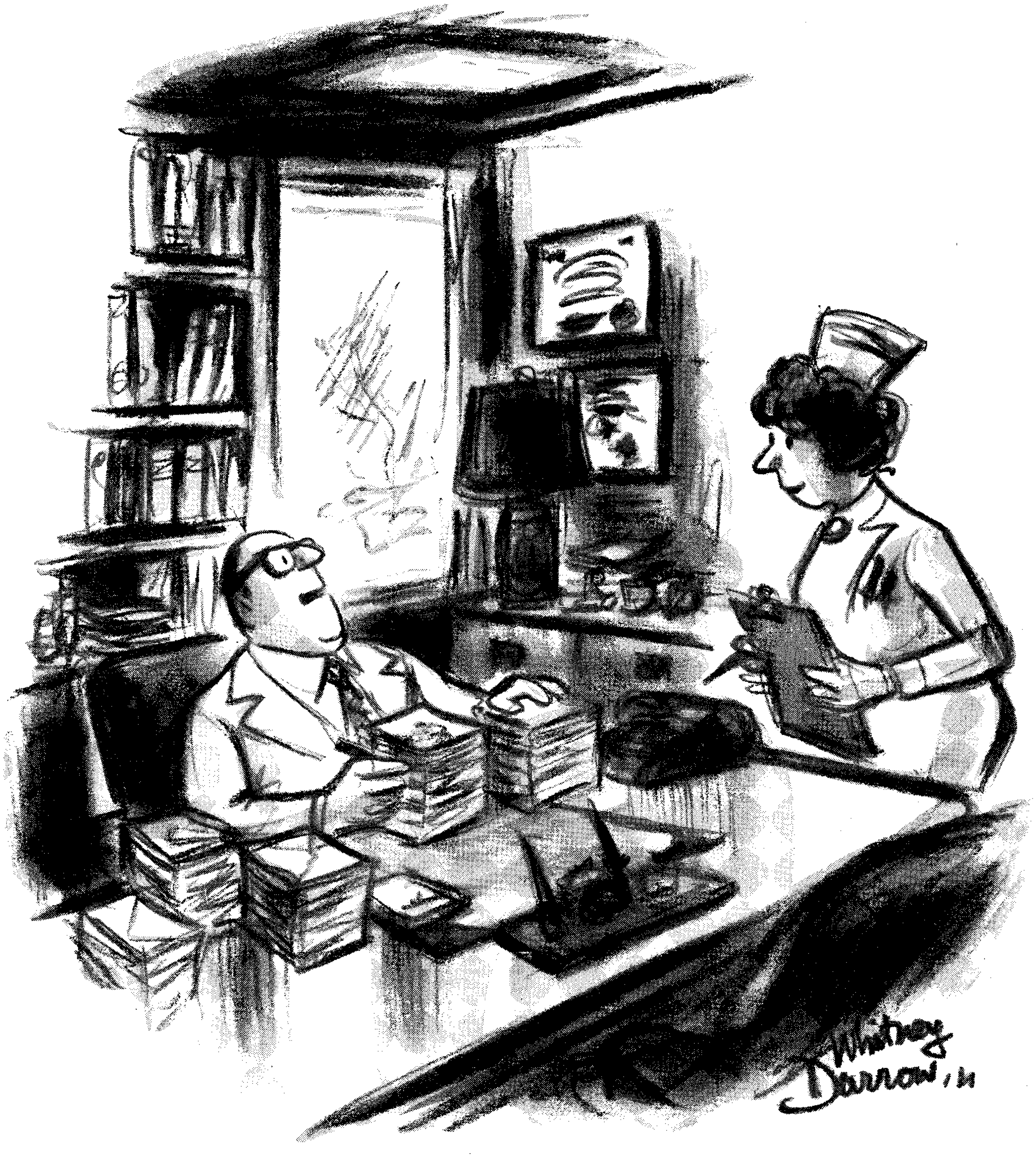
We arrived for our appointment twenty minutes early, or just in time to watch Mr. Pesin tie himself up in urgent matters. "Oh, am I busy today!" he said, waving us to a chair next to his desk, which was directly opposite the closed door of the office of Dominick J. Pugliese, the president of the Jersey City Council. "I'm in the middle of two things—a Bicentennial Ball at the Skyline Cabana Club, out near the Statue of Liberty, and a historic reënactment of the Battle of Paulus Hook, one of the great Revolutionary War battles of New Jersey. Did you see the poster for it downstairs?" He turned to his assistant, James Kalaigis, a member of the Jersey City Bicentennial Commission. "Say, Jimmy, what about the guns? Have you got the guns?" He continued, "Boy, if you could see the props we have for the reënactment. They're gonna have gun-control legislation for sure when they're through with us."

The telephone rang, and a voice from the next room called, "Hey, Morris, it's Colonel Flick!"

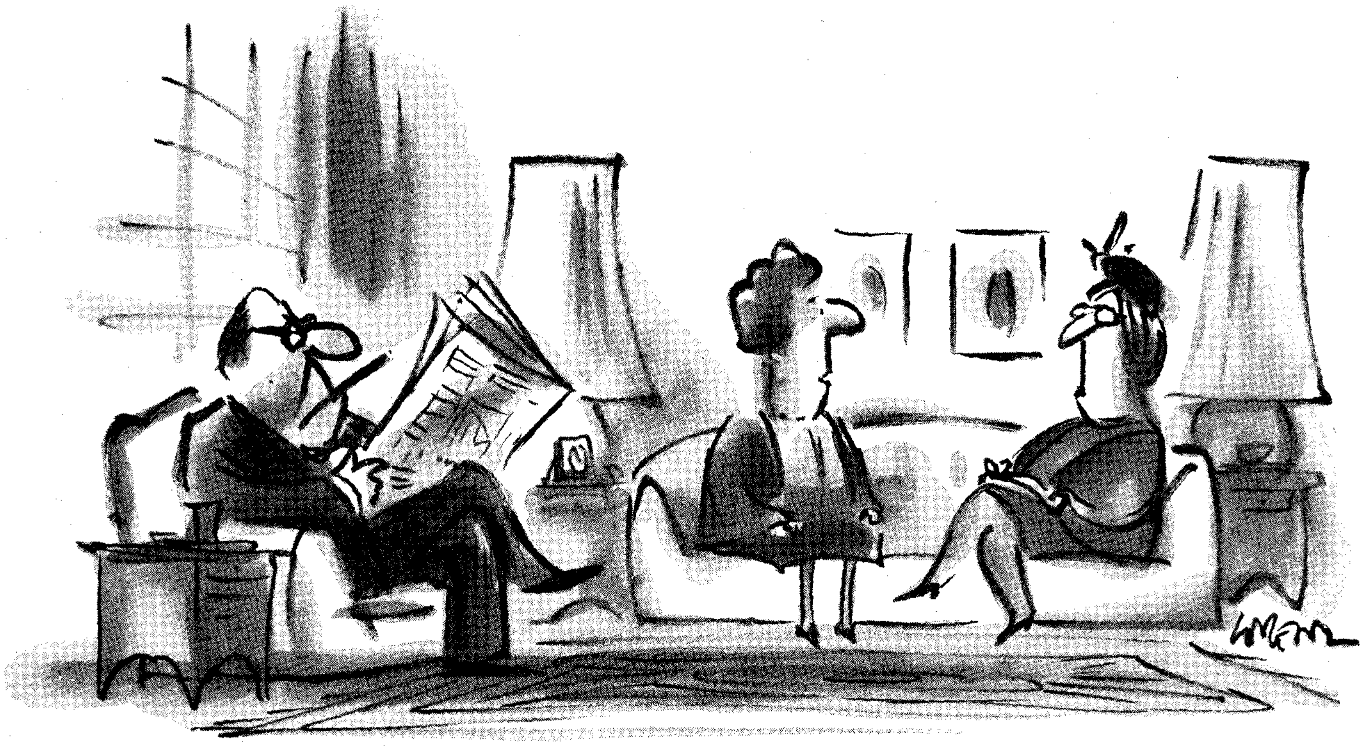
Mr. Pesin hesitated for a moment before answering the phone. "Colonel Flick? Colonel Flick. Geez, Colonel Flick? Oh, Colonel *Flick*, of the Colonial Color Guard of New Jersey!" He picked up the phone. "Hello, Colonel Flick? How *are* you? . . . Wonderful!" With one hand over the receiver, Mr. Pesin whispered to us, "Here, look at this." He handed us a small black book about Robert Fulton. "I wanted to do a historic reënactment of the Fulton-steamship trip up the Hudson—you know, the ship was drydocked in Jersey City—but, oh," and he slapped his forehead with the heel of his palm to indicate his frustration, "not enough *time!*"

Morris Pesin is very big on reënactments. In 1958, he began his campaign to establish Jersey City's claim to the Statue of Liberty by paddling there in a canoe with a newspaper reporter. Three years later, with local popular sentiment accumulating in his favor, he reënacted the first trip and placed a commemorative floral wreath on the Statue. The major difference between Mr. Pesin's historic first journey and the stunning reënactment was that during the original trip he did not slip and fall into the water.

When Mr. Pesin had disposed of Colonel Flick and a few other items of business, he said it was time for us to go see Jersey City's view of the Statue. "The key to this is the New Jersey Turnpike," he said, as we drove through town toward the turnpike. "Specifically, Exit 14-B. Did you know that you can drive from Chicago to Jersey City—eight hundred miles—without hitting a red light and drive right off Exit 14-B up to the shoreline and see the Statue? Everyone in America wants to see it, and we want them to see it from Exit 14-B. The next step from the shoreline would be a pedestrian causeway. We could



*"I've signed all the get-well cards, Miss Borg. I think it would be a nice touch if you signed them, too."*



*"Arthur was accosted today, but it was only a Moonie."*

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use it to connect the Statue in a triangular complex with Ellis Island, which is just a few hundred yards away and is actually closer to Jersey City than Liberty Island is."

As we hit the turnpike, Mr. Pesin told us about the large billboard in the southern part of Jersey City, near the Bayonne exit, which, he claimed, was drawing hordes to the Statue even before Liberty State Park opened. We asked if there shouldn't be a similar sign heralding the Statue from the north. "No, it won't be necessary," he said. "Because once the park opens, the whole world will know about it."

When we reached the tollgate, Mr. Pesin asked the attendant, "A lot of cars going down to visit the Statue?"

"Naw," said the man. "At least not during the week. And I don't work weekends."

"Oh, really?" said Mr. Pesin. "I hear there's three hundred cars a day driving in there looking for the new park."

"You didn't hear it from me," said the attendant.

Once off the exit ramp, Mr. Pesin had a few navigational problems. A road grader blocked what would soon be the entrance to the park, and we were forced to backtrack. The Statue of Liberty, however, was startlingly obvious on the horizon. When we finally arrived at the park site, a foreman greeted Mr. Pesin with "Hello, you're the guy who built the park." Mr. Pesin momentarily slipped into sheepishness, but quickly he became himself again. Nearby, a team of workmen was busy installing lampposts, and up the road a bit a hundred or so other workers were laying down ten acres of sod, giving the area an "instant park" effect. A large billboard announced that we were looking at "Phase One" of the Liberty State Park waterfront redevelopment.

"Two months ago, this was virtually a dump," said Mr. Pesin. "In fact, a lot of this stuff still is a dump. Jersey City donated a hundred and fifty-six acres of land to the state in 1965, and there've been three bond issues to buy more waterfront land. This is here now because the Governor and the Mayor finally realized that they wanted to have something here for the Bicentennial. But it's just a foot in the door. When I see what they can do with fifty acres, then I think, 'We've got to get our hands on a lot more.' So it'll take 'em years and years. I'm in no hurry."

A strong wind blew in from the harbor—not quite stiff enough to blow the Statue of Liberty off her pedestal and all the way to Jersey City—but brisk enough to ruffle Mr. Pesin's curly white hair. He is stocky, winces a good deal when he speaks, and looks like a slightly older version of Phil Foster, the comedian. As he leaned against a guardrail, Mr. Pesin pointed to a place in the water, amid a mess of muck and rotting wooden pier pilings. "That's where I left from on one of my canoe trips," he said. "That spot there. Now, doesn't it make sense to you that anyone who drives all the way from Chicago to Exit 14-B just to see the Statue of Liberty should be able to walk the last two thousand or so feet along a causeway? Mind you, we've never claimed that the Statue belongs *just* to us. I'm not that parochial. If New York wants to make a claim, as far as we're concerned, strictly speaking it isn't something that Morris Pesin cares to argue about. All we say is give us a little parking lot, a nice green park, a little causeway. If people want to go to Battery Park in New York and take the boat out to Liberty Island, it's fine by me. There's enough for everyone. It's a big pie. Just tell me, though, is this a view or is this a view?"

We agreed that it was a view, and then we mustered the temerity to point out that it was a view of the Statue from the rear.

Mr. Pesin laughed and said, "Oh, yeah, I forgot to tell you our answer when people bring up that point. They bring it up a lot, by the way. I tell 'em that our view of the Statue is a rear view, and I tell 'em that's just fine with us. I tell 'em Jersey City is behind the Statue of Liberty one hundred per cent."

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HEAD AND HEART: "Like everybody who tackles Thomas Jefferson, I started off by underestimating him," said W. Howard Adams. "The man is always so much more complex than you think." W. Howard Adams was taking us through "The Eye of Thomas Jefferson," the major Bicentennial offering of the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C., which opened some days ago and will run through September 6th. It is the biggest exhibition ever put on at the National Gallery, and Adams, who is assistant to the director for national programs there and is also the "Eye's" curator, a boundlessly energetic man in a tan suit and well-scuffed L. L. Bean Ranger Oxfords, was radiating justifiable pride. More than six hundred objects were on view, he told us—paintings, sculpture, furniture, silverware, architectural drawings and models—selected by Adams and an International Steering Committee of scholars, headed by Sir Francis Watson (the former director of the Wallace Collection, in London), and constituting something new in Jeffersonian studies: an aesthetic biography of our most aesthetic President.

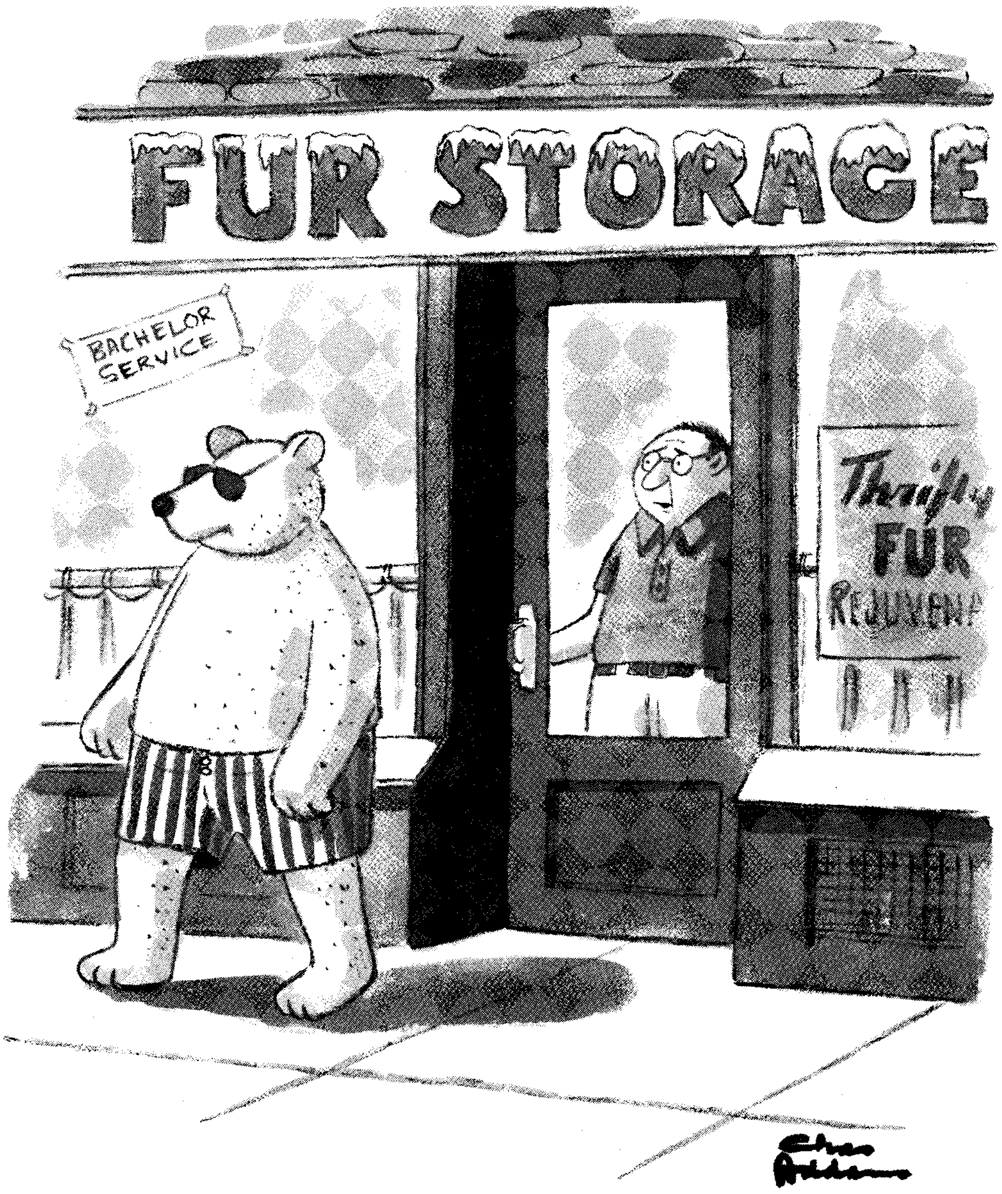
"For the last three years, while everybody else in Washington has been obsessed with what somebody knew and when he knew it, I've been wonderfully absorbed in finding out what Jefferson saw and when he saw it," Adams said, as he led us into the first room of the exhibition. "There's Rosewell—it just got here this morning!" He pointed to a scale model of an imposing red brick mansion that the youthful Jefferson had often visited, near Williamsburg. "It used to be the largest house in Virginia. Now it's a ruin. Jefferson didn't really admire the house, but he saw a lot of it; his childhood friend John Page lived there. And over here is John Wollaston's portrait of John Page. Jefferson always called him 'Page' and Page called him 'Jefferson'—there was that sort of formality between them."

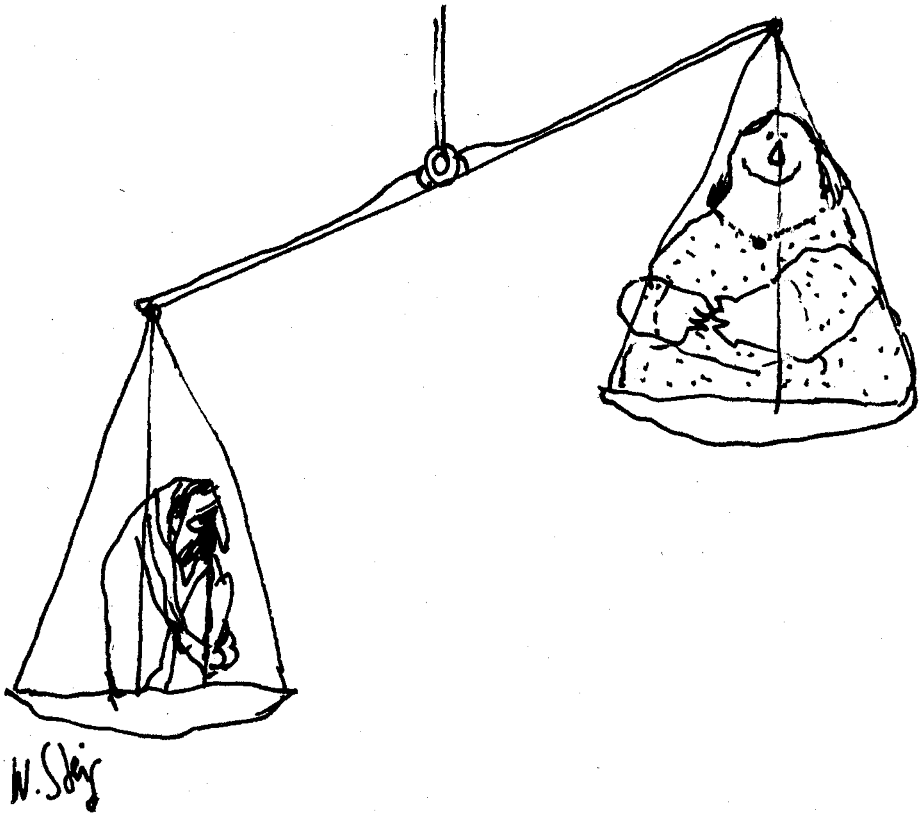
A moment later, Adams called to us from another room. "Look here," he said. "Here's the first Old Master painting he saw—Matthew Pratt's copy of Correggio's 'Saint Jerome,' or, rather, Pratt's copy of Benjamin West's copy. It was shown in the King's Arms Tavern in Williamsburg in March, 1773, and Jefferson must have seen it. There's no direct evidence, but he frequented the place, and since 'he panted after the fine arts,' as his kinsman Edmund Randolph wrote of him, he could hardly have failed to go and look."

Rooms devoted to the personages and domestic interiors of Colonial Virginia, followed by rooms showing the personages and prospects of perfidious Albion during the same period of history. "I like the irony of leading off the English section with two paintings by an Italian," Adams said, indicating a pair of Thames-scapes by Canaletto. "The Duchess of Bedford was here last week. She saw the Canalettos, said, 'Hmm, nice,' and then did *this*"—Adams demonstrated a sort of karate kick in the direction of the paintings—"and said, 'We have twenty-four of them at Woburn Abbey!' Mme. Giscard d'Estaing also came through when she was in town, and seemed much impressed by the number of things the French museums had parted with."

Adams informed us that he had been able to get every item he wanted for the show, with one exception—a marble sculpture of Diana and Endymion by an unremembered sculptor named Michel-Ange Slodtz. Jefferson had called it a "delicious morsel of sculpture," in a 1786 letter from France, but the collector in Geneva who has it now was unwilling to let it travel. For many months, Adams and his colleagues couldn't be certain they were getting the Venus dei Medici from the Uffizi Gallery, in Florence. Complex negotiations on the higher diplomatic and governmental levels had not persuaded the Uffizi's director, Dr. Luciano Berti, who sent word at one point that the famous statue had left Florence only once before and that that was "by force of arms"—when Napoleon commandeered it for the Louvre. "I sent word back asking how many divisions the Uffizi had," Adams said. "But in the end Dr. Berti agreed."

On we forged, through "The Progress of the Human Mind" (including Jefferson's surveying instruments and scientific books; the brass telescope that Meriwether Lewis may have carried across the continent and back; Charles Willson Peale's painting "Exhuming the First American Mastodon"), through "Our Revolution" (noble scenes depicted by John Trumbull, noble heads by Jean-Antoine Houdon, whom Jefferson brought over from France to do life studies of George Washington), and thence, peace re-





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stored, to "Europe: The Vaunted Scene," a scene Jefferson saw for the first time in 1784, when he went to Paris to join John Adams and Benjamin Franklin in negotiating treaties. In 1785, he succeeded Franklin as Ambassador to France. "We have eight galleries devoted to the years he spent there, which I feel were by far the happiest years of his life," Adams said.

Adams himself made five trips to Europe in connection with the exhibition. One day in Paris, idly leafing through the telephone book while waiting for a call to come in, he decided on impulse to look up the name Ruggieri. He had just been reading the famous "Dialogue Between My Head and My Heart" letter from Jefferson to Maria Cosway, the twenty-seven-year-old Italian-born English beauty whom he had met in Paris and fallen in love with—a letter recalling in detail many of the sightseeing excursions they had enjoyed together. In it, Jefferson mentioned going to St. Cloud and then to Ruggieri's pleasure garden, "and if the day had been as long as a Lapland summer day you would still have contrived means . . . to have filled it." Ruggieri's pleasure garden had been a place to view the *feu d'artifice* that were so popular in the eighteenth century, and Ruggieri's, as Adams was amazed to discover by leafing through the telephone book, was still in the *feu d'artifice* business, almost two hundred years later. An exchange of letters ensued, as a result of which the contemporary Ruggieri's agreed to provide a display of eighteenth-century fireworks for the opening of "The Eye of Thomas Jefferson," a display made possible through a substantial grant from the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation.

Maria Cosway looked ravishing and rather liberated in two portraits by her artist husband, Richard (who apparently did not object to her sightseeing with Jefferson). "Who knows what really happened between them?" Adams said. "Jefferson was forty-three, handsome and famous. She was a real child of the Enlightenment, and an artist as well. Incidentally, the original of the 'Head and Heart' letter hasn't survived. What we have is an eighteenth-century copy made by Jefferson himself. I rather like the idea of Jefferson's making a copy of his love letter, don't you?"

Then to the section called "The Jeffersonian Creation," and what it practically amounted to was the third President's first one-man show: more than a hundred of his architectural drawings; designs for household furnishings and some of the furnishings themselves; elaborate scale models of Monticello and Poplar Forest, the lesser-known, smaller house near Lynchburg that Jefferson used as a retreat; two full-scale re-created rooms from Barboursville, the house that Jefferson designed for his friend Governor James Barbour.

And, finally, to the section called "The Pleasures of Nature": botanical studies and garden plans by America's first great landscape architect, which led upstairs to a real garden planted with mountain laurel, rhododendron, magnolia, heliotrope, and some other plants that Jefferson liked, including *Jeffersonia diphylla*, the little wood flower named in his honor. In one of the garden beds stood a large wood-and-wire cage—adapted by John Bedenkapp, the exhibition's chief designer, from Jefferson's own design for a dovecote in the form of a temple—housing two mockingbirds. "Jefferson loved mockingbirds, and kept a pair at the White House," Adams told us. "These have been staying at the zoo, where we insisted that they have daily bel-canto lessons. They just arrived this morning, and they were singing, which must be a good omen—although somebody told me it could also mean rain."

Adams was a bit concerned about rain. Thunderstorms had been predicted, and Patrick Bracco, the young French art historian engaged by Ruggieri's to do research on eighteenth-century fireworks and to design the Jeffersonian *feu*, had just announced, in passing, that if there was lightning they might have the fireworks a lot earlier than planned. The rain held off, though, and the fireworks, which began on schedule at ten-fifteen that same evening, were sensational. A forty-minute pageant in eight acts, entitled "The Triumph of Reason and Order Over Chaos and War," and accompanied by music by Gluck and Lully, performed by the National Gallery Orchestra, the display took place at one end of the reflecting pool on the Mall, in front of the Capitol, where it was witnessed by awestruck ranks of congressmen, members of the diplomatic corps, Mrs. Gerald Ford, Mr. S. Dillon Ripley, of the Smithsonian Institution, and an estimated fifty thousand of the "lower orders." Although Adams had said that the show would be more like a series of *tableaux vivants* than a contemporary Fourth of July extravaganza, M. Bracco and the Ruggieri pyrotechnicians managed to fill the sky with more exploding bomb bursts, in more brilliant colors and in greater profusion, than we had ever witnessed anywhere. The distinction between Chaos and War, on the one hand, and Reason and Order, on the other, was not always clear, but the affair was certainly a Triumph, as M. Bracco readily conceded when we bumped into him later. "Is very good, I think," he said in his ebullient English. "We kill nobody, and we fire only one little bush."

# THE DISK

I AM a woodcutter. My name does not matter. The hut where I was born and where I shall probably soon die stands at the edge of the forest.

It is said of the forest that it stretches as far as the sea, which rings the whole earth and on which wooden huts like mine wend their way. Never having seen this sea, I don't know. Nor have I ever seen the other side of the forest. When we were boys my elder brother made me vow that between us we would chop down the entire woods until not a single tree was left. My brother died, and what I seek now—and what I shall go on seeking—is something else. To the west runs a stream that I know how to fish with my hands. In the forest there are wolves, but wolves do not scare me, and my axe has never been untrue to me.

Of my years I have never kept count. I know they are many. My eyes no longer see. In the village, where I venture no more, since I would lose my way, I am known as a miser. But how much treasure can a mere woodcutter have laid up?

To keep snow out, I shut tight the door of my house with a stone. One evening long ago, I heard labored footsteps approach, and then a knock. I opened, and a stranger came in. He was old and tall, and he was wrapped in a threadbare blanket. A scar marked his face. His years seemed to have given him more authority than frailty, but I noticed that he was unable to get about without the aid of a staff. We exchanged a few words that I no longer remember. At the end, he said, "I am homeless and sleep wherever I can. I have travelled the length and breadth of this land of the Saxons."

These words testified to his years. My father had always spoken of the Saxon land, which nowadays people call England.

I had bread and fish. We did not speak a word during the meal. Rain began to fall. With a few skins I made him a pallet on the earth floor, where my brother had died. When night fell, we went to sleep.

Day was dawning when we left the hut. The rain had stopped and the ground was covered with new-fallen snow. My companion's staff slipped from his hand and he ordered me to pick it up.

"Why must I obey you?" I asked him.

"Because I am a king," he answered.

I thought him mad. Picking up the staff, I handed it to him. He spoke with a different voice.

"I am king of the Secgens," he said. "Often in hard-pitched battle I carried my people to victory, but at the fateful hour I lost my kingdom. My name is Isern and I am of the race of Odin."

"I do not worship Odin," I said. "I worship Christ."

He went on as if he had not heard me. "I travel the paths of exile, but I am still king, for I have the disk. Do you want to see it?"

He opened the palm of his bony hand. There was nothing in it. Only then did I recall that he had always kept the hand closed.

Staring hard at me, he said, "You may touch it."

With a certain misgiving, I touched my fingertips to his palm. I felt something cold, and saw a glitter. The hand closed abruptly. I said nothing. The man went on patiently, as if speaking to a child.

"It is Odin's disk," he said. "It has only one side. In all the world there is nothing else with only one side. As long as the disk remains mine, I shall be king."

"Is it golden?" I said.

"I don't know. It is Odin's disk and it has only one side."

Then and there I was overcome with greed to own the disk. If it were mine, I could trade it for an ingot of gold and I would be a king. I said to the vagabond, whom to this day I go on hating, "In my hut I have buried a box of coins. They are of gold and they shine like an axe. If you give me Odin's disk, I'll trade you the box."

He said stubbornly, "I don't want to."

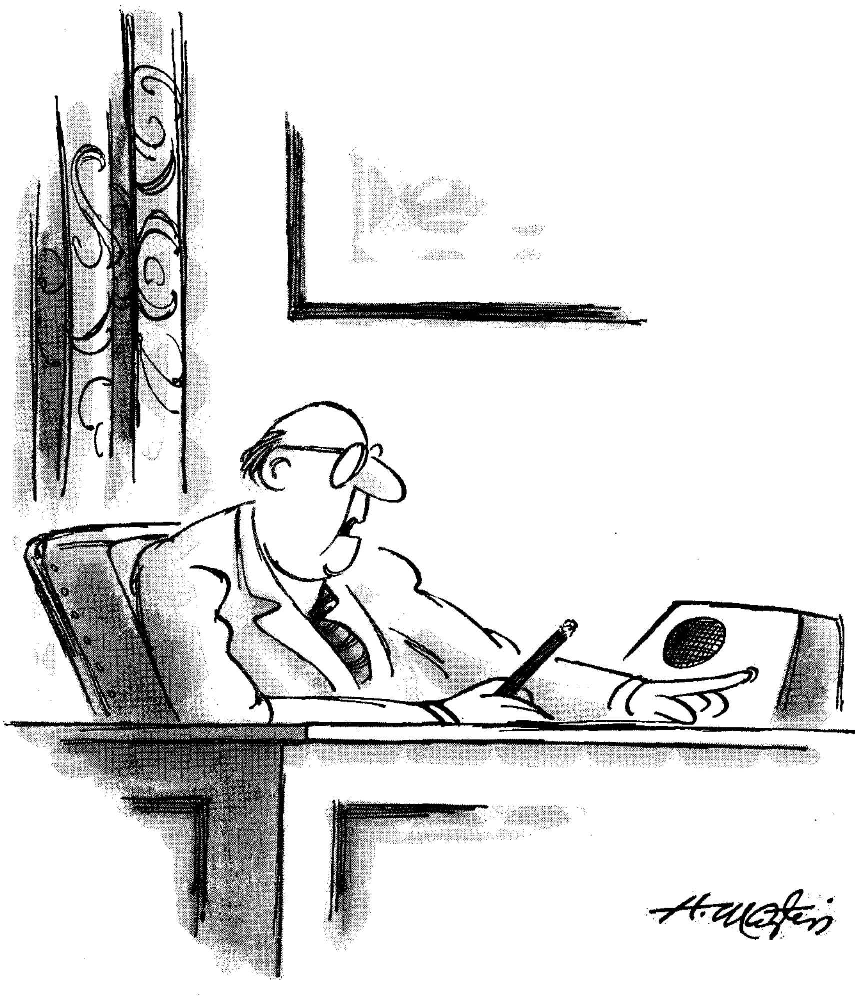
"Then," I said, "you may continue on your path."

He turned his back to me. One blow with the axe at the back of his neck was more than enough to bring him down, but as he fell his hand opened, and in the air I saw the glitter. I took care to mark the spot with my axe, and dragged the dead man to the stream, which was running high. There I threw him in.

Coming back to my hut, I searched for the disk. I did not find it. That was years ago, and I am searching still.

—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)



*"Miss Stillman, has anyone from the media inquired who I'm coming out for?"*

# THE THISTLES IN SWEDEN

THE brownstone is on Murray Hill, facing south. The year is 1950. We have the top floor-through, and our windows are not as tall as the windows on the lower floors. They are deeply recessed, and almost square, and have divided panes. I know that beauty is in the eye of the beholder and all that, but even so, these windows are romantic. The apartment could be in Leningrad or Innsbruck or Dresden (before the bombs fell on it) or Parma or any place we have never been to. When I come home at night, I look forward to the moment when I turn the corner and raise my eyes to those three lighted windows. Since I was a child, no place has been quite so much home to me. The front windows look out on Thirty-sixth Street, the back windows on an unpainted brick wall (the side of a house on Lexington Avenue) with no break in it on our floor, but on the floor below there is a single window with a potted plant, and when we raise our eyes we see the sky, so the room is neither dark nor prisonlike.

Since we are bothered by street noises, the sensible thing would be to use this room to sleep in, but it seems to want to be our living room, and offers two irresistible arguments: (1) a Victorian white marble fireplace and (2) a stairway. If we have a fireplace it should be in the living room, even though the chimney is blocked up, so we can't have a fire in it. (I spend a good deal of time unblocking it, in my mind.) The stairs are the only access to the roof for the whole building. There is, of course, nothing up there, but it looks as if we are in a house and you can go upstairs to bed, and this is very cozy: a house on the top floor of a brownstone walkup. I draw the bolt and push the trapdoor up with my shoulder, and Margaret and I stand together, holding the cat, Floribunda, in our arms so she will not escape, and see the stars (when there are any) or the winking lights of an airplane, or sometimes a hallucinatory effect brought about by fog or very fine rain and mist—the lighted windows of midtown skyscrapers set in space, without any surrounding masonry. The living room and the bedroom both have a door opening onto the outer hall, which, since we are on the top floor and nobody else in the building uses it, we regard as part of the apartment. We leave these doors open when we are at home, and the stair railing and the head of the stairs are blocked off with huge pieces of cardboard. The landlord says that this is a violation of the fire laws, but we cannot think of any other way to keep Floribunda from escaping down the stairs, and neither can he.

The living-room curtains are of heavy Swedish linen: life-sized thistles, printed in light blue and charcoal grey, on a white background. They are very beautiful (and so must the thistles in Sweden be) and they also have an emotional context; Margaret made them, and, when they did not hang properly, wept, and ripped them apart and remade them, and now they do hang properly. The bedroom curtains are of a soft ivory material, with seashells—cowries, scallops, sea urchins and sand dollars, turbinates, auriculae—drawn on them in brown indelible ink, with a flowpen. The bedroom floor is black, the walls are sandalwood, the woodwork is white. On the wall above the double bed is a mural in two sections—a hexagonal tower in an imaginary kingdom that resembles Persia. Children are flying kites from the roof. Inside the tower, another child is playing on a musical instrument that is cousin to the lute. The paperhanger hung the panels the wrong way, so the tower is even stranger architecturally than the artist intended. The parapet encloses outer instead of inner space—like a man talking to somebody who is standing behind him, facing the other way. And the fish-shaped kite, where is that being flown from? And by whom? Some other children are flying kites from the roof of the tower next to this one, perhaps, only there wasn't room to show it. (Lying in bed I often, in my mind, correct the paperhanger's mistake.) Next to the mural there is a projection made by a chimney that conducts sounds from the house next door. Or rather, a single sound: a baby crying in the night. The brownstone next door is not divided into apartments, and so much money has been spent on the outside (blue shutters, fresh paint, stucco, polished brass, etc.) that, for this neighborhood, the effect of chic is overdone. We assume there is a nurse, but nobody ever does anything when the baby cries, and the sound that comes through the wall is unbearably sad. (Unable to stand it any longer, Margaret gets up and goes through the brick chimney and picks the baby up and brings it back into our bedroom and rocks it.)

The double chest of drawers came from Macy's unfinished-furniture department, and Margaret gave it nine coats of enamel before she was satisfied with the way it looked. The black lacquered dining table (we have two dining tables and no dining room) is used as a desk. Over it hangs a large engraving of the Spanish Steps, which, two years ago, in the summer of 1948, for a brief time belonged to us—flower stands, big umbrellas, Bernini fountain, English Tea Room, Keats museum, children with no conception of bedtime, everything. At night we drape our clothes over two cheap rush-bottom chairs, from Italy. The mahogany dressing table, with an oval mirror in a lyre-shaped frame and turned legs such as one sees in English furniture of the late seventeenth century, came by express from the West Coast. The express company delivered it to the sidewalk in front of the building, and, notified by telephone that this was about to happen, I rushed home from the office to supervise the uncrating. As I stepped from the taxi, I saw the expressman with the mirror and half the lyre in his huge hands. He was looking at it thoughtfully. The rest of the dressing table was ten feet away, by the entrance to the building. The break does not show unless you look closely. And most old furniture has been mended at one time or another.

When we were shown the apartment for the first time, the outgoing tenant let us in and stood by pleasantly while we tried to imagine what the place would look like if it were not so crowded with his furniture. It was hardly possible to take a step for oak tables and chests and sofas and armoires and armchairs. Those ancestral portraits and Italian landscapes in heavy gilt frames that there was no room for on the walls were leaning against the furniture. To get from one room to the next we had to step over pyramids of books and scientific journals. An inventory of the miscellaneous objects and musical instruments in the living room would have taken days and been full of surprises. (Why did he keep that large soup tureen on the floor?) We thought at first he was packing, but he was not; this was the way he lived. If we had asked him to make a place in his life for us too, he would have. He was a very nice man. The disorder was dignified and somehow enviable, and the overfurnished apartment so remote from what went on down below in the street that it was like a cave deep in the forest.

Now it is underfurnished (we have just barely enough money to manage a small one-story house in the country and this apartment in town), instead, and all light and air. The living-room walls are a pale blue that changes according to the light and the time of day and the season of the year and the color of the sky. The walls are hardly there. The furniture is half old and half new, and there isn't much of it, considering the size of the room: a box couch, a cabinet with sliding doors, a small painted bookcase, an easy chair with its ottoman, a round fruitwood side table with long, thin, spidery legs and a glass tray that fits over the top, the table and chairs we eat on, a lowboy that serves as a sideboard, another chair, a wobbly tea cart, and a canvas stool. The couch has a high wooden back, L-shaped, painted black, with a thin gold line. It was made for an old house in Dover, New Hampshire, and after I don't know how many generations found itself in Minneapolis. I first saw it in Margaret's mother's bedroom in Seattle, and now it is here. It took two big men and a lot of patient maneuvering to get it four times past the turning of the stairs. The shawl that is draped over the back and the large tin tray that serves as a coffee table both came from Mexico—a country I do not regard as romantic even though we have never been there. The lowboy made the trip from the West Coast with the dressing table, and one of its Chippendale legs got broken in transit, or by that same impetuous expressman. I suppose it is a hundred and fifty or two hundred years old. The man in the furniture-repair shop, after considering the broken leg, asked if we wanted the lowboy refinished. I asked why, and he said, "Because it's been painted." We looked, and sure enough it had. "They did that sometimes," he said. "It's painted to simulate mahogany." I asked what was under the paint, and he picked up a chisel and took a delicate gouge out of the underside. This time it was his turn to be surprised. "It's mahogany," he announced. The lowboy was painted to simulate what it actually was, it looks like what it is, so we let it be.

The gateleg table we eat on has four legs instead of the usual six. When the sides are extended, it looks as if the cabinetmaker had been studying Euclid's geometry. Margaret found it in an antique shop in Putnam Valley, and asked me to come look at it. I got out of the car and went in and saw the table and knew I could not live without

*"It's getting harder and harder to find a bargain these days, but guess what I picked up today for five dollars and forty-nine cents. An Australian flame pea!"*

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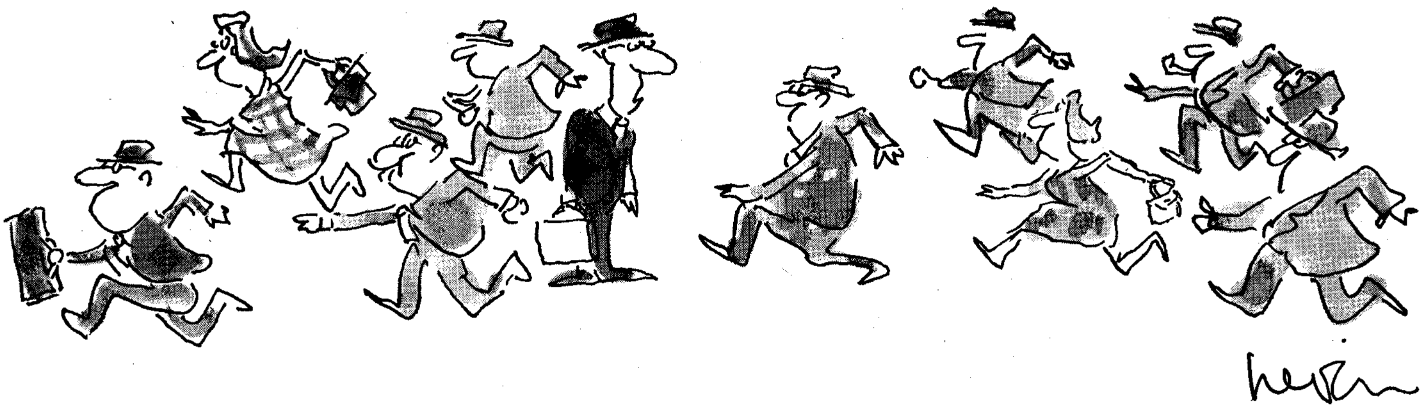

*"Excuse me, is this a rout or a trend?"*

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it. The antique dealer said the table had an interesting history that she wasn't free to tell us. (Was it a real Hepplewhite and not just in the style of? Was it stolen?) She was a very old woman and lived alone. The shop was lined with bookshelves, and the books on the shelves and lying around on the tables were so uncommon I had trouble keeping my hands off them. They were not for sale, the old woman said. They had belonged to her husband, and she was keeping them for her grandchildren; she herself read nothing but murder mysteries.

Margaret wanted the table, but she wanted also to talk about whether or not we could afford it. I can always afford what I dearly want—or rather, when I want something very much I would rather not think about whether or not we can afford it. As we drove away without the table, I said coldly, "We won't talk about it." As if she were the kind of wife she isn't. And we did talk about it, all the way home. The next day we were back, nobody had bought the table in the meantime, I wrote out a check for two hundred dollars, and the old woman gave us a big rag rug to wrap around the marvel so it wouldn't be damaged on the drive home. Also heavy twine to tie it with. But then I asked for a knife, and this upset her, to my astonishment. I looked carefully and saw that the expression in her faded blue eyes was terror: She thought I wanted a knife so I could murder her and make off with the table *and* the check. It is disquieting to have one's intentions so misjudged. (Am I a murderer? And is it usual for the murderer to ask for his weapon?) "A pair of scissors will do just as well," I said, and the color came back into her face.

The rug the table now stands on is only slightly larger than the tabletop. It is threadbare, but we cannot find another like it. For some reason, it is the last yellowish-beige rug ever made. People with no children have perfectionism to fall back on.

The space between the fireplace and the door to the kitchen is filled by shelves and a shallow cupboard. The tea cart is kept under the stairs. Then comes the door to the coat closet, the inside of which is painted a particularly beautiful shade of Chinese red, and the door to the hall. On the sliding-door cabinet (we have turned the corner now and are moving toward the windows) there is a pottery lamp with a wide perforated grey paper shade and such a long thin neck that it seems to be trying to turn into a crane. Also a record-player that plays only 78s and has to be wound after every record. The oil painting over the couch is of a rock quarry in Maine, and we have discovered that it changes according to the time of day and the color of the sky. It is particularly alive after a snowfall.

HERE we live, in our modest perfectionism, with two black cats. The one on the mantelpiece is Bastet, the Egyptian goddess of love and joy. The other is under the impression that she is our child. This is our fault, of course, not hers. Around her neck she wears a scarlet ribbon, or sometimes a turquoise ribbon, or a collar with little bells. Her toys dangle from the tea cart, her kitty litter is in a pan beside the bathtub, and she sleeps on the foot of our bed or curled against the back of Margaret's knees. When she is bored she asks us to remove a piece of the cardboard barricade so she can go tippeting down the stairs and pay a call on the landlord and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who live in the garden apartment and have the rear half of the second floor, with an inside stairs, so they really do go upstairs to bed. The front part of the second floor is the pied-à-terre of the artist who designed the wallpaper mural of the children flying kites from a hexagonal tower in an imaginary kingdom that resembles Persia. It is through the artist's influence (Mr. Holmes is intimidated by her) that we managed to get our rent-controlled apartment, for which we pay a hundred and thirteen dollars and some odd cents. The landlord wishes we paid more, and Mr. and Mrs. Venable, who live under us, wish we'd get a larger rug for the living room. Their bedroom is on the back, and Margaret's heels crossing the ceiling at night keep them awake. Also, in the early morning the Egyptian goddess leaves our bed and chases wooden spools and glass marbles from one end of the living room to the other. The Venables have mentioned this subject of the larger rug to the landlord and he has mentioned it to us. We do nothing about it, except that Margaret puts the spools and marbles out of Floribunda's reach when we go to bed at night, and walks around in her stocking feet after ten o'clock. Some day, when we are kept awake by footsteps crossing our bedroom ceiling, hammering, furniture being moved, and other idiot noises, we will remember the Venables and wish we had been more considerate.

The Venables leave their door open too, and on our way up the stairs I look back over my shoulder and see chintz-covered chairs and Oriental rugs and the lamplight falling discreetly on an Early American this and an Old English that. (No children here, either; Mrs. Venable works in a decorator's shop.) Mrs. Pickering, third floor, keeps her door closed. She is a sweet-faced woman who smiles when we meet her on the stairs. She has a grown son and daughter who come to see her regularly, but her life isn't the same as when they were growing up and Mr. Pickering was alive. (Did she tell us this or have I invented it?) If we met her anywhere but on the stairs we would have racked our brains to find something to say to her. The Holmeses' furniture is nondescript but comfortable. Mrs. Holmes has lovely brown eyes and the voice that goes with them, and it is no wonder that Floribunda likes to sit on her lap. *He* wants everybody to be happy, which is not exactly the way to be happy yourself, and he isn't. If we all paid a little more rent, it would make him happier, but we don't feel like it, any of us.

I am happy because we are in town: I don't have to commute in bad weather. I can walk to the office. And after the theatre we jump in a cab and are home in five minutes. I stand at the front window listening to the weather report. It is snowing in Westchester, and the driving conditions are very bad. In Thirty-sixth Street it is raining. The middle-aged man who lives on the top floor of the brownstone directly across from us is in the habit of posing at the window with a curtain partly wrapped around his naked body. He keeps guppies or goldfish in a lighted tank, spends the whole day in a kimono ironing, and at odd moments goes to the front window and acts out somebody's sexual dream. If I could only marry him off to the old woman who goes through the trash baskets on Lexington Avenue, talking to herself. What pleasure she would have in showing him the things she has brought home in her string bag—treasures whose value nobody else realizes. And what satisfaction to him it would be to wrap himself in a curtain just for her.

The view to the south is cut off by a big apartment building on Thirty-fifth Street. The only one. If it were not there (I spend a good deal of time demolishing it, with my bare hands) we would have the whole of the sky to look at. Because I have not looked carefully enough at the expression in Margaret's eyes, I go on thinking that she is happy too. When I met her she was working in a publishing house. Shortly after we decided to get married she was offered a job with the *Partisan Review*. If she had taken it, it would have meant commuting with me or even commuting at different hours from when I did. When I was a little boy and came home from school and called out, "Is anybody home?" somebody nearly always was. I took it for granted that the same thing would be true when I married. We didn't talk about it, and should have. I didn't understand that in her mind it was the chance of a fulfilling experience. Because she saw that I could not even imagine her saying yes, she said no, and turned her attention to learning how to cook and keep house. If we had had children right away it would have been different; but then if we had had children we wouldn't have been living on the top floor of a brownstone on Thirty-sixth Street.

The days in town are long and empty for her. The telephone doesn't ring anything like as often as it does when we are in the country. There Hester Gale comes across the road to see how Margaret is, or because she is out of cake flour, and they have coffee together. Margaret sews with Olivia Bingham. There are conversations in the supermarket. And miles of woods to walk in. Old Mrs. Delano, whose front door on Thirty-sixth Street is ten feet west of ours, is no help whatever. Though she knows Margaret's Aunt Alice, she doesn't know that Margaret is her niece, or even that she exists, probably, and Margaret has no intention of telling her. Any more than she has any intention of telling me that in this place where I am so happy she feels like a prisoner much of the time.

She is accustomed to space, to a part of the country where there is more room than people and buildings to occupy it. In her childhood she woke up in the morning in a big house set on a wide lawn, with towering pine trees behind it, and a copper beech as big as two brownstones, and a snow-capped mountain that mysteriously comes and goes, like an idea in the mind. Every afternoon after school she went cantering through the trees on horseback. Now she is confined to two rooms—the kitchen cannot be called a room; it is hardly bigger than a handkerchief—and these two rooms are not enough. This is a secret she manages to keep from me so I can go on being happy.

There is another secret that cannot be kept from me because, with her head in a frame made by my head, arms,

*"Do we want to be listed in 'Who's Who in the Boondocks'?"*

# LINES OF SIGHT

(HENRY JAMES, CAFFÈ FLORIAN, 1869)

"The prince at that hour"—so he might begin—
"prepared, at last, to trace a circumstance
the web of which, once glittering as with dew,
now urged on his good nature the fine strands
of an intention hitherto concealed . . ."
(Prince? *Early* hour? "Our young nobleman"?
Whatever—bring him in some perturbation
*here*—perhaps to face the fiddler(s)? or,
blind to his own dread/*need* of it, to be—
in "the most sumptuous drawing room of Europe,"
"vast chamber of intrigue," etc.—
"at home.")

Outside, a waiter, taking his own time,
puts music on a row of music stands,
then slowly turns his eyes on the great square:
the Quadri's window shades are out of line . . .
a three-leggèd camera, splayed like a giraffe,
studies the Basilica's gray domes . . .
the shaggy Moors on the clock tower pause,
then slam their bell: precisamente—X! . . .
along the ledges of the Campanile
roosting beggars, caped like bats, sit still.
Aware of no promise and expecting none,
he tugs at a cuff, resettles a lapel,
assumes his station with a flick of white:
"Signore!"

An eyecup of espresso black as ink
opens the syntax of a second look:
"Our princeling, unconcerned to be abroad
in the despite of fashion, yet, malgré lui,
'turned out,' one saw, 'within an inch' of all
that speaks occasion with no need of it . . ."
(No *thought* of it? "Need" as above, perhaps,
then facts, les petites choses, à la Flaubert.)

In his velvet coign of vantage, il signor,
twenty-six, bearded, far from home, peers out
from a scrubbed stoop in Albany, New York.
He wonders if he's "adequately human."
Nothing serves.

Opening Ruskin where he'd put him down,
he finds, almost at once, he's in a maze.
Howells reads easier; his letter sets
small store by stones: "The other caffè don't,
I'd say, quite have its—i.e., Florian's—
own cosmopolitan immunity.
There persons of all shades of politics
consort together in the plush saloons,
yet not without parochial intent—
Italians, you will observe, dispose
themselves in green rooms while the Austrians
and Austriacanti frequent only red."
(Dear Howells

—his rage to see, my passion to take note—
a pin of difference to dance upon!)
Sounds of laughter in the room next door
make him cock his head; a mirror's distance shows
his own silk hat, the tip of an aigrette,
a rope of gold across a headless shoulder.
His pencil, undistracted, hurries on:
"Had he, in fine, his freedom to elect
('Build' this on aperçu: Contessa V's
unwitting bias vis-à-vis 'release.')
or had he stayed too long at that levée
in which, alas, variety of reference
had tuned, then over-tuned, his sense of signs?"
(*Save this!*

—then quick to contretemps and chapter's end.
Place?—ballroom, palm grove, a "sequestered" niche.
Point?—to have him "know" what he's imagined.)
"The prince," he writes, "held smilingly at bay
by that good lady's well-strung bow and still,
he guessed, unemptied quiver, stood to the wall
arms wide."
(Make most of this tableau vivant:
victim who, by "giving up," gains "all.")
His waiter, at a hint of rain, collects
the leaves of Donizetti and Bizet
and stacks them up beside the cartes du jour.
" 'What,' asked the prince, 'is knowledge without fee?'
Well in the lead, his interlocutress
surveyed what she might put to his account,
then rapped his leg with an ivory fan. 'Sit down—
you'll *see*.' "

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

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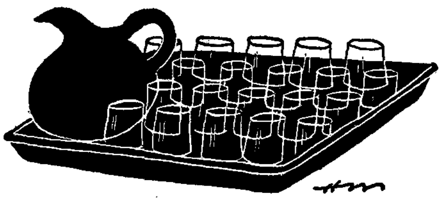
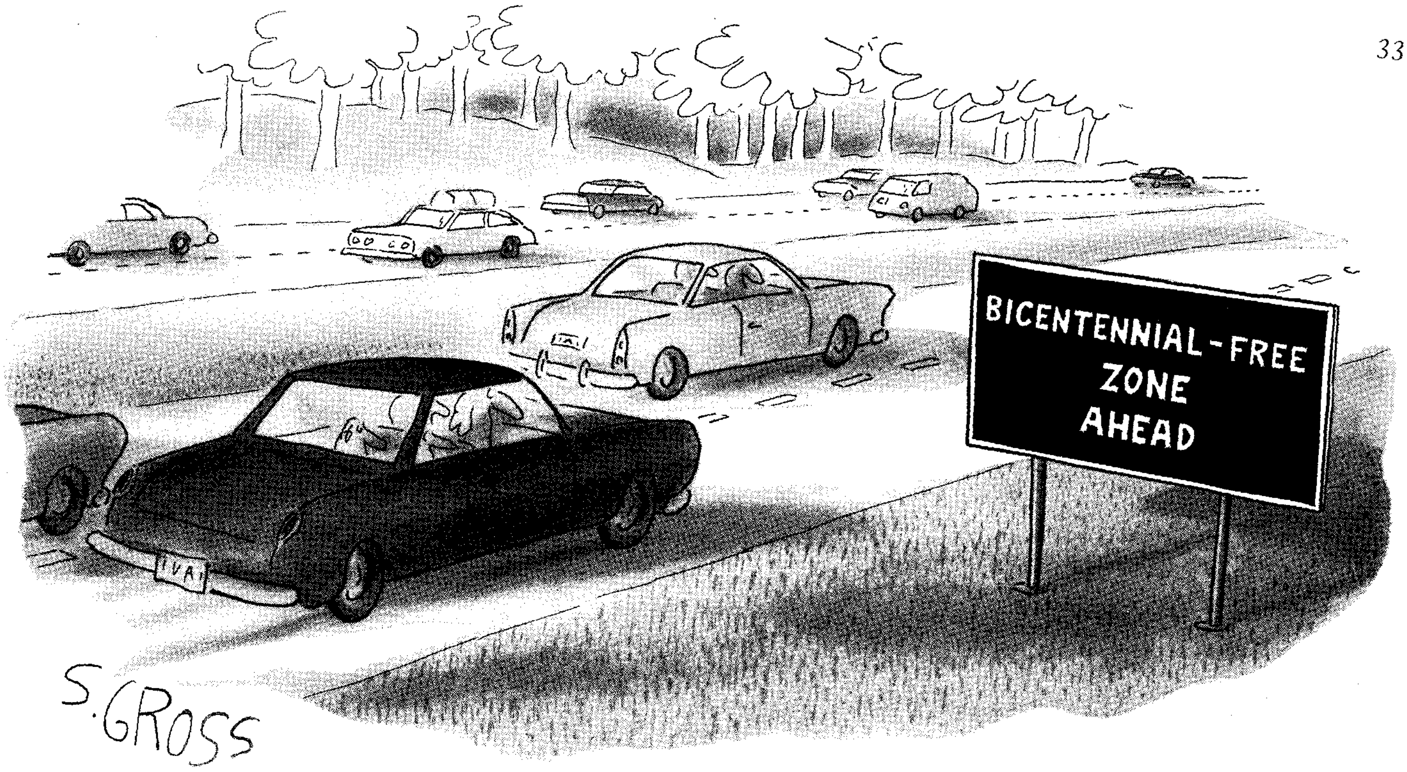
and shoulder, I know when she weeps. She weeps because her period was five days late and she thought something had happened that she now knows is not going to happen. The child is there, and could just as well as not decide to come to us, and doesn't, month after month. Instead, we consult one gynecologist after another, and take embarrassing tests (only they don't really embarrass me, they just seem unreal). And what the doctors do not tell us is why, when there is nothing wrong with either of us, nothing happens. Before we can have a child we must solve a riddle, like Oedipus and the Sphinx. On my forty-second birthday I go to the Spence-Chapin adoption service and explain our situation to a woman who listens attentively. I like her and feel that she understands how terribly much we want a child, and she shocks me by reaching across the desk and taking the application blank out of my hands: Forty-two is the age past which the agency will not consider giving out a child for adoption.



MEANWHILE, Margaret herself has been adopted, by the Italian market under the El at Third Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Four or five whistling boys with white aprons wrapped around their skinny hips run it. They also appear to own it, but what could be more unlikely? Their faces light up when Margaret walks



into the store. They drop what they are doing and come to greet her as if she were their older sister. And whatever she asks for, it turns out they have. Their meat is never tough, their vegetables are not tarnished and limp, their sole is just as good as the fish market's and nothing like as expensive. Now one boy, now another arrives at our door with a carton of groceries balanced on his head, having taken the stairs two steps at a time. Four flights are nothing to them. They are in business for the pure pleasure of it. They don't think or talk about love, they just do it. Or perhaps it isn't love but joy. But over what? Over the fact that they are alive and so are we?

It occurs to the landlord that the tenants could carry their garbage down to the street and then he wouldn't have to. I prepare for a scene, compose angry speeches in the bath. Everybody knows what landlords are like—only he isn't like that. He isn't even a landlord, strictly speaking. He has a good job with an actuarial firm. The building is a hobby. It was very run down when he bought it, and he has had the pleasure of fixing it up. We meet on the front sidewalk as I am on my way to work. Looking up at him—he is a very tall man—I announce that I will not carry our garbage down. Looking down at me, he says that if we don't feel like carrying our garbage down he will go on doing it. What an unsatisfactory man to quarrel with.

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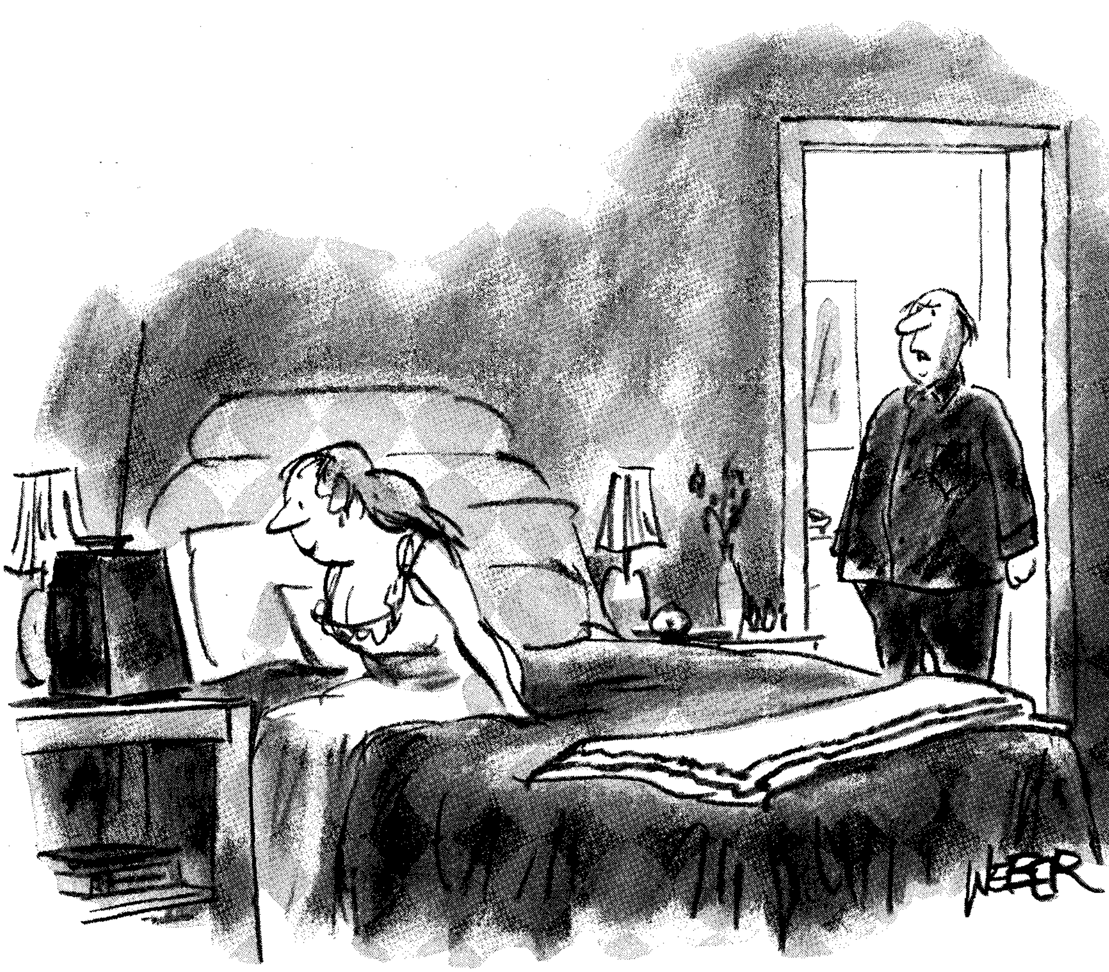
I come home from the office and find that Margaret has spent the afternoon drawing: a pewter coffee pot (Nantucket), a Venetian glass goblet, a white china serving dish with a handle and a cover, two eggs, a lemon, apples, a rumpled napkin with a blue border. Or the view from the living room all the way into the bedroom, through three doorways, involving the kind of foreshortened perspective Italian Renaissance artists were so fond of. Or the view from the bedroom windows (the apartment house on Thirty-fifth Street that I have so often taken down I now see is all right; it belongs there) in sepia wash. Or her own head and shoulders reflected in the dressing-table mirror. Or the goblet, the coffee pot, the lemon, a green pepper, and a brown lustre bowl. The lustre bowl has a chip in it, and so the old woman in the antique shop in Putnam Valley gave it to us for a dollar, after the table was safely stowed away in the back seat of the car. And some years later, her daughter, sitting next to me at a formal dinner party, said, "You're mistaken. Mother was absolutely fearless." She said it again, perceiving that I did not believe her. Somebody is mistaken, and it could just as well as not be me. Even though I looked quite carefully at the old woman's expression. In any case, there is something I didn't see. Her husband—the man whose books the old woman was unwilling to sell—committed suicide. "I was their only child, and had to deal with sadness all my life—sadness from within as well as from without." If the expression in the old woman's eyes was not terror, what was it?

FLORIBUNDA misses the country, and sits at the top of the living-room stairs, clawing at the trapdoor. She refuses to eat, is shedding. Her hairs are on everything. One night we take her across Park Avenue to the Morgan Library and push the big iron gate open like conspirators about to steal the forty-two-line Gutenberg Bible or the three folios of Redouté's roses. Floribunda leaps from Margaret's arms and runs across the sickly grass and climbs a small tree. Ecstatically she sharpens her claws on the bark. I know that we will be arrested, but it is worth it.

NEITHER the landlord and his wife, nor the artist and her husband, who is Dutch, nor Mrs. Pickering, nor the Venables ever entertain in their apartments, but we have a season of being sociable. We have the Fitzgeralds and Eileen Fitzgerald's father from Dublin for dinner. We celebrate Bastille Day with the Potters. We have Elinor Hinkley's mother to tea. She arrives at the head of the stairs, where she can see into the living room, and exclaims—before she has even caught her breath—"What beautiful horizontal surfaces!" She is incapable of small talk. Instead, she de-



"*I* have a toothy grin, and you hate it!"

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scribes the spiritual emanations of a row of huge granite boulders lining the driveway of her house on Martha's Vineyard. And other phenomena that cannot be described very easily, or that, when described, cannot be appreciated by someone who isn't half mad or a Theosophist.

Ray Wilson brings one intelligent, pretty girl after another to meet us. Like the woman in Isak Dinesen's story who sailed the seas looking for the perfect blue, he is looking for a flawless girl. Flawless in whose eyes is the question. And isn't flawlessness itself a serious flaw? "What a charming girl," we say afterward, and he looks in our faces and is not satisfied, and brings still another girl, including, finally, Ivy Sérurier, who is half English and half French. When she was seven years old her nurse took her every day to the Jardin du Luxembourg and there she ran after a hoop. She is attracted to all forms of occult knowledge, and things happen to her that do not happen to anyone who does not have a destiny. The light bulbs respond to her amazing stories by giving off a higher voltage. The expression on our faces is satisfactory. Ray brings her again, and again. He asks Margaret if she thinks they should get married, but he cannot quite bring himself to ask Ivy this question.

On a night when we are expecting Henry Coddington to dinner, Hester and Nick Gale come up the stairs blithely at seven o'clock, having got the invitation wrong. Or perhaps it is our fault. There is plenty of food, and it turns out to be a pleasant evening. The guests get on well, but Henry must have thought we did not want to know why Louise left him and took their little girl, whom he idolizes—that we have insulated ourselves from his catastrophe by asking this couple from the country. Anyway, he never comes or calls again. But other people come. Melissa Lovejoy, from Montgomery, Alabama, comes for Sunday lunch, and her hilarious account of her skirmishes with her mother-in-law make the tears run down my cheeks. Melissa, who loves beautiful china, looks around the living room and sees what no one else has ever seen or commented on—a Meissen plate on the other end of the mantelpiece from the Egyptian cat. It is white, with very small green grape leaves and a wide filigree border. Margaret's brother John had it in his rucksack when he made his way from Geneva to Bordeaux in May, 1940. As easily as the plate could have got broken, so he could have ended up in a concentration camp and died there of starvation. But they are both safe, intact, here in New York. He has his own place, on Lexington Avenue in the Fifties. On Christmas Eve he bends down and selects a present for Margaret and another for me from the pile under the tree at the foot of the stair.

On New Year's Eve, John and Ray and Ivy and Margaret and I sit down to dinner. The champagne cork hits the ceiling. Between courses we take turns getting up and going into the bedroom and waiting behind a closed door until a voice calls "Ready!" If you were a school of Italian painting or a color of the spectrum or a character from fiction, what school of Italian painting or color or character would you be? John is Dostoevski's Idiot, Margaret is lavender blue. Elinor Hinkley joins us for dessert. Just before midnight a couple from the U.N., whom Ray has invited, come up the stairs and an hour later on the dot they leave for another party. It is daylight when we push our chairs back. We have not left the table (except to go into the front room while the questions are being framed) all night long. With our heads out of the window, Margaret and I wait for them to emerge from the building and then we call down to them, "Happy New Year!" But softly, so as not to wake up the neighbors.

Margaret's Uncle James, who is not her uncle but her mother's first cousin, comes to dinner, bringing long-stemmed red roses. He confesses that he has been waiting for this invitation ever since we were married—eight or nine years—and he thoroughly enjoys himself, though he is dying of cancer of the throat. Faced with extinction, you can't just stand and scream: it isn't good manners. And men and women of that generation do not discuss their feelings. Anyway he doesn't. Instead he says, "I like your curtains, Margaret," and we are filled with remorse that we didn't ask him sooner. But still, he did come to dinner. And satisfied his curiosity about the way we live. And we were surprised to discover that we were fond of him—as the rabbit is surprised to discover that he is what was concealed in the magician's hat. *I am not the person you thought I was*, Uncle James as much as says, sitting back in the easy chair but not using the ottoman lest he look ill.

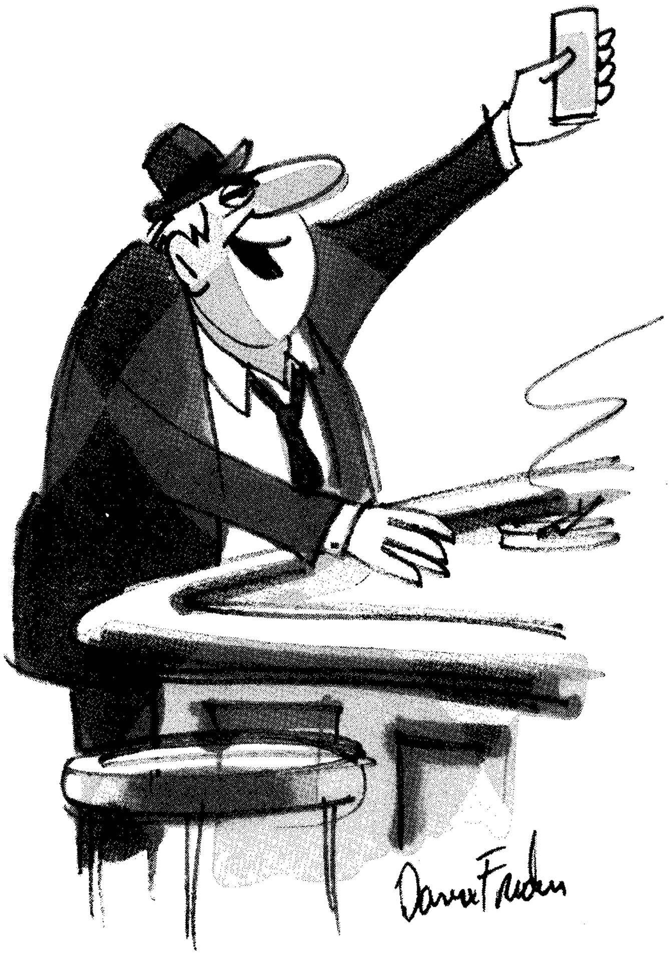
I realize that the air is full of cigarette smoke, and prop the trapdoor open with a couple of books—but only a crack. At eleven-thirty Uncle James rises and puts his coat on and says good night, and tromps down the stairs, waking the Venables, and Mrs. Pickering, and the artist and her husband, and Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. And we lock the doors and say what a nice evening it was, and empty the ashtrays, and carry the liquor glasses out to the kitchen, and suddenly perceive an emptiness, an absence. "Floribunda? . . . Pussy?" She is nowhere. She has slipped through the crack that I thought was too small for her to get through. Fur is deceptive, her bone structure is not what I thought it was, and perhaps cats have something in common with cigarette smoke. I have often seen her attenuate herself alarmingly. Outside, on the roof, I call softly, but no little black cat comes. In the night we both wake and talk about her. The bottom of the bed feels strange when we put our feet out and there is nothing there, no weight. When morning comes I dress and go up to the roof again, and make my way toward Park Avenue, stepping over two-foot-high tile walls and making my way around projections and feeling giddy when I peer down into back gardens.

Margaret, meanwhile, has dressed and gone down the stairs. She rings the Delanos' bell, and the Irish maid opens the door. "A little cat came in through my bedroom window last night and the mistress said to put her on the street, so I did." *On the street* . . . when she could so easily have put her back on the roof she came from! "Here, Puss, Puss, Puss . . . here, Puss!" Up Thirty-sixth Street and down Thirty-fifth. All her life she has known nothing but love, and she is so timid. How will she survive with no home? What will the poor creature do? We meet Rose Bernstein, who has just moved into town from our country road, and just as I am saying "On the street. Did you ever hear of anything so heartless?" there is a faint miaow. Floribunda heard us calling and was too frightened to answer. I find her hiding in an areaway. Margaret gathers her up in her arms and we say goodbye to Rose Bernstein, and, unable to believe our good fortune, take her home. Our love and joy.

IN Chicago there is an adoption agency whose policy with respect to age is not so rigid as Spence-Chapin's. We pull strings. (Ray Wilson has a friend whose wife's mother is on the board.) Letters pass back and forth, and finally there we are, in Chicago, nervously waiting in the reception room. Miss Mattie Gessner is susceptible (or so I feel) to the masculine approach. It turns out that she voted for Truman too; and she doesn't reach across the desk and take the application from my hands. Instead she promises to help us. But it isn't as simple as the old song my mother used to sing: To-day is not the day they give babies away with a half a pound of tay. The baby that is given to us for adoption must be the child of a couple reasonably like us—that is to say, a man and woman who, in the year 1952, would have a record-player that plays only 78s and that you wind by hand; who draw seashells on their bedroom curtains and are made happy by a blocked-up fireplace and a stairway that leads nowhere. And this means we must wait God knows how long.

So we do wait, sometimes in rather odd places for a couple with no children. For example, by the carousel in Central Park. The plunging horses slowly come to a halt with their hoofs in midair. The children get off and more children climb up, take a firm grip on the pole, and look around for their mother or their nurse or their father, in the crowd standing in the open doorway. Slowly the cavalcade begins to move again, and I take the little boy in the plaid snowsuit, with half a pound of English Breakfast, and Margaret takes half a pound of Lipton's and the little girl with blue ribbons in her hair.

WE start going to the country weekends. And then we go for the summer, taking suitcases full of clothes, boxes of unread books, drawing materials, the sewing machine, the typewriter. And in September all this is carried up four flights of stairs. And more: flowers, vegetables from the garden, plants we could not bear to have the frost put an end to, even though we know they will not live long in town. And one by one we take up our winter habits. When Saturday night comes around we put on our coats at ten o'clock and go out to buy the Sunday *Times* at the newspaper stand under the El. We rattle the door of the antique shop on



*"To the Housing Authority, Port Authority, Tunnel Authority, Transit Authority, Bridge Authority—to authority!"*

Third Avenue that always has something interesting in the window but has never been known to be open at any hour of any day of the week. On three successive nights we go to "Ring Round the Moon," "King Lear," and "An Enemy of the People," after which it seems strange to sit home reading a book. I am so in love with Adlai Stevenson's speeches that, though I am afraid of driving in ordinary traffic in New York City, I get the car out of the garage and we drive right down the center of 125th Street, in a torchlight parade, hemmed in by a flowing river of people, all of whom feel the way we do.

## DEPRESSION BEFORE THE SOLSTICE

4 days till the solstice, the moon
Like an onion thin in the afternoon sky, the few leaves
In the liquidambar arthritic and holding on.
The weightless, unclarified light from the setting sun
Lies like despair on the ginger root. Windows
Go up in flame. Now

The watchers and holy ones set out, divining
The seal, eclipses
Taped to their sleeves like black felt,
Their footprints filling with sparks
In the bitter loam behind them, ahead of them stobbed with sand,
And walk hard, and regret nothing.

—Charles Wright

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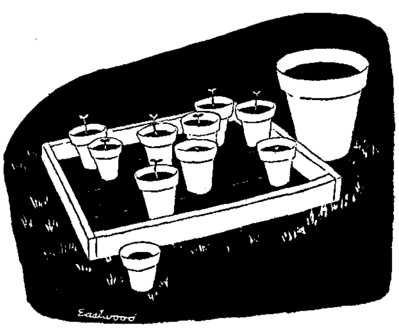
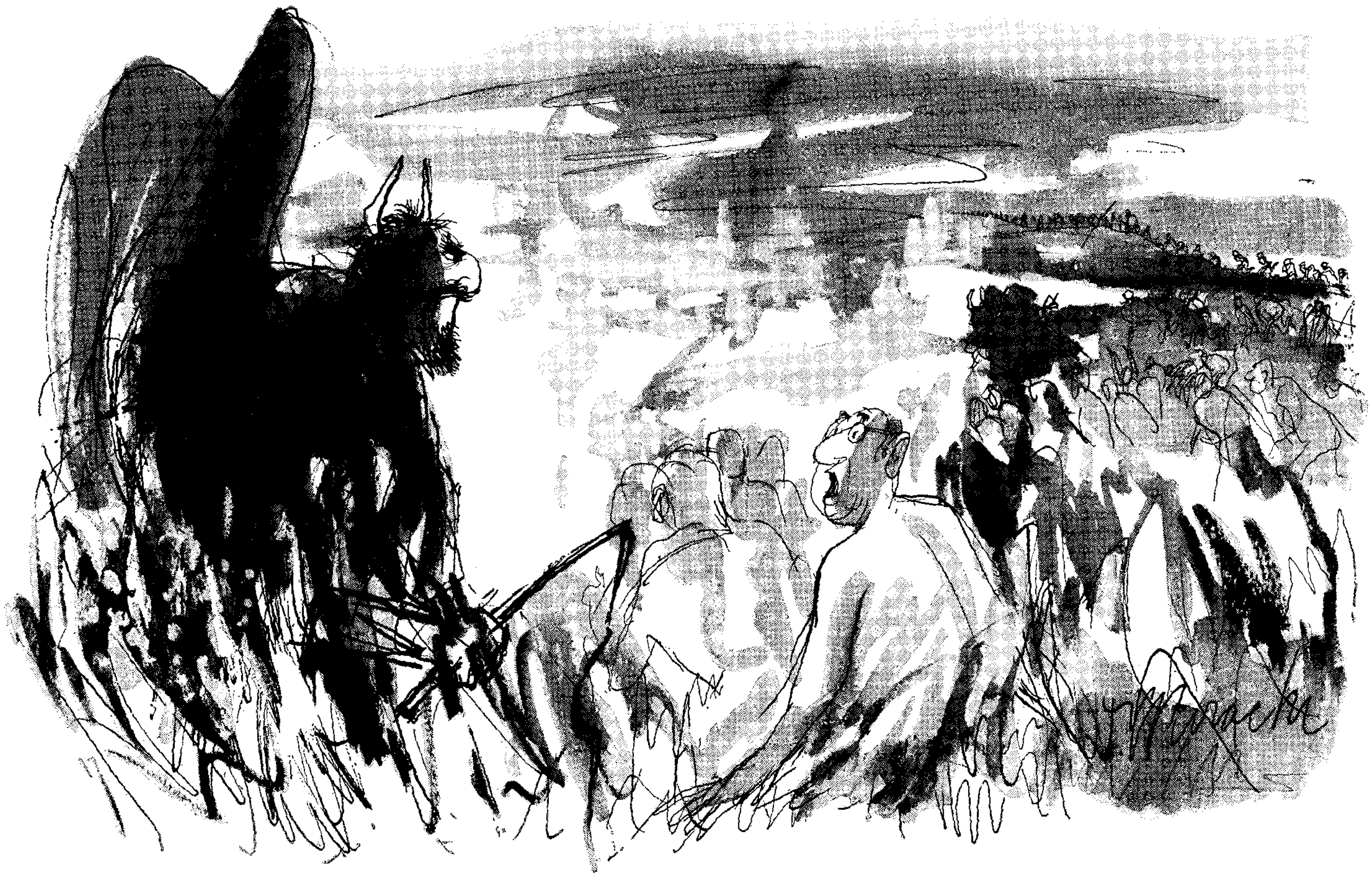
HOW many years did we live in that apartment on Thirty-sixth Street? From 1950 to— The mere dates are misleading, even if I could get them right, because time was not progressive or in sequence, it was one of Mrs. Hinkley's horizontal surfaces divided into squares. On one square an old woman waters a houseplant in the window of an otherwise blank wall. On another, Albertha, who is black, comes to clean. When she leaves, the apartment looks as if an angel had walked through it. She is the oldest of eleven children. And what she and Margaret say, over a cup of coffee, makes Margaret more able to deal with her solitary life. On another square, we go to the Huguenot Church on Sunday morning, expecting something new and strange, and instead the hymns are perfectly familiar to us from our Presbyterian childhoods: in French they have become more elegant and rhetorical, and it occurs to me that they may not reach all the way to the ear of Heaven. But the old man who then mounts the stairs to the pulpit addresses Seigneur Dieu in a confident voice, as if they are extremely well acquainted, the two of them. On another square we go to Berlitz, and the instructor, a White Russian named Mikhael Miloradovitch, sits by blandly while Margaret and I say things to each other in French that we have managed not to say in English. I am upset when I discover that she prefers the country to the city. The discussion becomes heated, but because it is in French nothing comes of it. We go on living in the city. Until another summer comes and we fill the car, which is now nearly twenty years old, to the canvas top with our possessions; then, locking the doors of the apartment, we drive off to our other life. At which point the shine goes out of this one. The slipcovers fade and so do the seashells and thistles that are exposed to the direct light of the summer sun. Dust gathers on the books, the lampshades, the record-player. In the middle of the night, a hand pries at the trapdoor and, finding it securely locked, tries somewhere else. The man out of Krafft-Ebing shows himself seductively to our blank windows. And the intense heat builds up to a violent thunderstorm. After which there is a spell of cooler weather. And a tragedy. For two days there has been no garbage outside Mrs. Pickering's door in the morning. She does not answer her telephone or the landlord's knocking, and she has not said she was going away. The first floor extends farther back than the rest of the house, and he is able to place a ladder on the roof of this extension. From the top of the ladder he stares into the third-floor bedroom at a terrible sight: Mrs. Pickering, sitting in a wing chair, naked. He thinks it is death he is staring at, but he is mistaken; she has had a stroke. He breaks the door down, and she is taken to the hospital in an ambulance. She does not die, but neither does she ever come back to this apartment. Passing her door on our way up the stairs, we are aware of the silence inside, and think uneasily of those two days and nights of helpless waiting. Along with the silence there is the sense of something malign, of trouble of a very serious kind that could spread all through the house. To ward it off, we draw closer to the other tenants, linger talking on the stairs, and speak to them in a more intimate tone of voice. We have the Holmeses and the Venables and the artist and her husband up for a drink. It doesn't do the trick. There *was* something behind Mrs. Pickering's door. My sister's only son turns up and, since we are in the country, we offer him the apartment to live in until he finds a job. He leads a life there that the books and furniture do not approve of. He brings girls home and makes love to them in our bed, under the very eyes of the children flying kites. He borrows fifty bucks from me, to eat on, and to get some shirts, so he won't look like a bum when he goes job hunting. He has a check coming from his previous job, in Florida, and will pay me back next week. The check doesn't come, and he borrows some more money, and then some more, and it begins to mount up. Jobs that were as good as promised to him vanish into thin air, and meanwhile we are his sole means of support. I listen attentively to what I more and more suspect are inventions, but his footwork is fast, and what he says could be true; it just isn't what he said before, quite. My bones inform me that I am not the first person these excuses and appeals have been tried out on. He comes to my office to tell me that he has given up the idea of staying in New York and can I let him have the fare home, and I dial my sister's number in Evansville, Indiana, and hand the receiver to him and leave the room.



I give up smoking on one square, and on another I go through all the variant pages of a book I have been writing for four and a half years and reduce it to a single pile of manuscript. This I put in a blue canvas duffelbag



*"There's been some ghastly mistake! My 'Times' obit exceeded two columns and included a photograph."*

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that can absentmindedly be left behind on the curbing when we drive off to the country at eleven o'clock of a spring night. At midnight, driving up the Taconic Parkway, I suddenly see in my mind's eye the back seat of the car: the blue duffelbag is not there. Nor, when we come to a stop in front of our house on Thirty-sixth Street at one o'clock in the morning, is it on the sidewalk where I left it. With a dry mouth I describe it to the desk sergeant in the police station, and he gets up and goes into the back room. "No, nothing," he calls. And then, as we are almost at the door, "Wait a minute."

On another square Margaret starts behaving in a way that is not at all like her. Sleepy at ten o'clock in the evening, and when I open my eyes in the morning she is already awake and looking at me. Her face is somehow different. Can it be that she is . . . that we are going to . . . that . . . I study her when she is not aware that I am looking at her, and find in her behavior the answer to that riddle: If we are so longing for a child that we are willing to bring up somebody else's child—anybody's child whatever—then we may as well be allowed to have our own. Margaret comes home from the doctor bringing the news to me that I have not dared break to her.

After boning up on the subject, in a book, she shows me, on her finger, just how long the child in her womb now is. And it is growing larger, very slowly. And so is she. The child is safe inside her, and she is safe so long as she remains a prisoner in this top-floor apartment. The doctor has forbidden her to use the stairs. Everybody comes to see her, instead—including an emanation from the silent apartment two floors below. A black man, a stranger, suddenly appears at the top of the stairs. His intention, unclear but frightening, shows in his face, in his eyes. But the goddess Bastet is at work again, and the man comes on Albertha's day, and she, with a stream of such foulmouthed cursing as Margaret has never heard in her life, sends him running down the stairs. If he had come on a day that was not Albertha's day, when Margaret was there alone— But this holds true for everything, good or bad.

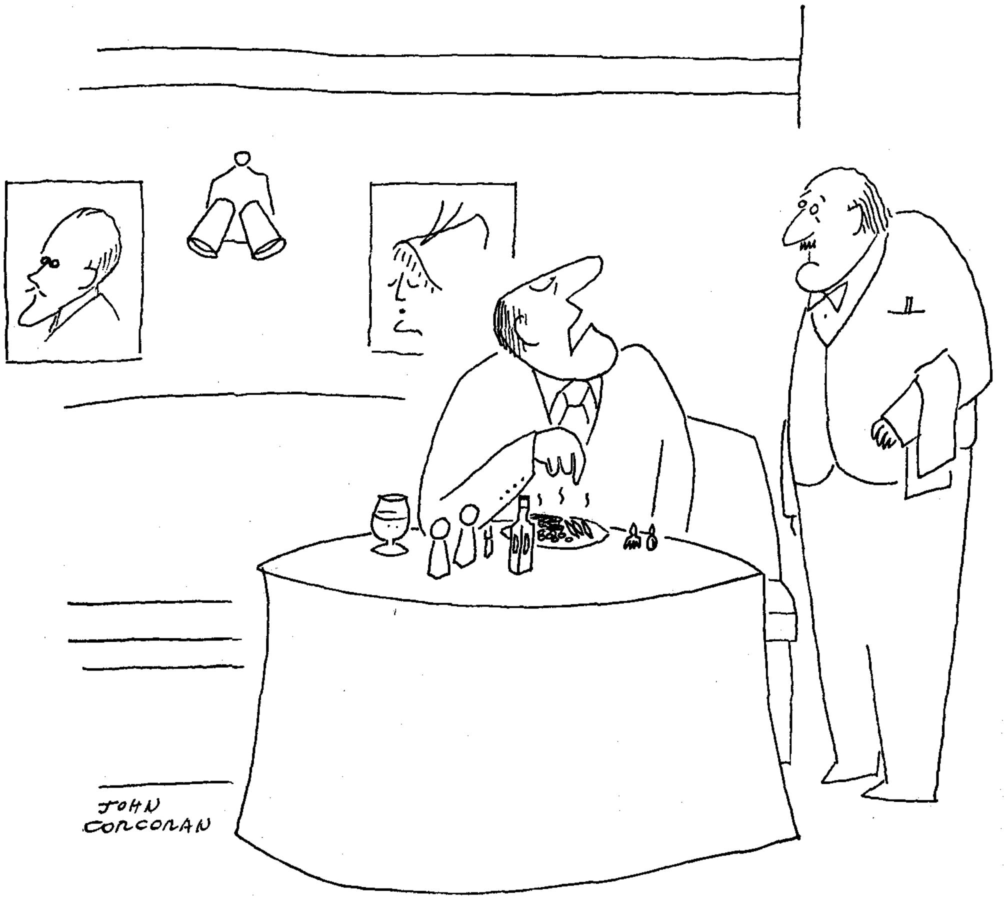
MARGARET's face grows rounder, and she no longer has a secret that must be kept from me. The days while I am at the office are not lonely, and time is an unbroken landscape of daydreaming. When I get home at six o'clock, I creep in under the roof of the spell she is under, and am allowed into the daydream. But what shall we tell Miss Mattie Gessner when she comes to investigate the way we live?

The apartment, feeling our inattention, begins to withdraw from us sadly. And then something else unexpected happens. The landlord, having achieved perfection, having created the Peaceable Kingdom on Thirty-sixth Street, is restless and wants to begin all over again. "You'll be sorry," his wife tells him, stroking Floribunda's ear, and he is. But by that time they are living uptown, in a much less handsome house in the Nineties—a house that needs fixing from top to bottom. But it will never have any style, and it is filled with disagreeable tenants who do not pay their rent on time. On Thirty-sixth Street we have a new landlord, and in no time his hand is on everything. He hangs a cheap print of van Gogh's "The Drawbridge" in the downstairs foyer. We are obliged to take down the cardboard barricade and keep our doors closed. Hardly a day passes without some maddening new improvement. The artist is the first to go. Then we give notice: how is Margaret to carry the baby, the stroller, the package from the drugstore, etc., up four flights of stairs? *What better place can there be to bring up a child in?* the marble fireplace asks, remembering the eighteen-eighties, when this was a one-family house and our top-floor living room was the nursery. The stairway to the roof was devoted to the previous tenant (the man who lived in the midst of a monumental clutter) and says bitterly, in the night, when we are not awake to hear, *They seem as much a part of your life as the doors and windows, and then it turns out that they are not a part of your life at all. The moving men come and cart all the furniture away, and the people go down to the street, and that's the last you see of them. . . .*

What will the fireplace and the stairway to the roof say when they discover that they are about to be shut off forever from the front room? The landlord is planning to divide our apartment into two apartments and charge the same for each that he is now getting for the floor-through. For every evil under the sun there is a remedy or there is none. I soak the mural of the children flying kites, hoping to remove it intact and put it up somewhere in the house in the country. The paper tears no matter how gently I pull it loose from the wall, and comes off in little pieces, which end up in the wastebasket.

NOW when I walk past that house I look up at the windows that could be in Leningrad or Innsbruck or Dresden or Parma, and I think of the stairway that led only to the trapdoor in the roof, and of the marble fireplace, the bathroom skylight, and the tiny kitchen, and of what school of Italian painting we would have been if we had been a school of Italian painting, and poor Mrs. Pickering sitting in her bedroom chair with her eyes wide open, waiting for help, and the rainy nights on Thirty-sixth Street, and the grey-and-blue thistles, the brown seashells, the Mills Brothers singing *Shine, little glowworm, glimmer, glimmer*, and the guests who came the wrong night, the guest who was going to die and knew it, the sound of my typewriter, and of a paintbrush clinking in a glass of cloudy water, and Floribunda's adventure, and Margaret's empty days, and how it was settled that, although I wanted to put my head on her breast as I was falling asleep, she needed even more (at that point) to put her head on mine. And of our child's coming, at last, and the black cat who thought *she* was our child, and of the two friends who didn't after all get married, and the old woman who found one treasure after another in the trash baskets all up and down Lexington Avenue, and that other old woman, now dead, who was so driven by the need to describe the inner life of very large granite boulders. I think of how Miss Mattie Gessner's face fell and how she closed her notebook and became a stranger to us, who had been so deeply our friend. I think of the oversexed ironer, and the Holmeses, and the Venables, and the stranger who meant nobody good and was frightened away by Albertha's cursing, and the hissing of the air brakes of the Lexington Avenue bus, and the curtains moving at the open window, and the baby crying on the other side of the wall. I think of that happy grocery store run by boys, and the horse-drawn flower cart that sometimes waited on the corner, and the sound of footsteps in the night, and the sudden no-sound that meant it was snowing, and I think of the unknown man or woman who found the blue duffelbag with the manuscript of my novel in it and took it to the police station, and the musical instrument (not a lute, but that's what the artist must have had in mind, only she no longer bothers to look at objects and draws what she remembers them as being like) played in the dark, over our sleeping bodies, while the children flew their kites, and I think if it is true that we are all in the hand of God, what a capacious hand it must be.

—WILLIAM MAXWELL



*“This is the aforementioned?”*

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### THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

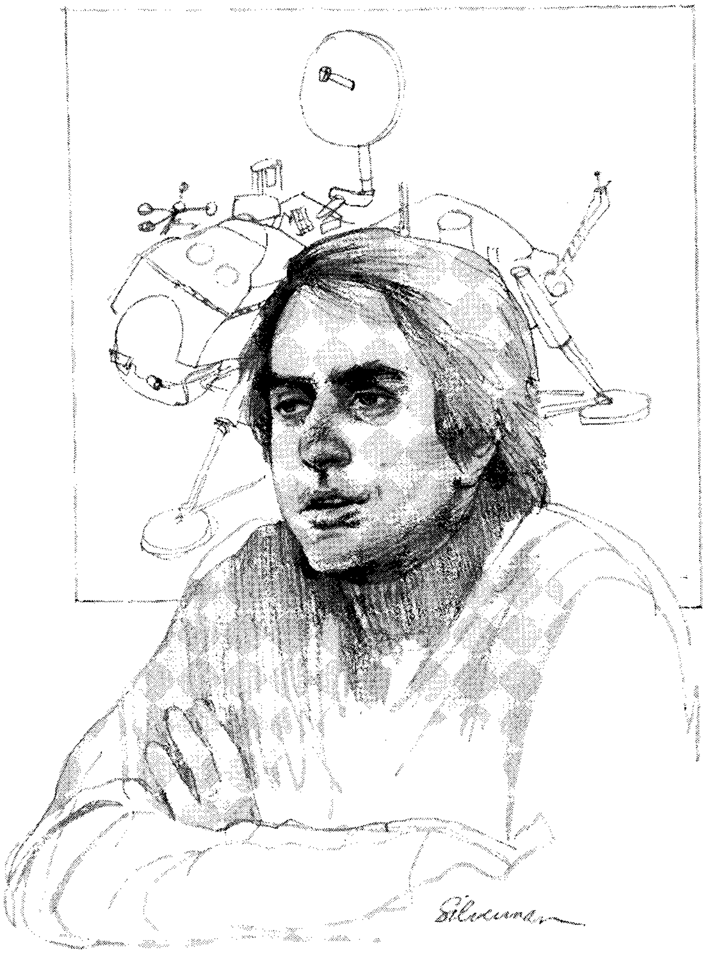
[“*Man and the World Community in the Century Ahead,*” *by Arthur Larson, in* “*Man and the Future,*” *University Press of Kansas, 1968*]

I suppose the area outside of the physical sciences where the authentic scientific approach has been most successfully applied is that of economics, particularly in the prevention of severe recessions and the reconciling of free enterprise with orderly growth. One reason is that economists now have an impressive array of reliable current facts on which to act, in the form of economic indicators, touching investment, saving and spending, income, sales, inventories, employment, prices, and dozens of other categories of facts and data. Careful study of past experience now enables economists to watch these dials, notice the need for some adjustment, turn a knob here, tighten a valve there, on discount rates, taxes, government purchase policies, social insurance, fiscal measures, and the trouble is righted.

# PROFILES

## A RESONANCE WITH SOMETHING ALIVE—I

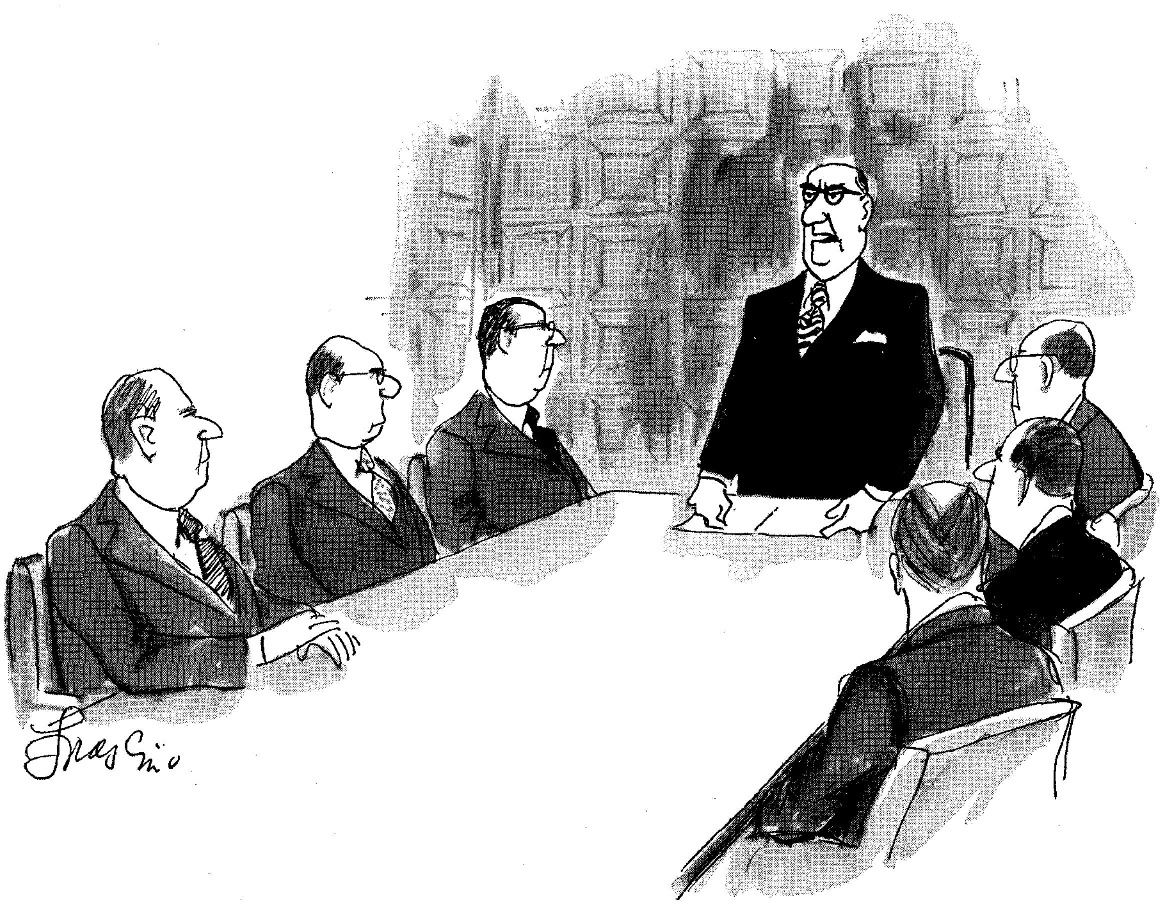
ON clear nights, in high, remote areas, Mars is seen to glow with a steady, hard reddish light—something it rarely seems to do from the city, through whose smoggy air the planet looks wan and bloodless and is difficult to identify. Right now, Mars is on the far side of the sun, and thus in the daytime sky, so that it cannot be seen at all. Normally, though, the planet can be picked out because it is brighter than the stars around it, and, unlike them, it doesn't twinkle. Through a telescope, Mars is not a pinpoint of light, the way all stars appear through even the most powerful instruments, but a round reddish ball—clearly a place, like our own globe, to which one might travel. In a number of cultures, the red planet has been associated with war, and in the last hundred years it has been the battleground of a scientific one: a dispute over whether life exists there. Of all the planets in the solar system, aside from our own, it is considered the most likely to harbor living things. With this possibility very much in mind, the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, beginning in the mid-sixties, has sent three spacecraft to observe the planet by flying close by it, and a fourth into orbit around it. Meanwhile, between 1962 and 1973, the Soviet Union dispatched eight spacecraft that we know of to Mars. Three of them vanished, while five sent back data with varying degrees of success. This summer, two more American spacecraft, designated Viking 1 and Viking 2—each composed of a lander, which will descend to the surface, and an orbiter, which will continue to fly above it—will reach Mars; through a curious conjunction of celestial mechanics and more worldly concerns, the first lander is scheduled to touch down on July 4th, the day of our Bicentennial.



*Carl Sagan*

Currently, the most ardent advocate of the possibility of life on Mars, and on a lot of other places distant from our planet, is Dr. Carl Sagan, a professor of astronomy at Cornell, who has been on the scientific teams planning several of NASA's unmanned spacecraft missions. On August 10th last year, the day before Viking 1 was supposed to be launched from the Kennedy Space Center, in Cape Canaveral, Florida, Sagan was addressing a dozen or so children seated on the hot cement near the pool of the Ramada Inn at Cocoa Beach, about twelve miles from the launching pad. A youthful-looking man of forty-one, with long, straight black hair combed at a sloping angle across a high forehead, Sagan (who pronounces his name to rhyme with "pagan") is a controversial figure, but most scientists will agree that if he doesn't embody the spirit of the whole Viking enterprise he at least supplies its imagination. On this occasion, he was dressed in black bathing trunks and a maroon-and-white patterned shirt and was sitting at the edge of the pool. At his feet were a partly broken model of a Viking lander, squat and froglike, and also, cradled in a wastebasket, a ruddy-colored globe of Mars as big as a beach ball. The children, most of them under ten, were sons or daughters of Viking scientists or engineers—Sagan's four-year-old son, Nicholas, was among them. They seemed to like Sagan, a man whose own childhood never seems very far behind him; he has remained close to it and seems to draw from it a rich and playful imagery.

"Here on earth, we have pools and beach balls and hot dogs and other nice things, but if you were far away you wouldn't see these things," he began. "From space, the earth would be a blue dot among lots of other dots—blue ones, green ones, brown ones, and, in particular, one big red one." He picked up the globe of Mars. "There is snow up here and down here," he said, touching the poles, where two holes had been punched so that the globe could revolve on a stand. "These holes don't exist on the real planet. But there's a giant mountain here. And here there's another. And here's another. And here's a huge canyon that would stretch from New York to beyond San Francisco if it were on earth. We know the mountains and the canyon exist because we can see them from space near Mars, but what we don't know is what is down *on* Mars." Though he didn't actually say it, he left the impression that if there actually were no hot dogs on Mars there might well be manifestations of life almost as interesting. One of Sagan's favorite arguments is that if a few thousand years ago, before there were advanced civilizations on earth, a spaceman from another planet had had a view of the earth no better than the one we have of Mars he might not know that any living thing was here. "So we want to send someone to Mars to see what's there," he went on to the



*"I have here, gentlemen, a personally prepared and signed statement, to be included in all our advertising, declaring that everything we claim to be true is true."*

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children, who all looked very blond, and most of whom had recently come from such places as Hampton, Virginia; Denver, Colorado; or Pasadena and Mountain View, California—the sites of one or another of the factories, universities, and space centers where work on Viking had been going on. "We thought of sending a Martian, but we didn't know any Martians. That's one reason we're going. We asked some of our friends if they could live on Mars, but none of them could. It's too cold and too dry, and the atmosphere is mostly carbon dioxide instead of oxygen, like ours, and is only about one-hundredth the density of our own. So we had to make a person, and his name is Viking." Sagan picked up the model of the spacecraft. "He's a very special guy, and now I'll tell you what he has. He has three feet; he can't walk on them, but he can bounce a little as he lands. He has one giant ear inside his belly; it couldn't hear you, but it could hear an earthquake—a Marsquake—a thousand miles away. He has two ears on top, which turn, to hear radio signals, and he can talk with them, too. He has two eyes, like ours, only they're on stalks, like a crab's; he can see all the same colors we can and some that we can't. Now let's talk about mouths. He has three mouths, one of which is also a nose. With them, he eats dirt."

"*Yuk!*" said a girl with a very blond ponytail dangling down a very bronzed back.

"Yuk for you, but he likes it," Sagan said. "He doesn't eat for energy—he has all the food he needs inside him. He eats because he likes to. He has especially good tasters to tell one kind of dirt from another. He could easily smell the chlorine they're putting in the pool. He could even tell if there was anything *alive* in what he was eating. He has a hand to pick up the dirt he eats. He can pick up other things to look at. He has two arms. One is ten feet long, so he could reach over and pick up that girl over there. The other is shorter, and he uses it to feel the air. It's very thin air. Every day, he radios the earth and says things like, 'Hello, Earth. The temperature on Mars is seventy below zero. It is very windy, and we don't have any snow.' He's pretty smart. He has a vocabulary of eighteen thousand words. An eight-year-old child knows perhaps half that many."

"Would you rather have Viking or an eight-year-old on Mars?" asked a boy in red bathing trunks who looked about eight.

"I'd rather have an eight-year-old," Sagan said at once. "Viking may be smart, but he's slow. If a fat Martian walks by, Dr. Anderson, the scientist in charge of the big ear, will go to Dr. Mutch, the scientist in charge of the two eyes, and say, 'I hear something fat walking around out there.' Then Dr. Mutch will go to Mission Control and say, 'There's something fat walking around out there. Let's look for it.' *Three days later* Viking looks for it, and by that time whatever it was will have lumbered out of view. Another thing that Viking can't do is reproduce. It would be nice if these two Viking landers—there are two of them, remember, each with its own orbiter overhead—could make a lot more, but they can't. Anyway, that's our special guy on Mars, and tomorrow he'll go off. This is the first time something will actually land on Mars and tell us about it, so you're very lucky."

"What if it blows up?" the boy in red trunks asked.

"That's one reason we have two of them," Sagan said.

"What if a leg falls off?" the girl with the ponytail asked. This had happened to the model that Sagan had in his hand.

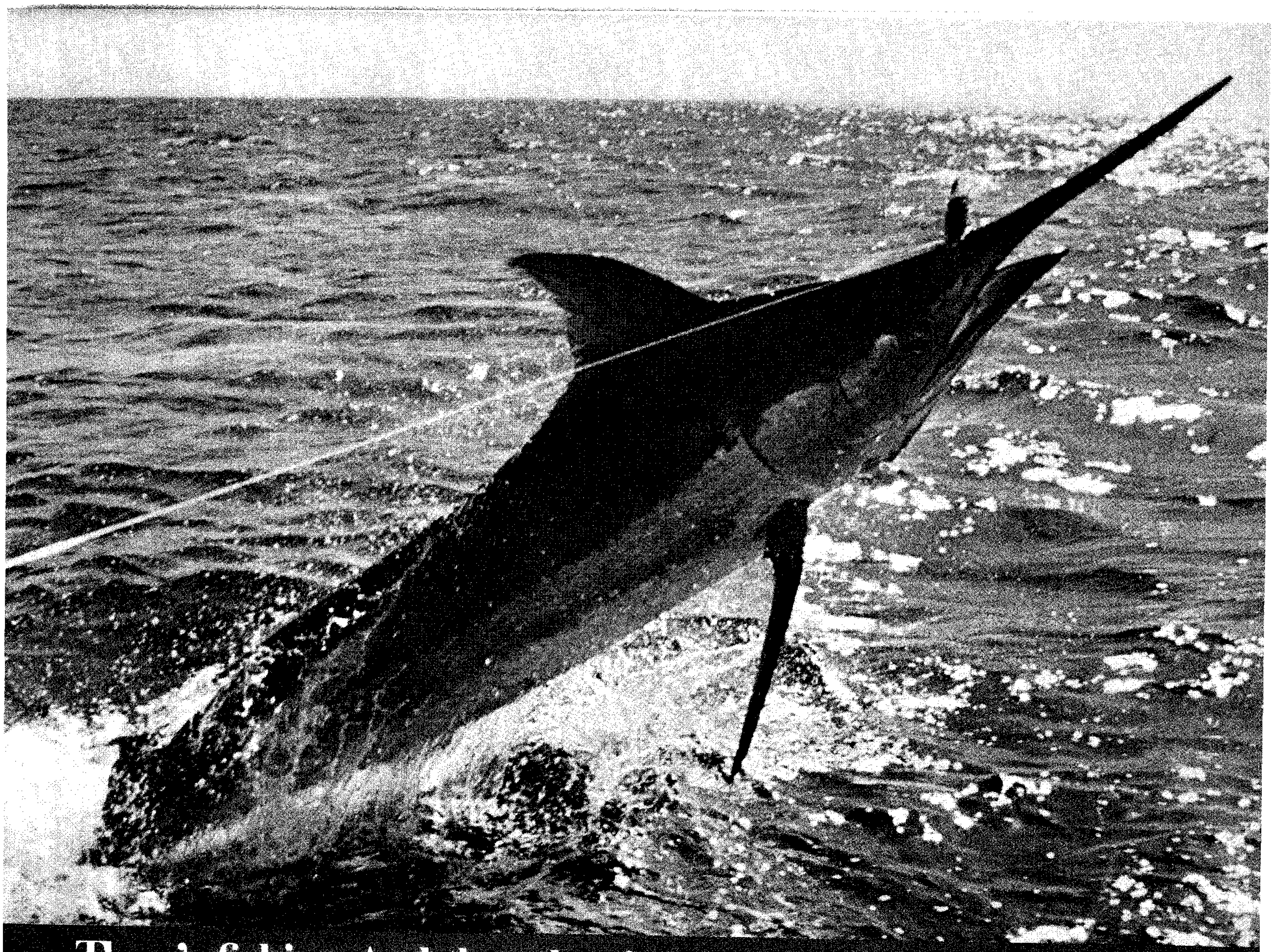
"Then it will have a limp—Viking will tilt," Sagan said.

"What if a Martian cuts off an eye?" another boy asked.

"That will be terrific! Then the other eye will see him."

"What if the Martians have sophisticated weapons that blow it up?" another girl asked.

"Then we'll have a blown-up lander," Sagan said. "And maybe the cameras will photograph the Martians doing these bad things. But the Martians probably won't be bad. They'll



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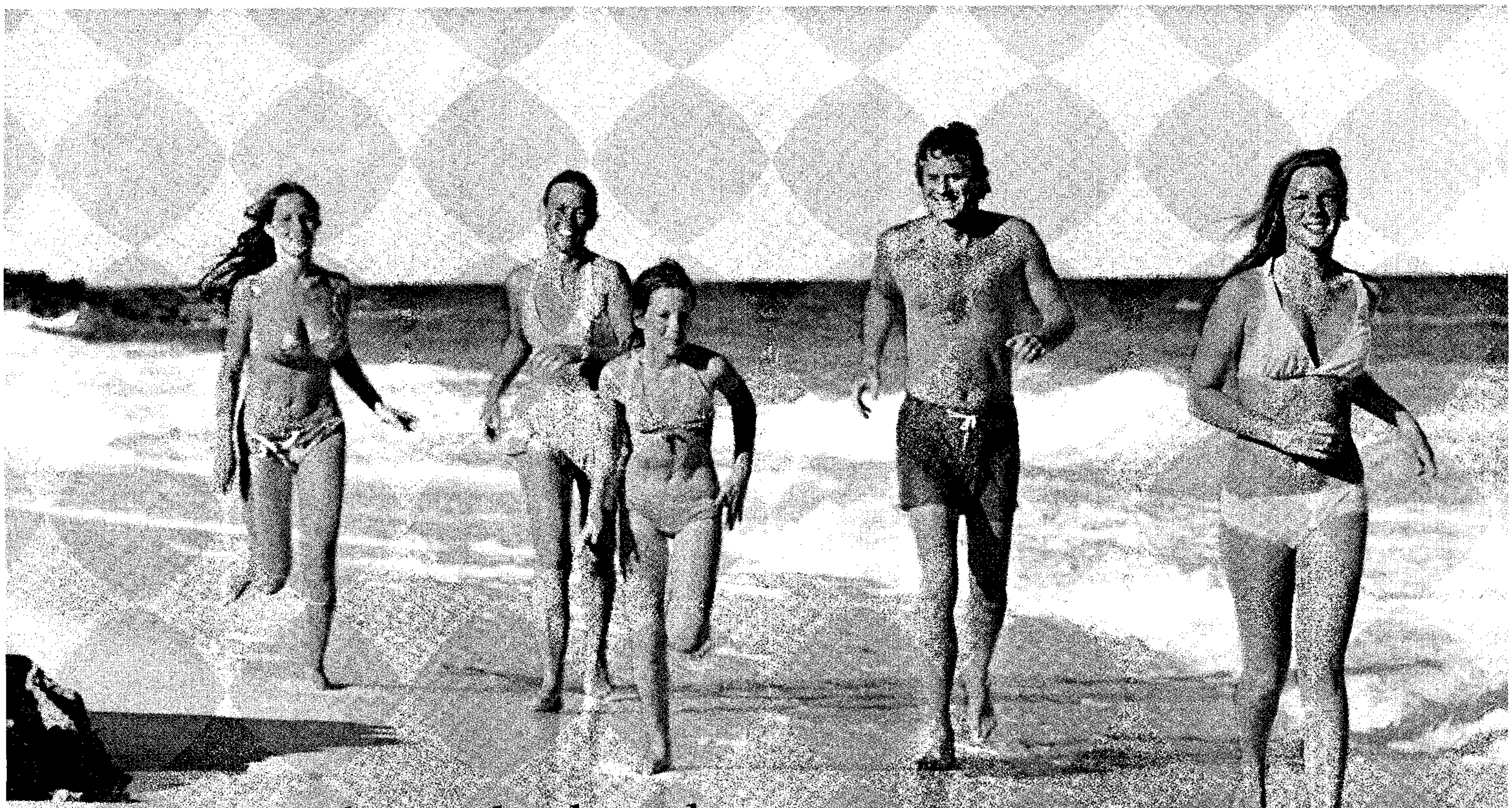

"Along the beach, we saw a spot that we thought just had to be the most beautiful spot in the world."

Mary Lou and Cecil Lear on the Lears' first visit to Bermuda.

"In St. George we met a woman who makes dolls out of reeds and all natural things. She was so gracious and articulate and she really had the time to talk to us about them."

"The kids never thought they'd try conch chowder. But they did and they loved it! Clarence, the chef, was quite charming. (But he still wouldn't give us his recipe.)"

"Everyone is so friendly here. The genuine, honest friendliness is quite a revelation."

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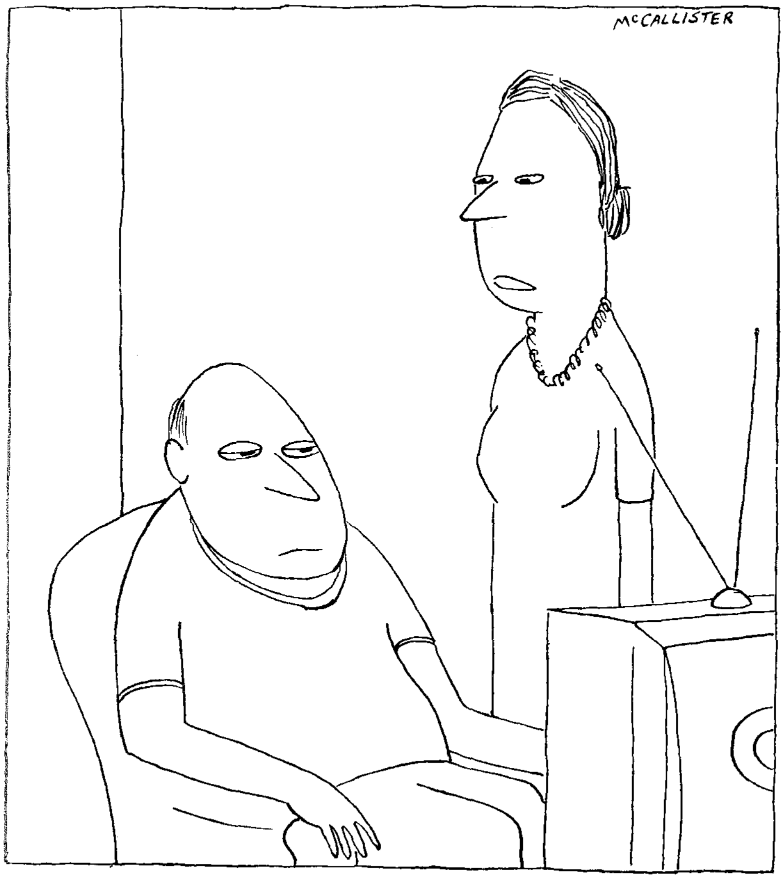
either be kindly or they won't care about us."

WITH his playfulness, his ability to bring science fiction to the aid of science, and his nimble way of turning a question inside out, so that an adverse circumstance suddenly becomes an asset, Sagan alternately delights and infuriates not only children but his scientific colleagues as well. The latter don't know quite what to make of him, for although they regard him as a good, even brilliant scientist, they have trouble coming to grips with his most distinctive quality, his imagination. Sagan is a theorist—a type of scientist who traditionally irritates many of his fellows, because he necessarily deals with what might be instead of what is. Scientists can be quite tough on colleagues who they feel speculate too much, especially in public. Sagan believes that the most important question facing mankind today is whether there is life, intelligent or not, elsewhere in the universe; although the subject is one that is full of pitfalls, he and a large part of the scientific community have in recent years come to feel that there must be such life. As yet, there is no direct evidence for extraterrestrial life, although one biologist who is a good friend of Sagan's, Dr. Joshua Lederberg, of Stanford University, adduces as certain proof that there is life in space one impressive set of evidence: ourselves. There are, however, two generally acknowledged areas of indirect evidence of exobiology. ("Exobiology," meaning life outside this planet or the study of it, is a word that was coined some fifteen years ago by Lederberg, who, in conversations with Sagan and others, found "extraterrestrial biology," from which it derives, too much of a jawbreaker.) One area of indirect evidence is the vast number of stars in the sky: there are an estimated two hundred and fifty billion of them in our galaxy alone, and within sight of our largest telescopes there are probably as many galaxies as there are stars in this one. Since planets are thought to be a common consequence of star formation, a large proportion of these stars presumably have solar systems, though none except our own star are known to have. This line of reasoning would not prove much unless it could also be shown that life will occur where conditions are right, and the second area of indirect evidence suggests that it will. In the last couple of decades, molecular biologists, who are concerned with the formation of the molecules on which life is based, have demonstrated what they believe is the way life on earth developed from the simplest organic compounds (organic compounds are those based on carbon). Many of these compounds have recently been discovered in such profusion throughout space that many biologists are convinced that life not only is a common manifestation in the universe but may actually be an inevitable consequence of it. If there is no life elsewhere, Sagan says—turning the argument back on itself—then scientists will be faced with what he regards as a much more difficult problem: explaining what is so special about our particular part of the universe that life developed only here. Sagan likes to quote a friend of his—Dr. Philip Morrison, a physicist at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who is currently the chairman of a NASA committee to recommend methods of communicating by radio with extraterrestrial civilizations. Morrison has said that the discovery of any sort of life on Mars, however meagre, would immediately change life from a miracle into a statistic—initially of two. Indeed, Sagan and others see life in the universe as a sort of statistical pyramid, as it is on earth, with the lower forms vastly outnumbering the higher; consequently, if a microbe is found on a relatively arid planet like Mars, Sagan feels, many people would be willing to make what he calls "the great leap" to the acceptance of belief in a cosmos populated fairly consistently with intelligent beings.

Sagan pursues the matter of extraterrestrial life not only in laboratories but also in classrooms, in books, and on television (where he will be a familiar sight this summer, after Viking lands on Mars). He has written thirteen books, including three popular ones: "Intelligent Life in the Universe" (1966), on which he collaborated with the Soviet astrophysicist I. S. Shklovskii; "Other Worlds" (1975); and "The Cosmic Connection" (1973), which is his best known. It is a literate account of the likelihood of our discovering extraterrestrial life of all sorts, from microbial to intelligent, and its approach ranges from scientific objectivity to lyricism. Sagan writes well. In his preface to "The Cosmic Connection," he says:

> Even today, there are moments when what I do seems to me like an improbable, if unusually pleasant, dream: To be involved in the exploration of Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn; to try to duplicate the steps that led to the origin of life four billion years ago on an Earth very different from the one we know; to land instruments on Mars to search there for life; and perhaps to be engaged in a serious effort to communicate with other intelligent beings, if such there be, out there in the dark of the night sky.
>
> Had I been born fifty years earlier, I could have pursued none of these activities. They were then all figments of the speculative imag-



*"At times, I get the feeling that you are being taped for presentation at some later date."*

ination. Had I been born fifty years later, I also could not have been involved in these efforts, except possibly the last, because fifty years from now the preliminary reconnaissance of the solar system, the search for life on Mars, and the study of the origin of life will have been completed. I think myself extraordinarily fortunate to be alive at the one moment in the history of mankind when such ventures are being undertaken.

AT the time of the launching of Viking 1, Sagan wore two NASA badges, one identifying him as a scientist and the other as a correspondent for *Icarus*, a scientific journal he edits. It was as though he was having a hard time deciding whether he was a scientist or a writer. Sagan says he sometimes gets bored with the company of scientists; he brought to Florida for the Viking launch, in addition to his wife, Linda, who is an artist, and his son, a number of other artists and some writers—people he knows or has worked with, including Stewart Brand, the editor of "The Whole Earth Catalogue," whose 1971 edition contains extracts from some of Sagan's lectures on the planets. Sagan has lately been working with Francis Ford Coppola, the movie producer and director, on a script for a science-fiction film for television, and had invited him along, but at the last minute Coppola had to go to Australia. Sagan is well on his way to becoming a cult figure. Young people are fascinated by the idea of extraterrestrial life, and Sagan is much in demand as a speaker, especially at colleges. With his black hair, dark skin, and deep-set eyes, he has dramatic good looks of a kind that seem to appeal strongly to the female segment of his audiences. Recently, during a lecture he was giving in Houston, when he raised the question of whether there was life on Mars, and added, with a smile, "And if we go there we might have to listen to equally boring speeches," a tremendous, unladylike sigh filled the auditorium. Sagan's schedule of public appearances is a busy one, to judge by one month's engagements in the spring of 1975. On April 6th, he was in New York addressing a symposium of gifted children (he was one himself once) organized by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. On April 9th, 10th, and 11th, he delivered a series of lectures about life on Mars at the University of Pennsylvania. On April 14th, he was in New York again, serving as a judge for the National Book Awards. On April 23rd, he flew to Pasadena for a meeting on extraterrestrial intelligence, and while he was there he appeared on the "Tonight Show." On his way back to Cornell, he stopped at Denver in order to give a talk to engineers at Martin Marietta Aerospace, where the Viking landers were made. Some of his colleagues think he is becoming too much of a showman, and Sagan himself is wondering whether he spends too much time on the lecture-and-television circuit; he was alarmed when his son Nicholas told him he wanted to be two things when he grew up—"a daddy and a host," meaning by the latter the host of a TV talk show, such as he has frequently seen his father appear on.

Sagan is a member of what is known as the imaging team for the two Viking landers—the scientific group that will analyze the photographs sent back from the surface of Mars. He and Dr. James B. Pollack, of NASA's Ames Research Center, in Mountain View, California, are the only astronomers on that team, which is made up mostly of geologists. More important, Sagan is the only member to have a strong background in biology. Although there is a separate team of biologists, and there are three specialized instruments aboard each lander to detect microbes, Sagan believes that the cameras could well prove the most effective means of discovering life on Mars—on the principle that the surest way to discover life on earth is to open your eyes. The cameras, he feels, will make the fewest assumptions about what life on Mars is like; the three biology instruments, in which Martian soil will be cultured to see if anything will grow, will make a number of assumptions about such things as temperature, nutrients, wetness, and metabolism. The cameras will make only one, but that, of course, is a whopper: that life on Mars will be big enough to see. Sagan is about the only Viking scientist who accepts this possibility, and he told me recently that he will make it his principal duty to search the Viking photographs for visible signs of life. It is almost beyond his colleagues' wildest expectations to find a microbe on Mars, let alone anything larger. "Carl serves an important function at some risk to himself," his friend Dr. Morrison said at the conclusion of a press conference the day before the scheduled launching of the first Viking spacecraft. (Owing to numerous glitches—aerospace gremlins—it didn't get off the ground for almost two weeks after that; in fact, at one point there were so many mechanical problems with Viking that one eminent scientist called it a "screwed-up mess.") At the pre-launch press conference, a group of seventeen Viking scientists were asked for a show of hands on whether they believed there was life on Mars. At first no hands went up; then two or three were raised; and after about a minute there were eleven. Morrison, who witnessed this demonstration of uncertainty, cited it as evidence that most scientists felt a certain sympathy for Sagan's more open espousal of extraterrestrial life—as though he were their collective unconscious. Most of the scientists in the group, however, thought that the tentativeness of their hand raising expressed their attitude better than Sagan's eloquence did. Most of them are conducting experiments on Mars which are much more prosaic than the task of searching the Viking photographs for visible signs of life, and it is just possible that if Sagan isn't there to do that, no one else will.

AMONG those who won't devote much time to examining the photographs for life is Dr. Bruce C. Murray, a geologist who was a member, along with Sagan, of the imaging team of Mariner 9, the spacecraft that began orbiting Mars in mid-November of 1971 and, over almost an entire year, sent photographs covering the whole planet. Murray, a thickset, solidly built man, is a professor of planetary science at the California Institute of Technology; following a stint as leader of the imaging team of Mariner 10, which flew by Venus and Mercury, he was made director of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, which Caltech runs for NASA, and which is the flight-operations center for Viking. (NASA's Langley Research Center, in Hampton, Virginia, is in overall charge of the project.) As a geologist, Murray is fundamentally interested in the earth, and, unlike Sagan, he has studied the other planets primarily to learn more about this one. Many scientists regard Murray as being, in his own fashion, as impressive as Sagan in his outspokenness. "Bruce is as good in

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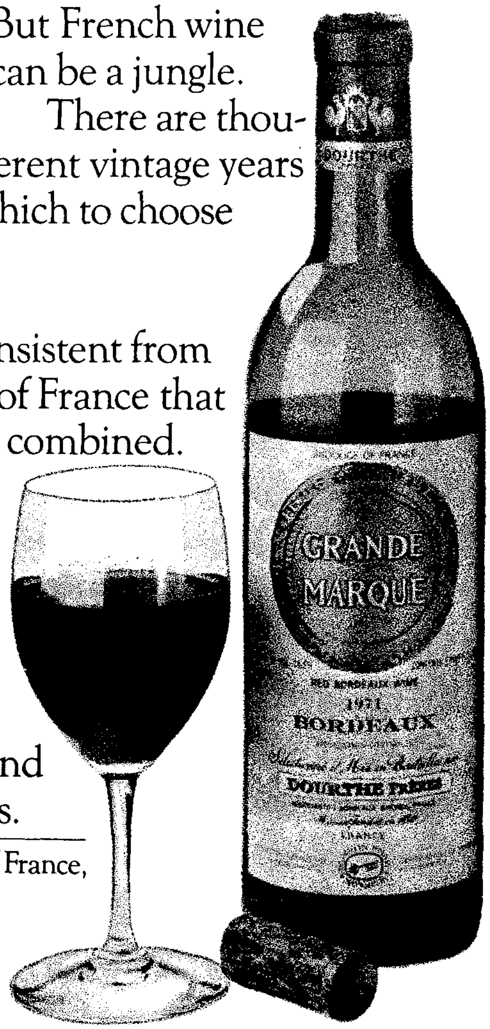

POINT C
ZIEGLER

*"I'm sorry, but Point B is over in the West Wing, two flights up and just north of Point A."*

his ultra-conservative way as Carl is in his ultra-far-out way," a colleague of both said recently. Sagan's ideas about life on Mars irritate Murray. At a symposium on November 12, 1971, the day before Mariner 9 went into orbit around Mars, Murray and Sagan shared a platform at Caltech with Ray Bradbury and Arthur C. Clarke, the science-fiction writers, and Walter Sullivan, the science editor of the *Times*, for a discussion later published as a book, entitled "Mars and the Mind of Man." Murray, who considered himself the solid dough amidst the general leavening, said:

> I really don't think there is any life on Mars. There never has been any evidence of it. It has just been a very attractive idea. You cannot completely disprove the possibility of life there any more than you can disprove life on the moon.... It just becomes less and less likely. And it has become very less likely as we have gotten more information about Mars. When you go back to find out why people thought there might be life there, it was in part, if not entirely, the result of this wishful thinking and the Edgar Rice Burroughs kind of popularization.

In Murray's opinion, what got the study of Mars off on the wrong foot were the ideas of Percival Lowell, a highly imaginative scientist and writer, who similarly inspired a host of other writers, including H. G. Wells and Burroughs, the creator of Tarzan of the Apes. (Burroughs, starting in 1917, became one of the most prolific popularizers of Mars, through a series of novels about the miraculous travels there of one John Carter, Virginia gentleman.) Lowell's interest in Mars had begun late in the last century, when he became interested in reports of observations made in 1877 by Giovanni Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer. Schiaparelli said he had seen faint lines on Mars, and he referred to them as *canali*. The popular British and American interpretation of the word *canali* was that it meant canals—which are, of course, man-made, rather than channels, which need not be. Nor did Schiaparelli make any attempt to clarify the interpretation; indeed, he once remarked, "I am very careful not to combat this suggestion, which contains nothing impossible"—a use of the double negative still favored by seekers after extraterrestrial life, particularly Sagan. Schiaparelli, whose eyesight was failing, continued to observe Mars on its close approaches to the earth until about 1890. (Mars and the earth pass each other in their orbits about every two years. At these times, they are said to be in opposition; exceptionally close approaches occur about every sixteen years.) Lowell took up the watch in 1894, when he set up an eighteen-inch telescope on a hill, which came to be called Mars Hill, outside Flagstaff, Arizona; this was the genesis of the Lowell Observatory, one of the first in this country to be situated in a remote spot for good visibility, and today a major astronomical institution. Over the next twenty years, Lowell concluded that Mars was laced with an elaborate webbing of canals, which, because of their extreme length, precision, and straightness, could only have been created by a highly advanced civilization. Lowell, who was as literate as Sagan (the poet Amy was his sister), recorded his observations in three very persuasive books. "Suggestive of a spider's web seen against the grass of a spring morning, a mesh of fine reticulated lines overspreads [the planet]," he wrote in "Mars and Its Canals," which was published in 1906. "The chief difference between it and a spider's work is one of size, supplemented by greater complexity, but both are joys of geometric beauty. For the lines are of individually uniform width, of exceeding tenuity, and of great length. These are the Martian canals." After each opposition, he mapped the canals on bone-white globes, which are still displayed in a glass cabinet at the observatory; the cobwebby tracery gives them an antiquated, discarded look. Except for the canals, Mars appeared to Lowell to be mainly a sandy desert—orange-red—with polar ice caps that alternately waxed and waned with the Martian seasons. There were splotches of blue-green here and there, which Schiaparelli and earlier observers had thought were seas; they seemed to grow smaller in cold weather, and bigger in warm, as though they were being fed by streams running off that cap whose hemisphere was in its summer phase. Lowell, however, de-

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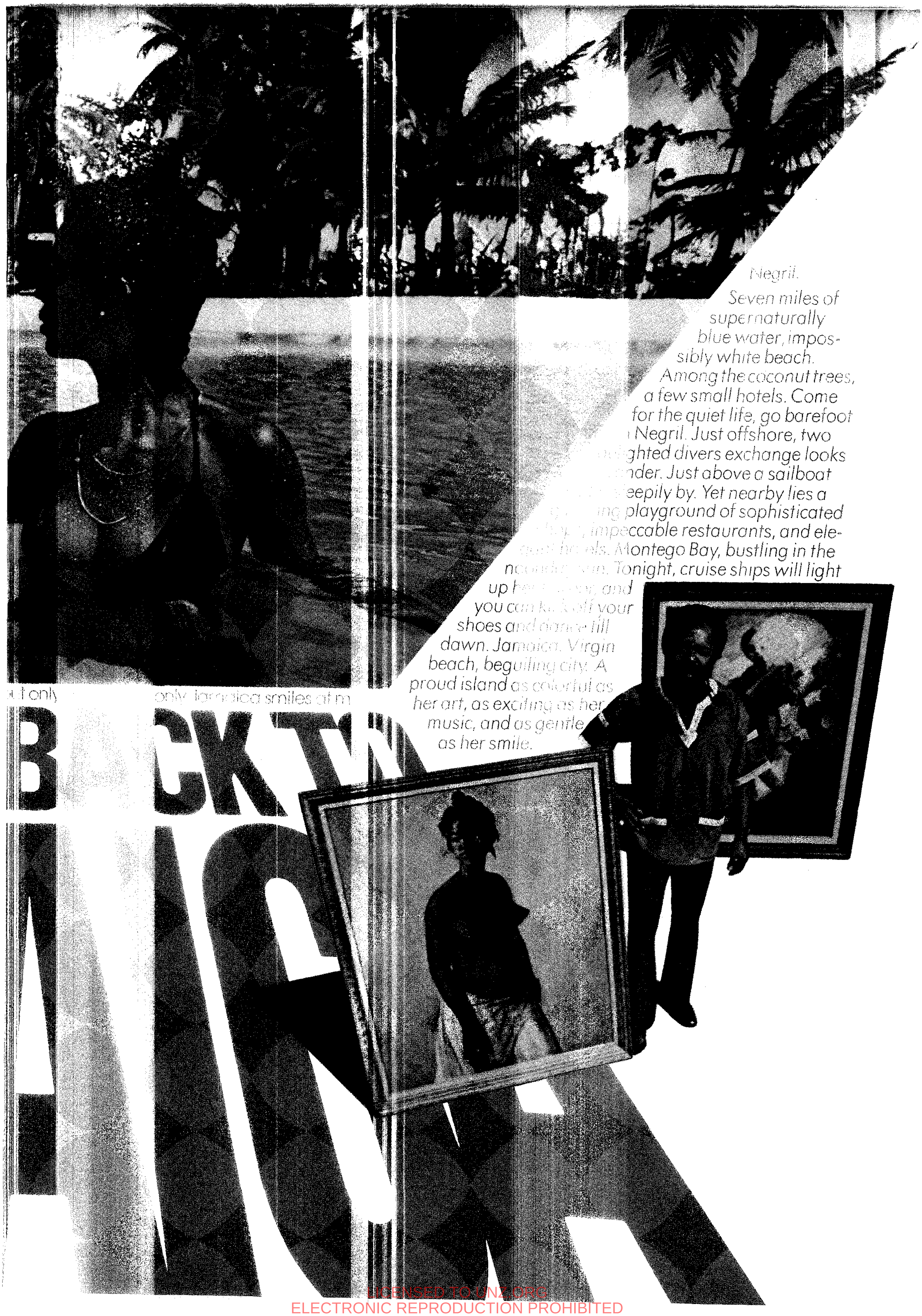
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*The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland* cided that these seasonally changing splotches couldn't be seas, because for one thing some of the canals ran straight across them. Moreover, the canals themselves seemed to thicken seasonally, as though *they* were carrying water from the poles in warm weather. He was bothered by the fact that to be seen from the earth at all the canals would have to be implausibly wide. He decided that what he was seeing wasn't water at all but vegetation, such as that which forms broad belts along waterways in dry areas of the earth; during the warmer months, he reasoned, when water from the polar caps was rushing toward the equator through the canals, the vegetation along their banks, and also in large low-lying areas around them, became lush and more visible. He was sure that Mars must be an old, dying planet and that the canals were a desperate attempt by the Martians to divide up what water was left. Though these ideas quickly became popular, there were scientists, even in Lowell's day, who did not accept them. One was the Englishman Alfred Russel Wallace, the co-discoverer with Darwin of the theory of natural selection, who wrote of Lowell in 1907, "The very immensity of this system, and its constant growth and extension during fifteen years of persistent observation, have so completely taken possession of his mind, that, after a very hasty glance at analogous facts and possibilities, he had declared them to be 'non-natural'—therefore to be works of art—therefore to necessitate the presence of highly intelligent beings who have designed and constructed them. This idea has colored or governed all his writings on the subject. The innumerable difficulties which it raises have been either ignored, or brushed aside on the flimsiest evidence." Lowell paid no attention to such slings and arrows. In addition to being superb engineers, he pointed out, the Martians had to possess a wisdom far beyond that of earthlings, because they had to be organized on a planetwide scale to maintain their planetwide waterworks. Men should take note, Lowell concluded, for someday the earth would reach a similarly desiccated state, and mankind would have to learn to irrigate the earth with what water was left in our own polar caps. Lowell died in 1916; he is buried a few feet away from his observatory, in a small mausoleum that looks like an observatory itself; its dome is made of a translucent blue glass that lets a sort of eternal twilight fall on the tomb inside. Carved on a wall of the mausoleum is a quotation from one of his

Do You Look Older Than Your Husband?

When you're running a home, raising children, doing all you can to help your husband keep ahead in business and, these days, perhaps holding a job yourself, sometimes you're so preoccupied that you don't pay close attention to how you look. Then one day you realize that you look older than your husband, the one man in the world you hope most to please.

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●

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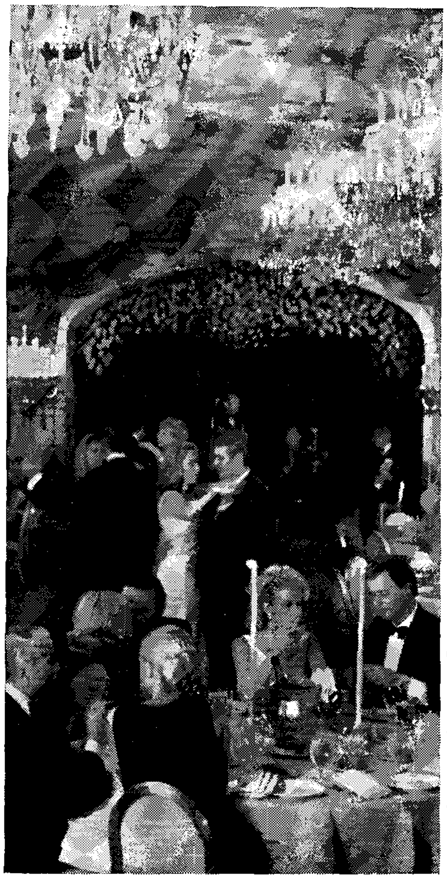

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books, expressing the hope that "what that other world shall have taught us will redound to a better knowledge of our own, and of that cosmos of which the two form part."

Lowell was by no means the first, nor would he be the last, to find utopias in space, particularly on Mars; Schiaparelli and his successors gave the different splotchy regions of that planet names that had yearning, wistful sounds, such as Arcadia, Elysium, and Eden; there is, in fact, a great plain named Utopia on Mars. Lowell was not a crackpot, though. Rather, he had developed a theory of extraterrestrial life that he believed in perhaps too deeply; exobiology is a risky field, and its practitioners require a high degree of flexibility. Although Lowell had the misfortune to be wrong, his ideas were enormously influential, and they weren't finally discounted until a decade ago; indeed, they may not have been altogether laid to rest even yet.

TO the consternation of Bruce Murray and other scientists, Lowell has cast a very long shadow. After his death, planetology went out of fashion, partly because of the claims he had made, but when it became fashionable again, with the advent of the space program in the late nineteen-fifties, Lowell's ideas had to be reckoned with once more. Though only a handful of scientists still believed in the canals, a great many still believed that Mars, with its misty Elysiums, might be covered with vegetation. Observations at first seemed to indicate that the atmospheric pressure on the planet's surface was great enough—roughly a tenth of that on earth—for water to exist there in liquid form. In the late forties and early fifties, spectroscopic equipment indicated the possible presence of water in the polar caps, making it likely that the atmosphere contained some water, too. However, in 1965, Mariner 4, the first craft to fly by Mars, sent back photographs of about one per cent of the planet's surface, revealing terrain that not only was devoid of anything resembling canals but was as heavily cratered and as dead-looking as the moon. Lowell's influence had been so great that up to that time only a few astronomers had suggested that the planet would turn out to be cratered by meteors—a fact that would indicate that little planetary evolution had taken place. After Mariner 4, the cratering seemed so inevitable to everyone that they could only blame Lowell for their shortsightedness. "It wasn't that Lowell misinterpreted something; he misinterpreted *nothing*," Sagan, who made a point of examining photographs of Mars with Lowell's theories in mind, said later. Like most scientists, Sagan is very much of two minds about Lowell: "He builds a superb observatory, and with it he makes some of the most monumental blunders in scientific history; yet inadvertently his ideas led to many discoveries by others. He predicted the existence of the planet Pluto from some perturbations of the orbit of Uranus, and fourteen years after his death, using his own observatory, others found it just about where he said it would be; yet the perturbations of Uranus's orbit which Lowell used as the basis of his prediction turned out not to be caused by Pluto—a sort of cosmic joke. On another occasion, he had his assistant, V. M. Slipher, try to measure the rotation of the spiral galaxies, which he thought were sort of proto solar systems in our own galaxy. In the course of his investigations, Slipher discovered that they were all receding; this was the underpinning of the theory of the expansion of the universe and the basis of modern cosmology, all from an error of Percival Lowell's. And the third thing he triggered with an enormous mistake has to be the current interest in Mars, for, while his flamboyant ideas had turned off the whole contemporary community of astronomers, they turned on all the eight-year-olds who came after him, and who eventually turned into the present generation of astronomers." One of these, of course, is Sagan, who, though he has not made any errors as spectacular as Lowell's, is occasionally regarded as something of a kindred spirit.

Exactly what it was that had caused Lowell to see the canals is not known; if it was a hallucination, it was one that was shared by a great many people, some of whom are still living. Sagan thinks it was an optical illusion; one theory is that the human eye, which tends to create order out of chaos, might somehow have been drawing lines between craters that hovered just at the edge of visibility. Not only was there nothing like Lowell's canals but, just before Mariner 4 was launched, new spectroscopic data were lowering previous estimates of the planet's atmospheric pressure, and Mariner 4 indicated that the pressure was, in fact, only *one-two-hundredths* of that here; this meant that any liquid

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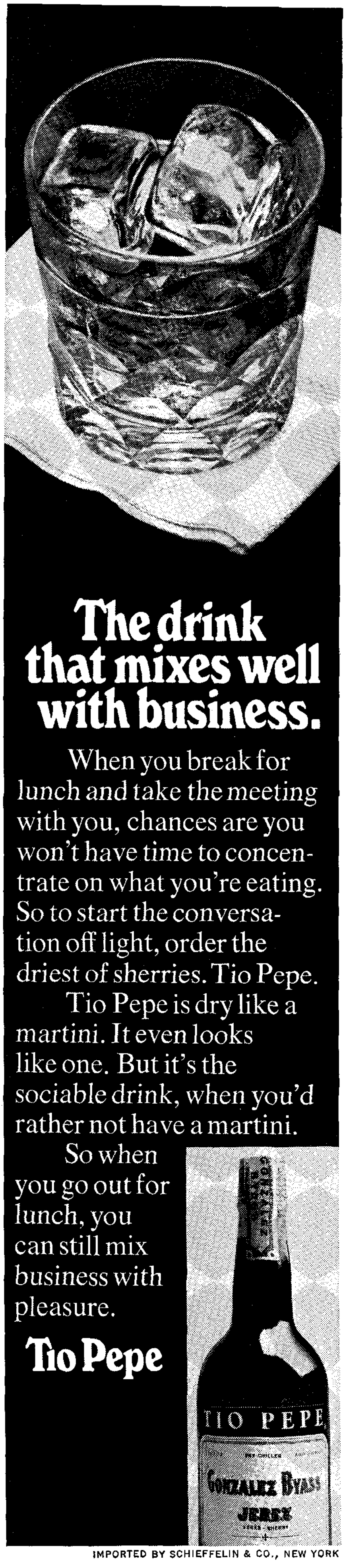

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water would instantly evaporate. In 1963, *some* water vapor had been detected in the Martian atmosphere. But in 1969 Mariners 6 and 7 confirmed Mariner 4's data on atmospheric pressure, and Mariner 7 provided the further news that the "ice caps" that Lowell had relied on to irrigate the planet contained almost no water at all but were composed of frozen carbon dioxide. The credibility of Lowellian ideas (as the more flamboyant notions of life on Mars are still called) was at a low ebb indeed. They were hard to give up, though. For example, the Mariner 7 scientist who had discovered that the Martian ice caps were made of carbon dioxide had initially misinterpreted his data in a way that encouraged the concept of planetary life. "He had made a very important discovery, but he had initially misread it, I feel, because of the expectation of seeing something else," said Murray, who feels that imagination has too long been an ingredient in the study of Mars. He declared at the November, 1971, symposium, during which he sometimes managed to sound very much like Alfred Russel Wallace:

> *Mars somehow has extended and endured beyond the realm of science to so grab hold of man's emotions and thoughts that it has actually distorted scientific opinion. . . . The reason this has happened is that man . . . has been guilty of wishful thinking collectively. We* want *Mars to be like the Earth. . . . It has been very, very hard to face up to the facts, which have been emerging for some time, that indicate it really isn't that way, that it is just wishful thinking. It hasn't been just the science fiction writers who have used that deep-seated feeling among human beings to do other things and to give other messages. The people who have really fallen on this have been the scientists themselves, who have misunderstood the significance of their observations. . . . My own personal view is that we are all so captive to Edgar Rice Burroughs and Lowell that the observations are going to have to beat us over the head and tell us the answer in spite of ourselves.*

Geologists, who are the conservatives of space science, are the natural opponents of the more theoretical scientists like Sagan. They tend to consider the planets by extrapolating from their knowledge of rock formations on earth—something that Sagan, who criticizes the geologists as too earthbound, condemns as argument by analogy—a technique he feels is worthless in dealing with the unknown. Even more than most scientists, the geologists want to avoid considering anything that can't be proved, and, because they cannot imagine that life as they know it on earth could have developed under the conditions they see on Mars, they will have little truck with notions of extraterrestrial life until an example of it is laid in front of them; they dismiss exobiology as "the science with no subject matter." They have been carrying on a running battle with Sagan at least since the mid-nineteen-sixties, before the Apollo flights to the moon, when Sagan used to argue that it was possible that there were microbes, if not on the lunar surface, then under it; he used to talk to the astronauts about them. At one time, Sagan further suggested the possibility that lunar microbes might start an epidemic on earth, and the geologists have always blamed him (unfairly, perhaps) for the quarantine of the material brought back from the moon, which made their study of the rocks more difficult; when the lunar-quarantine barrier proved leaky, Sagan accused the geologists of playing fast and loose with the biosphere. After Apollo 16, when men had been to the moon five times and the geologists, and practically all the biologists and biochemists associated with the Apollo program, believed they had proved beyond all reasonable doubt that there could never have been life there, Sagan was still insisting that there might have been, and might still be—that the astronauts and the geologists simply hadn't looked deep enough. The geologists have never forgiven him. The matter still rankles; when Sagan addressed a conference of lunar geologists—many of whom are also Martian geologists—in Houston recently, he committed the unforgivable sin, in their eyes, of calling the moon "dull." Several geologists thought this was a form of sour grapes. Sagan has compounded his sins, in the eyes of the geologists, by saying that before they ever attempt to bring rocks and soil back from Mars—something they very much want to do, though Viking is not capable of it—NASA should demonstrate that there is no danger of exterminating life on earth by first sending a capsule of anthrax germs, the most lethal known, streaking toward this planet at the speed of a capsule returning from space; land the capsule; and then run the germs through the quarantine system that would be used for Martian rocks. The geologists, who remember the leakiness of the lunar quarantine, fear that Sagan is trying to exterminate *them*. "Carl

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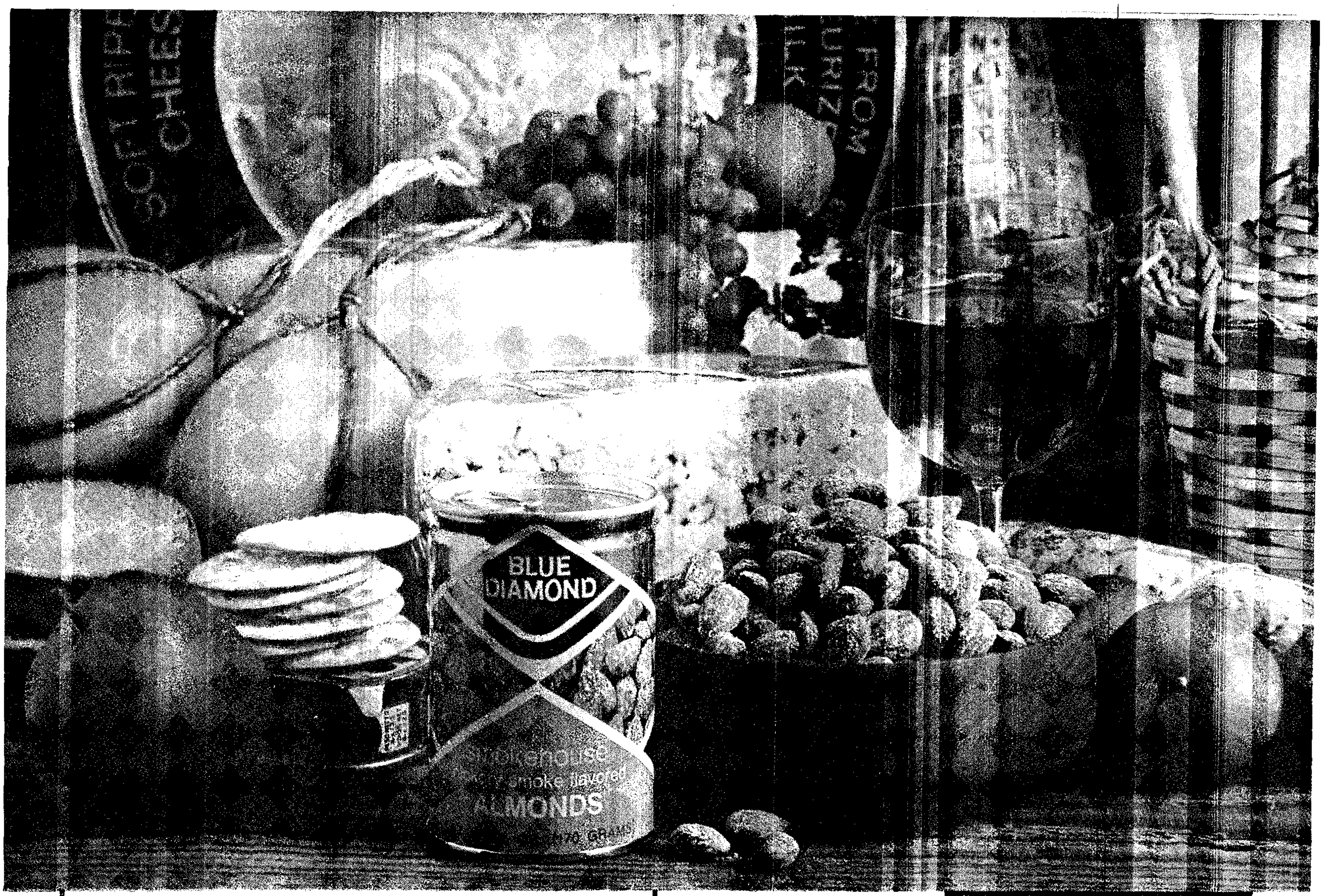
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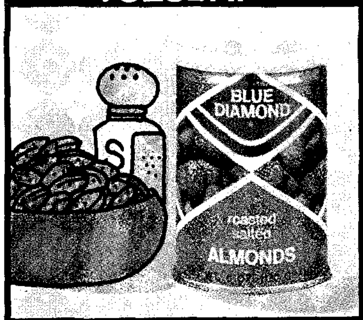
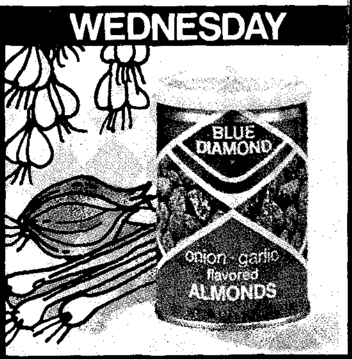
**MONDAY**

smokehouse
ALMONDS
BLUE DIAMOND
Smokehouse
ALMONDS

**TUESDAY**


S
BLUE DIAMOND
roasted salted
ALMONDS

**WEDNESDAY**


BLUE DIAMOND
onion garlic flavored
ALMONDS

**THURSDAY**

BLUE DIAMOND
salted blanched
ALMONDS

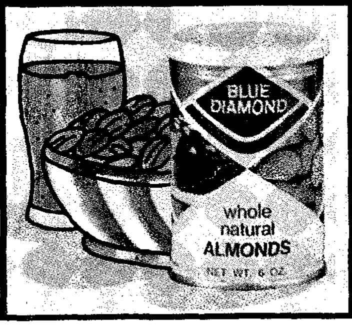
**FRIDAY**

BLUE DIAMOND
cheese flavored
ALMONDS
NET WT. 6 OZ.

**SATURDAY**

BLUE DIAMOND
barbecue flavored
ALMONDS
NET WT. 6 OZ.

**SUNDAY**


BLUE DIAMOND
whole natural
ALMONDS
NET WT. 6 OZ.

# One Nibble Is Never Enough

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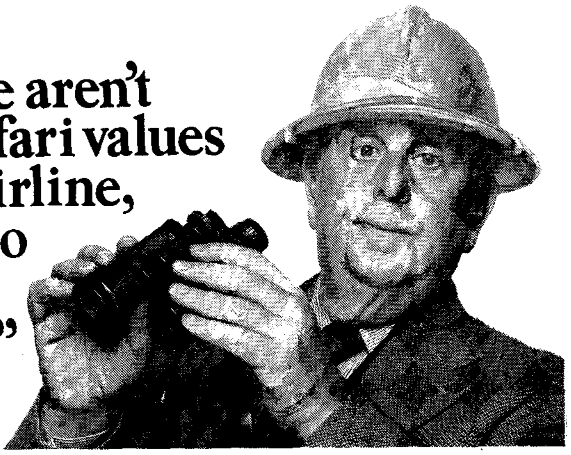
really drives his colleagues up the wall!" one geologist said recently. "Epidemics caused by bugs brought back from Mars is straight 'Andromeda Strain' stuff. The statistical probabilities are unbelievably low. Christ, if you take a bug out of its environment, the problem is keeping it alive, not worrying about starting an epidemic!" Epidemics aside, feeling runs high on such matters not only because what is at stake are perceptions of entire planets—and, beyond that, the possible population of the universe—but also because the dispute involves the way that science is to be practiced on earth.

When it came to Mars, the geologists, given the results of the Mariner 4, 6, and 7 missions to gather data on it, might have been able to ignore Sagan, if it were not that when Mariner 9 went into orbit, in 1971, it revealed a rather different planet. Mariner 9 arrived in the middle of a Martian dust storm that hid nearly everything on the surface. The only features of much interest that Mariner 9 picked up were four black spots in the region of the equator. When the dust began to clear, the four black spots turned out to be the highest points on Mars, the cratered summits of four vast volcanoes—gigantic calderas—the largest of which is perhaps eighteen miles high, and far bigger than any mountain on earth. They were clustered in an area of Mars called Tharsis, which the three earlier flybys had missed. Volcanoes have important implications for life on a planet, because they are believed to be the source of most of the gases in the atmosphere (and therefore the water in the oceans); the more internally active a planet is the more likely is the chemical activity that leads to life. Murray, who, more than most physical scientists, is concerned with individual motivation, wrote, in "Mars and the Mind of Man," after the Martian volcanoes were revealed, "When the photographic evidence of these huge volcanoes first came in, I simply couldn't accept its significance. I too was a victim of the very process I described [earlier], of being so captured by the prejudices that had grown up in my own mind about the planet as to have great difficulty in accepting and understanding the significance of new data when it arrived." And when the dust settled (which took about two months), the entire Tharsis region, constituting about an eighth of the planet, turned out to be a ridge, having built itself up by the outflow of magma from the calderas. Emanating



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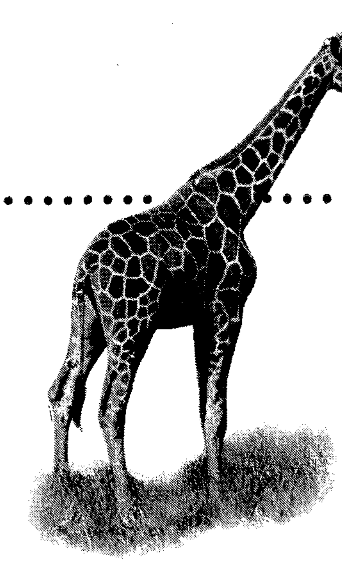
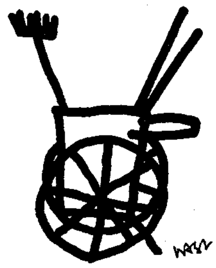


Holidays in Africa

from one edge of Tharsis, two to three miles deep and extending for more than three thousand miles just south of the Martian equator, was a huge valley (later named Valles Marineris, after the craft that discovered it), which the earlier flybys had also missed; to some geologists it looked like the beginning of a system of rift valleys like the one that divides the plates of the earth's crust, enabling them to drift about on the hot, liquid rocks below. With respect to internal activity, Mars appeared a lot livelier than the moon, though a good deal less lively than the earth—a reasonable state of affairs, inasmuch as Mars is midway in size between the two. (The moon is a little over two thousand miles in diameter, Mars a little over four thousand, and the earth a little under eight thousand.) Like the earth, Mars, it was now evident, had a number of distinct geographical regions, as would be the case with any complex planet, for in addition to the ancient cratered area that the earlier flybys had detected—and to the volcanic Tharsis region and the great rift valley, which they had not—the Mariner photographs showed vast circular lowlands, suggestive of the *maria* on the moon. Most striking from a Lowellian point of view, when all the data were in, Mariner 9 showed that both poles, while overlaid with frozen carbon dioxide for most of the Martian year, which is six hundred and eighty-seven days long, had permanent, "summertime" caps that apparently contained some frozen water.



MARINER 9 had arrived when it was spring in the Martian south; the north pole was shrouded in the darkness of approaching winter, and the north-polar ice cap lay beneath a gigantic cloud of carbon-dioxide snow, called the polar hood, which did not dissipate entirely until the northern spring, in the last few weeks of the mission. (The seasons on Mars last longer than our own. Because of the pronounced ellipse of the Martian orbit, the seasonal durations of the two hemispheres are different; the northern winter, somewhat shorter than the southern winter, would last a hundred and fifty-four Mars days, or a hundred and fifty-eight terrestrial days.) However, the southern cap, which was expected to wane throughout the southern summer, retained in the next few months its two-hundred-mile-wide outline, indicating that its surface, at least, was made of frozen water, which does not evaporate as readily as frozen carbon dioxide. Meanwhile, just north of the equator, white clouds, similar to the ones that Lowell and Schiaparelli had detected as seasonal white spots, began to form close to the largest of the calderas, Olympus Mons. Earlier astronomers, who knew nothing of the volcano, had chosen the name of Nix Olympica, or Snows of Olympus, for the mysteriously appearing and disappearing white spot in its vicinity. The clouds are not caused by an eruption, though, but probably by condensation high in the atmosphere as warm air from below is forced up and over the caldera, just as clouds are formed over high mountains on earth. Some Mariner 9 scientists thought that the clouds might be partly water vapor. Sagan, who was watching the photographs as they came in to see what had caused the seasonal variations that Lowell had noticed, was fascinated. He said recently, "There was no telling what might come in on the photos. It was a time of sustained excitement—like going down the Zambesi for the first time. Usually, excitement lasts a short time, but this was a yearlong mission—a yearlong high! And Viking will be the same."

As a result of the giant global dust storm, light or dark streaks of dust emanated from the lee of the craters, creating what Sagan called "natural weathervanes and anemometers," since they made a weather map of the wind patterns on Mars. They fascinated Sagan as soon as he saw them. "Carl is always drawn toward the dynamic, and that's why he likes Mars," one of the geologists who had heard him disparage the moon said. "Any day-to-day change, even if it's only windblown dust, interests him. On the moon, there's nothing as lively even as dust storms." The Martian dust storm had been unlike anything known on earth: for one thing, the atmosphere of Mars is so thin that it has to be moving quite fast—well over a hundred miles an hour—to pick up a dust particle at all, and, for another, many of the particles were apparently so small that they stayed aloft for months after the wind stopped. Even in Lowell's day, there had been astronomers who said that the great, seasonally changing splotches (not the white ones, but the blue-green ones, which he had claimed were plants) were not blue-green at all but gray, and were caused not by vegetation but by windblown dust. Out of a

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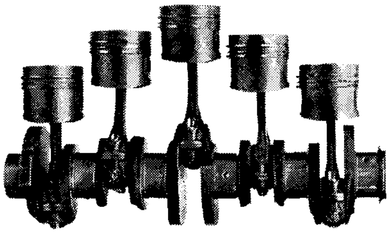

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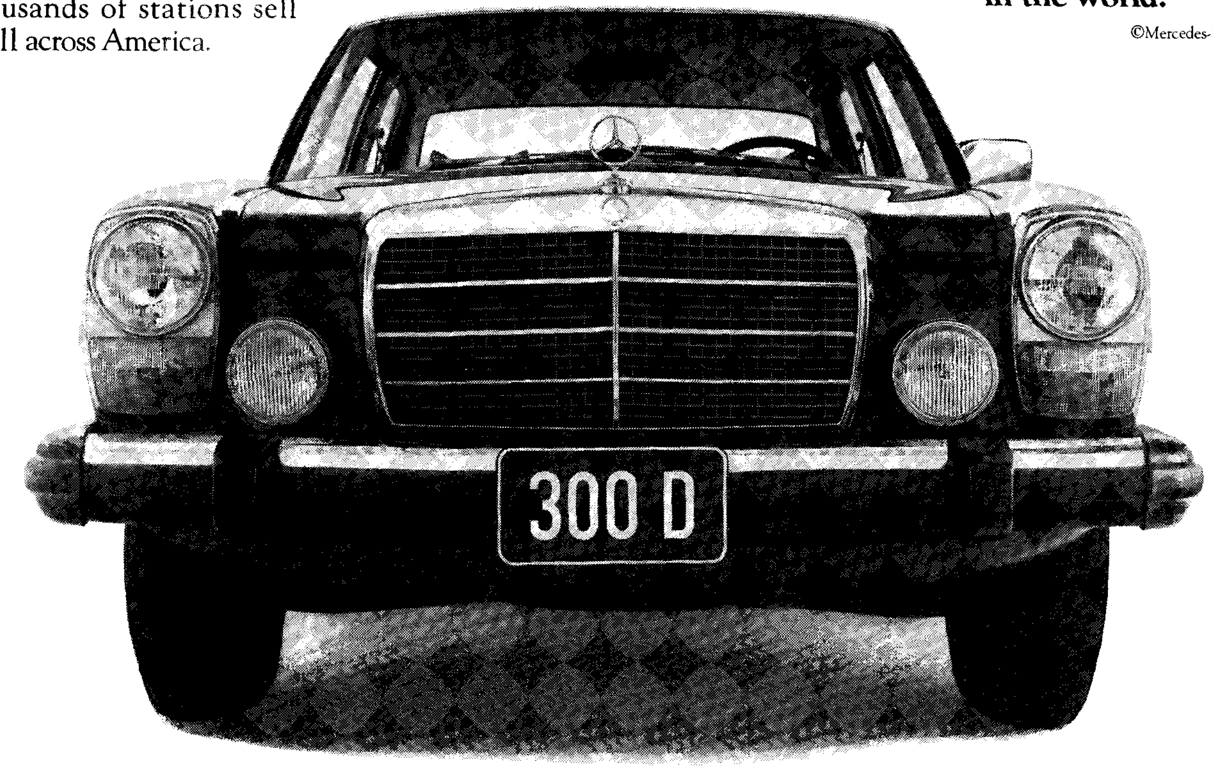

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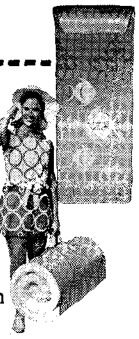

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sort of attachment to the idea of Lowell's vegetation, though, a number of scientists tried to combine the two ideas, and as late as 1965 one microbiologist, Dr. Wolf Vishniac, whose mind worked in the same imaginative way as Sagan's, suggested that light-colored dust might settle on the dark leaves of plants after a sandstorm and subsequently slide off onto the ground, causing an area first to lighten and then to darken. In 1967, Sagan and James Pollack proposed an explanation for how the wind blows the dust about on Mars to make the seasonally changing patterns. Winds of varying velocity, they said, might pick up different-sized particles, sorting them, and different sizes might appear as different shades of gray; thus the various winds, which themselves are seasonal, would act as brushes continuously painting and repainting the planet. Observations made by Mariner 9 bore out their theory. Sagan noted, however, that there was "nothing in these observations that excludes biology"—another use of the double negative, a grammatical construction Sagan is fond of because it allows him to say something without really *saying* it.

ALL these signs of geological and meteorological activity were so tantalizing that the geologists were in favor of reducing the orbit of Mariner 9 in order to get a better look, but this suggestion, when it was made late in the mission, provoked an outburst from Sagan and another, especially strong one from Joshua Lederberg. Both of them were now seeing Mars as a likelier habitat for life than ever and didn't want to endanger that habitat. "Lederberg turned ashen. He was afraid the spacecraft would crash if it got too close, and would contaminate the planet with organisms from earth," the geologist who had made the suggestion, Harold Masursky—the leader of Mariner 9's imaging team and a senior scientist at the Branch of Astrogeologic Studies of the United States Geological Survey, who is not a firm believer in life on Mars—recalled later. "It was very emotional." This was an understatement. Lederberg, along with Sagan, had sat on several international commissions that had dealt with the problem of keeping the planets uncontaminated by microbes from earth. Last summer, the two Viking landers were baked for eighty hours, at a peak heat of two hundred and thirty-three degrees Fahrenheit, inside containers called "bioshields," which were not removed until the two craft were safely on their way toward Mars. Mariner 9, which was never intended to land on the planet, was not sterilized, however.

Lederberg, who is chairman of the Department of Genetics of the Stanford medical school, and is a member of Viking's biology team, had won a Nobel Prize in 1958—he shared the prize in medicine and physiology that year with two other American geneticists—for the discovery that bacteria reproduce sexually; he is therefore one of the men who over the last twenty-five years or so have shown the steps by which more complicated life forms on earth (and so, perhaps, elsewhere) originated. Before the current tide of biological and biochemical discoveries, many people had assumed that organic material had always existed, and consequently that questions about the origin of life, let alone its existence anywhere else, were pointless. Lederberg had got interested in the matter when, as an undergraduate at Columbia in the early nineteen-forties, he read a book called "The Origin of Life on Earth," published in 1936 by a Soviet biochemist named Alexander Ivanovich Oparin, who hypothesized that organic compounds derived from atmospheric gases, under the influence of sunlight. "Oparin opened up for me the idea of life on other planets by indicating that once the development of life is shown to be a chemical process it can happen anywhere that the conditions are right," Lederberg told a visitor recently. Lederberg took Oparin's ideas a step further and, incidentally, influenced Sagan's thinking. Because Mars, among the extraterrestrial planets that men can reach, is the most likely to harbor life, and so offers the best, if not the only, chance of directly testing the molecular biologists' new theories, Lederberg was unalterably opposed to risking the impact of an unsterilized spacecraft. Sagan backed him by conjuring up visions of terrestrial organisms from the wreckage being blown by the winds all over Mars, possibly obliterating Martian biology, and, furthermore, quite capable of deceiving future missions to the surface as to the presence of indigenous life.

Sagan and Lederberg, in their search for life, were encouraged by Mariner 9 photographs showing thousands of meandering channels branching out from smaller and smaller tributaries, for these suggested dried-up river systems of the sort that on earth drain

*IBM Reports*

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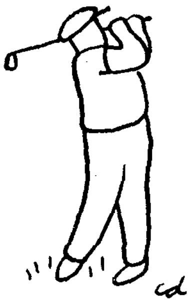
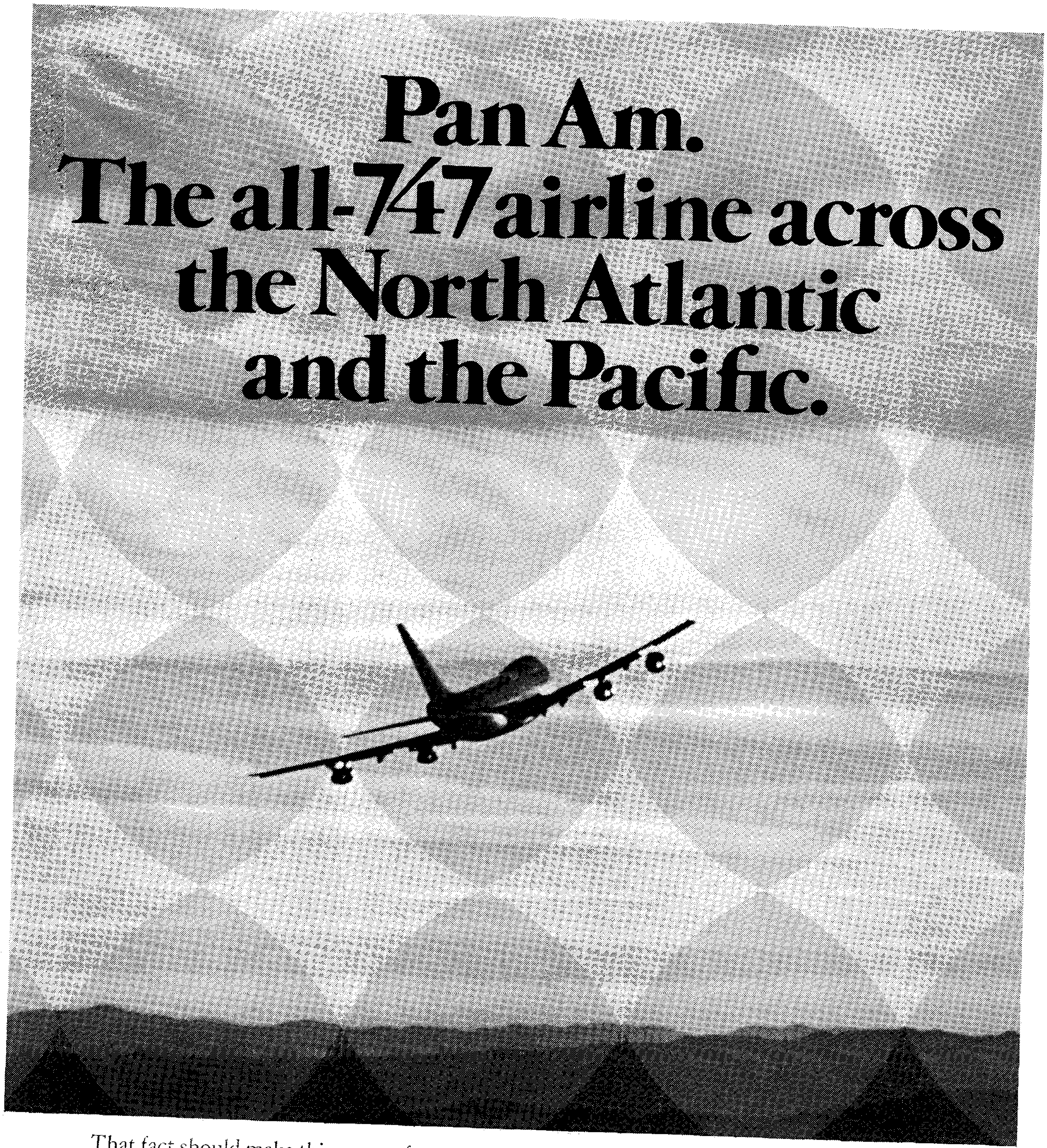
broad areas after rain. Most biologists agree that water is a concomitant to life on a planet, because organic compounds require a solvent in order to react with each other and with inorganic compounds, and water is by far the most cosmically abundant (and efficient) solvent. Extraterrestrial life will most likely be organic, they agree, because carbon is far and away the most versatile element in its ability to bond with other elements to form the complex compounds that living things are made of—particularly the long polymer chains essential for the encoding of genetic information. The Martian "streambeds" are concentrated near the equator, where even in the present era the temperature is warm enough so that during part of the day water could exist in liquid rather than frozen form. The temperature of the Martian equator at noon may reach as high as ninety degrees Fahrenheit. There is, of course, too little atmospheric pressure for liquid water to exist on the surface today, but Sagan felt that Mars had in the past possessed a heavier atmosphere, in which water would not have evaporated. There was evidence that over long periods of time conditions on Mars had changed, for around the polar caps there is a broad series of curious laminations, as though Mars were a gigantic onion partly peeled at both ends; one theory as to how they were made is that in the course of successive ice ages, the caps were covered with dust, and as they retreated the dust was deposited in concentric rings. Whether or not the laminations are made from deposition, they do appear to be evidence that the Martian climate is capable of broad swings. On the basis of celestial mechanical calculations, scientists had concluded that the orientation of Mars' axis slowly alters over a period of at least fifty thousand years, so that first one and then the other pole is more directly exposed to sunlight. Sagan had proposed before the Mariner 9 mission that the caps would therefore melt alternately, releasing carbon dioxide into the atmosphere and creating enough pressure so that whatever water there was on Mars could be in a liquid state, and also making the planet warmer. This was not entirely a new idea, for in 1941 a Yugoslavian astronomer, M. Milankovitch, had published his theory that a similar movement of the earth's axis, known as the precessional cycle, was responsible for the successive ice ages here. Nevertheless, Sagan was the first to apply it to Mars. He postulated that the Martian carbon dioxide would remain in the atmosphere for about twelve thousand years, or a quarter of the cycle, until the other pole had cooled sufficiently to freeze it into a new cap; there it would remain for twelve thousand more years, during which Mars would be dry and desolate—as it is now—and then would warm that pole up in its turn, releasing the gases into the atmosphere to cause another twelve-thousand-year interglacial period. In one of the more Lowellian passages of "The Cosmic Connection," Sagan wrote:

> Twelve thousand years ago may have been a time on Mars of balmy temperatures, soft nights, and the trickle of liquid water down innumerable streams and rivulets, rushing out to join mighty, gushing rivers. Some of these rivers would have flowed into the great [Marineris] rift valley.
>
> If so, twelve thousand years ago was a good time on Mars for life similar to the terrestrial sort. If I were an organism on Mars, I might gear my activities to the precessional summers and close up shop in the precessional winters—as many organisms do on earth for our much shorter annual winters. I would make spores; I would make vegetative forms; I would go into cryptobiotic repose; I would hibernate until the long winter had subsided.



This was too much for Murray. In an essay in "Mars and the Mind of Man," written after Mariner 9's revelations, he had conceded handsomely that "Mars turned out to be different from what any of us thought, and demonstrated that I personally have, to some extent, been a victim of my own prejudices about the planet." In the next sentence, though, he added, "I still find myself on the less optimistic side about the possibility of life on Mars." At first, he had thought the calderas were evidence that Mars was just beginning to become active; later, when evidence turned up of earlier calderas that had been largely eroded, Murray decided that Martian volcanism has been going on for perhaps two-thirds of Mars' four-and-a-half-billion-year history, the view currently held by most geologists. "Even the mysterious channels seem to me to represent a brief episode in the history of the planet," he said. Sagan's rhapsody on "streams and rivulets, rushing out to join mighty, gushing rivers" led him to ponder the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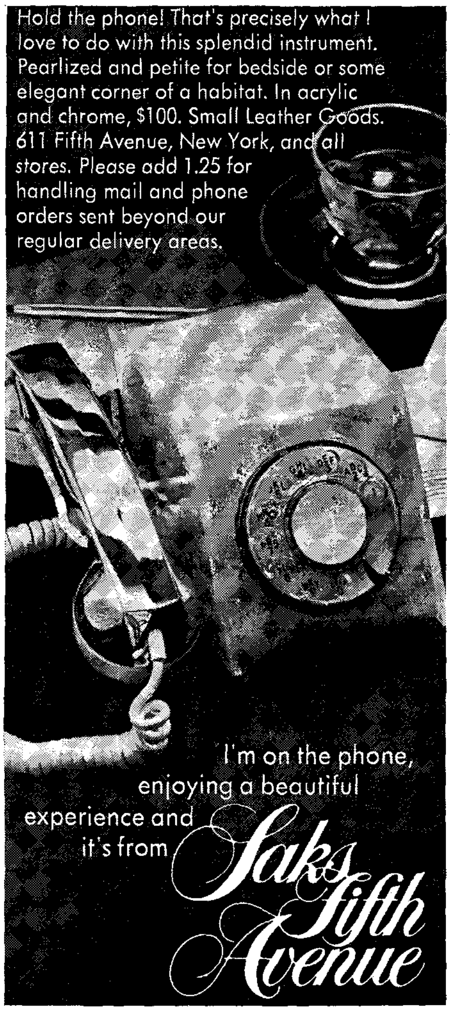

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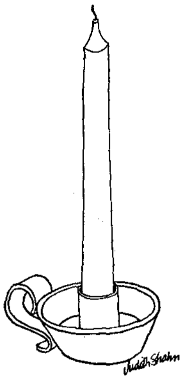
differences between Sagan and himself:

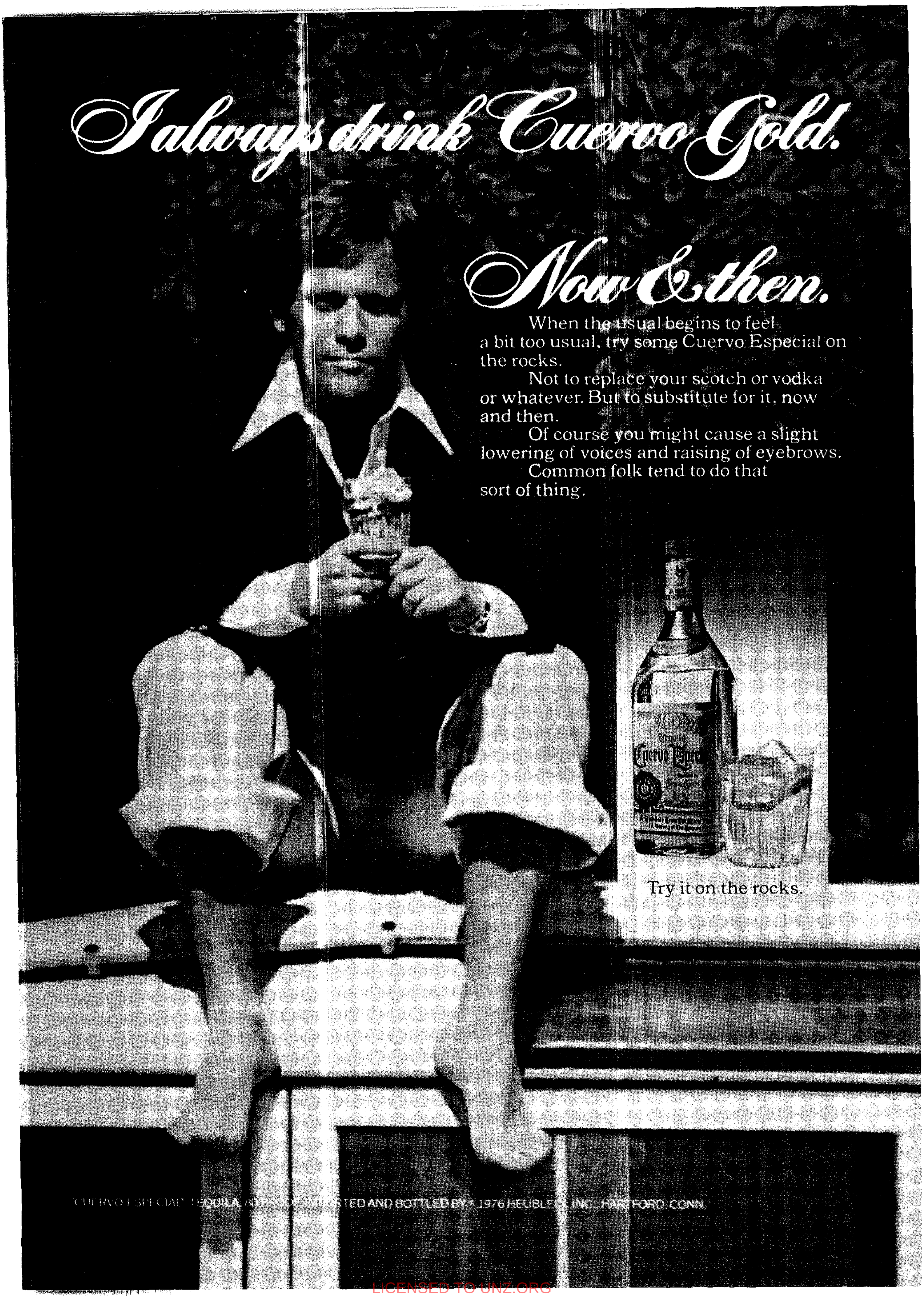
> As each of us draws opposite conclusions about the significance of the Mariner data regarding life on Mars, it is difficult to escape the impression that we are both interpreting it in the context of differing *a priori* views of the planet.
>
> Since Sagan and I respect each other greatly as scientists and find much stimulation in each other's thoughts, why should we find it so difficult to read the record similarly? One can look first to our scientific backgrounds. He aimed at the planets and research from his undergraduate days. My first love was—and is—the earth, and my initial postgraduate activities were of an applied nature. I didn't return to a university for a research career until I was twenty-nine years old. Carl has emphasized synthesis and conjecture about how things are, might be, or could be beyond the Earth. If he is lucky, his great passion, the search for extraterrestrial life, especially intelligent life, will blossom during his lifetime. I, on the other hand, have been mainly concerned about distinguishing fact from fiction in a subject mouldy with misconceptions and inherited prejudices. My passion is to understand how things *really* are on earth as well as in space.

Both Sagan and Murray are engaged in what has become a more and more common way of conducting scientific inquiry—a process known as "model-building," in which hypothetical models are constructed until one turns up that fits the problem at hand. It is a process that people used to call simply "thinking" or "having ideas." The difference, if there is one, lies in the assumption that the mind operates like a computer, sorting rapidly through a number of alternatives until it finds the right one; in fact, "model-building" is part of computer terminology. But the very use of the term has led to another difference: since most of the models in question are made in order to be discarded for better ones, the builder allows himself to be highly imaginative in the course of their construction; compared to ideas, models are easy to give up, or at least they are supposed to be. The most far-out notion gains a sort of acceptability by virtue of the fact that the man who devised it can say he is engaged in model-building; if the scientific computer is to proceed efficiently—so the theory goes—it must have the widest possible variety of models to choose from. Sagan, whose models are always a little farther out than most people's, embraces this theory wholeheartedly; he tells his students at Cornell that the best way to proceed in science is to make up more than one explanation for a problem, because it frees one from undue partiality toward any single theory. "That way, if you're attacked, the guy that proves you wrong is really doing you a favor," he says. Sagan, then, must feel many times blessed.



In the years since Mariner 9, many scientists, both geologists and biologists, have been chipping away at Sagan's model of Mars, with its interglacials and its possibility of sporelike life. Dr. Harold P. Klein, the director of life sciences at NASA's Ames Research Center and the leader of Viking's biology team, has said of Sagan's interglacials, "If that's the only way to get water on the surface of Mars, I'd say it further reduces the chances of finding life there." Dr. Thomas A. Mutch, a geologist at Brown University and the leader of the lander imaging team, expresses caution about the underpinnings of the model—Milankovitch's theory, which has, in fact, never been proved to be the explanation of our interglacials. Although his theory is now favored, others come forward from time to time, such as that the interglacial epochs are the result of bursts of volcanism, or changes in the sun's brightness. "The point is, if we can't solve this matter for the earth, then you have to be skeptical of this model for Mars," said Mutch, who is a few years older than Sagan. "Guys like Sagan serve a function by throwing out ideas like this. There *is* a precession of the axis of Mars, and you *do* get a different heat-insulation budget when you tilt a planet this way or that. But we don't know the exact composition of the permanent polar caps on Mars, or how thick they are."

Although Sagan has recently modified his theories considerably, the permanent polar caps, which are supposed to contain the gases that he needs for his warm, watery interglacials, cover a disappointingly small area. Sagan, however, believes they are several kilometres deep and contain enough carbon dioxide to create, if it should be released as a gas, an atmospheric pressure equivalent to the earth's, or about two hundred times the present Martian pressure. Murray, on the other hand, claims that the permanent caps are so very thin that if their gases were released the pressure of the Martian atmosphere would be increased only five or six times. (This is not a new dispute; seventy years ago,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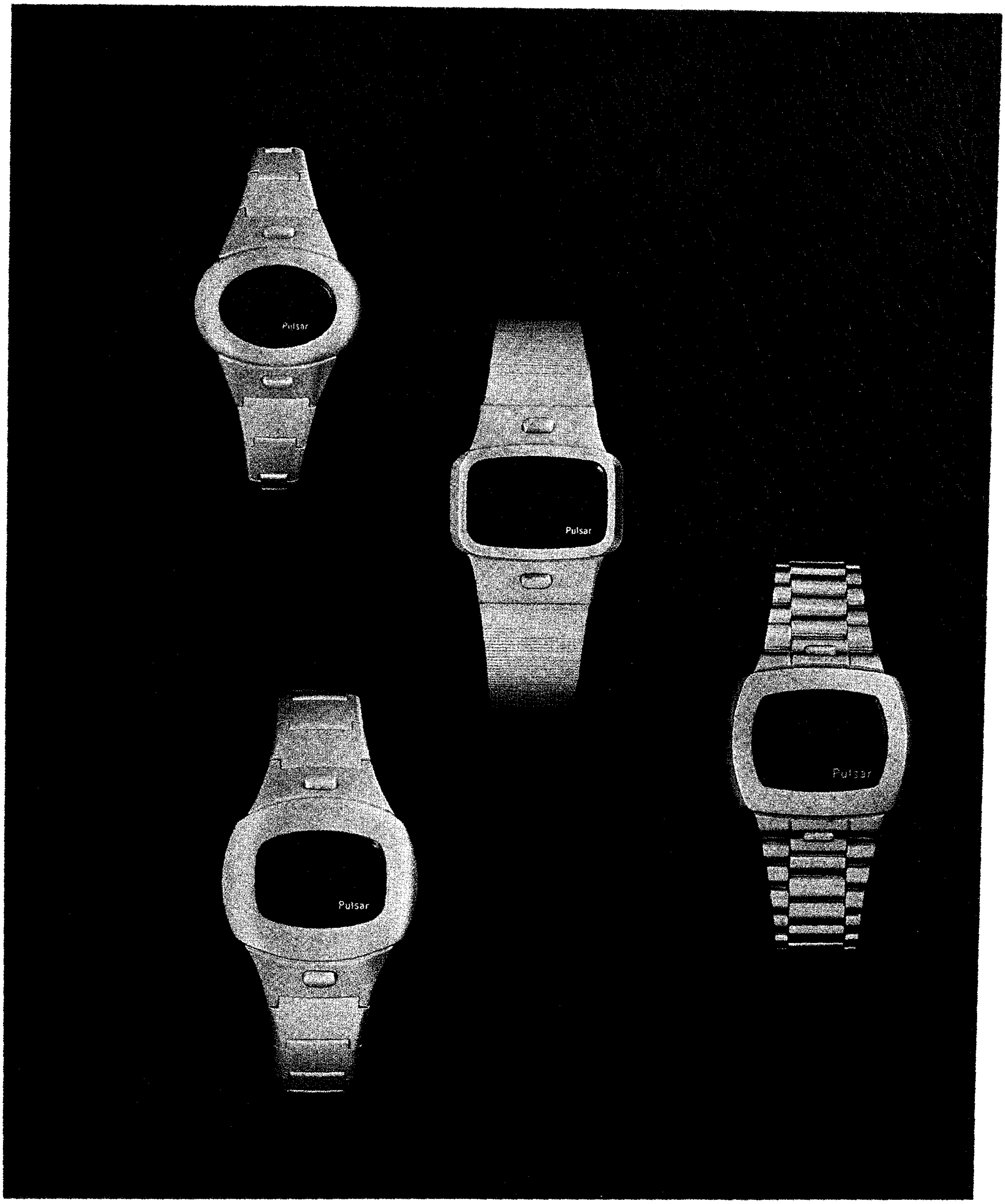

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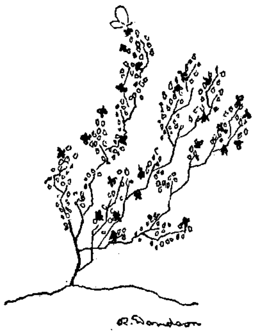
Alfred Russel Wallace had calculated that the Martian ice caps could release so little water—he wasn't thinking in terms of carbon dioxide—that as it flowed through Lowell's canals in his torrid desert it would completely evaporate. Wallace wrote, "Any attempt to make that scanty surplus, by means of overflowing canals, travel across the equator into the opposite hemisphere, through such a terrible desert region and exposed to such a cloudless sky as Mr. Lowell describes, would be the work of a body of madmen rather than of intelligent beings.") One of the sticking points of the current dispute is the appearance of the "summertime" cap, which, from overhead, in the Mariner 9 photographs, looks like a patch of slushy snow with curving paths running through it which are the same color as the surrounding sands of Mars. Murray claims that the paths are the bare ground showing through the cap, which, therefore, has to be very thin; another reason the paths look like exposed ground is that their configuration matches the terrain around the cap. Sagan says that what looks like bare ground is an amalgam of windblown dust and ice, and that the reason the paths resemble the surrounding terrain is that both were laid down by the wind patterns swirling around the poles. The prevailing winds on Mars do in fact remove dust from the equator and deposit it in the polar regions more deeply than anywhere else. This situation has led Sagan to speculate about another way in which the caps could be melted. If enough dust lands on a cap, Sagan says, it would darken the cap, so that the sunlight would warm it, eventually melting the ice and releasing its contents to the atmosphere.

Unlike Lowell, who was inflexible in his ideas, Sagan is always ready to move on to other models—even to his opponents'. He says that if Murray's model should happen to be correct, and the permanent caps turn out to be very thin, they would still supply enough atmosphere to provide the pressure to keep liquid water on the planet. Murray, however, is not prepared to make Sagan a present of a Mars with "balmy temperatures, soft nights, and the trickle of liquid water down innumerable streams and rivulets." For one thing, he doesn't believe that the channels were cut by recurring periods of rain, since there is no sign that rain has ever fallen on Mars at all. Evidence has turned up that many of the channels, far from being recent, are in fact extremely old: in some cases they are heavily cratered, and geologists are reasonably confident of their ability to gauge the age of a terrain by the density of the craters upon it—something they learned to do on the moon. Though the meteoritic bombardment may have fluctuated throughout the solar system, it appears that the history of Mars can roughly be read in terms of the moon, about which enough data were gathered during the Apollo program to make it a convenient reference center for the solar system as a whole. The data revealed that the sun and the planets condensed from a huge gas-and-dust cloud, the solar nebula, about four billion six hundred million years ago; the process of building up the planets, though, continued until about four billion years ago and culminated in giant impacts that left huge circular basins on them, such as the Mare Imbrium on the moon, the Caloris basin on Mercury, and a basin called Hellas on Mars. In the next billion years, there was a major flooding of the big basins by lava flows, which is taken as proof that the planets were then heating up internally, because they contained radioactive elements. It was in this period that, Murray believes, the streams were carved in Mars; he thinks that the "least unsatisfactory" explanation is that they were carved by a cataclysmic flood, the water rising suddenly from a huge underground reservoir, perhaps from ice which had been melted geothermally—that is, by the newly generated heat inside the planet. (A certain amount of water-ice is believed to be still trapped, as a subsurface layer of permafrost that probably extends all over the planet, coming closest to the surface at the polar regions.) In those days, Mars could have had a thicker atmosphere, allowing the water to remain liquid. Then, when Mars entered its ice age, the atmosphere was frozen out at the poles, while some of it, including water vapor, became bound in the Martian surface. On the moon, the internal heat began to die down about three billion years ago, but on Mars, whose diameter is twice the moon's, the heat continued, building up the Tharsis ridge with the outflow from its giant calderas, about a billion and a half



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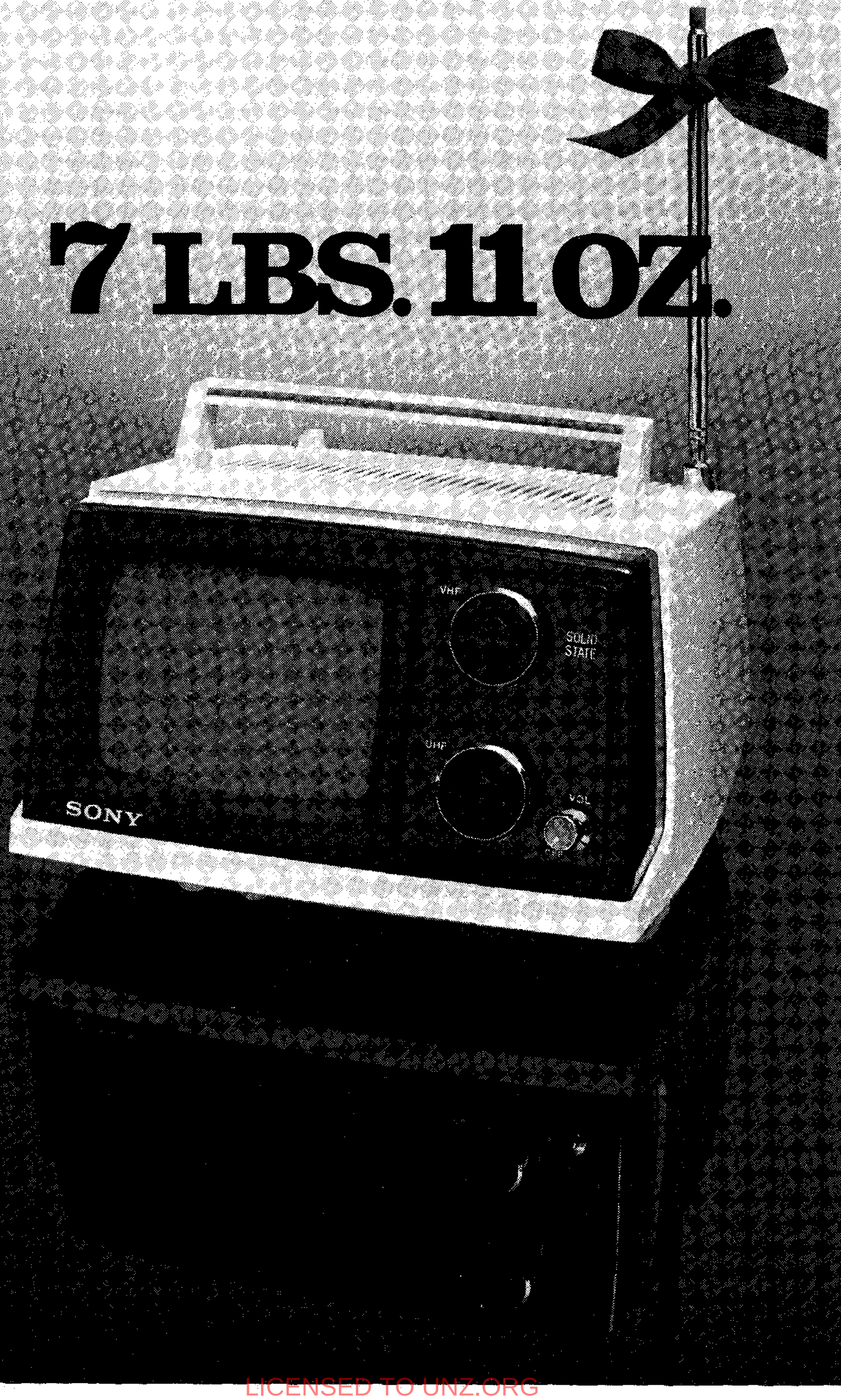

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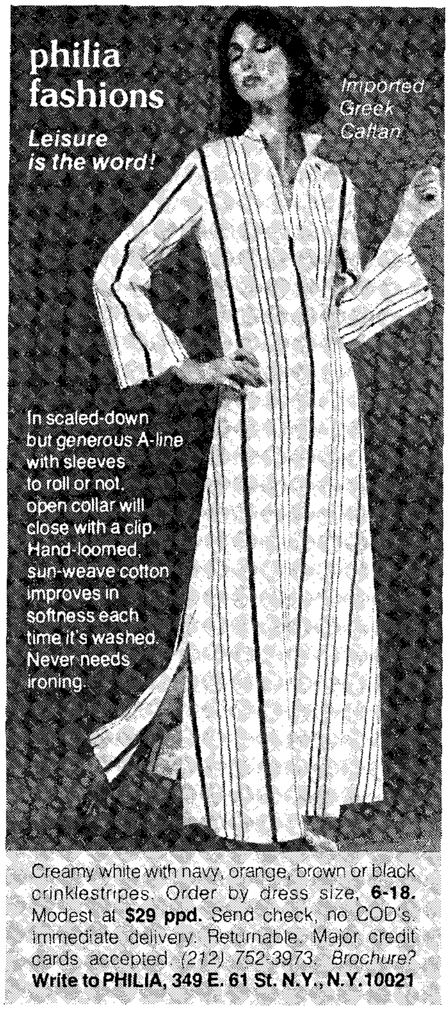

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years ago. There are no signs of streambeds on Olympus Mons, and Murray takes their absence as proof that it has not rained since that time. Sagan, however, says there *are* streambeds on another big volcano just north of the Tharsis region, Alba Patera—but Alba Patera is thought to be older than Olympus Mons, and is also an atypical feature still puzzling to the geologists. Some geologists come down in the middle, saying that although the channels may have been carved by successive wet periods, as Sagan suggests, these were separated not by a few thousand years but by perhaps millions of years, and that the last wet period was perhaps hundreds of millions of years ago. Sagan, while not accepting their hypothesis entirely, does admit that if he were a Martian spore hibernating in cryptobiotic repose, as he once imagined, he would have trouble waking up after all that time.

Unfortunately for Sagan's theories, no one has come up with an age for the Martian streambeds of less than a hundred million years (a figure suggested by a young colleague of his at Cornell), obliging him to recognize that the news from the geologists makes recurrent earthlike conditions on Mars, tied to the precessional cycle, not quite so likely. In an effort to save his model, Sagan has recently dropped the precessional cycle as an explanation of recurrent warm, wet periods on Mars and has substituted another explanation: He suggests that a bobbing movement of the axis of Mars' rotation (an effect of the gravitational tugs of Jupiter) may cause interglacials on Mars of about a quarter of a million years—substantially longer than the few thousand years he originally proposed, but not nearly long enough to satisfy the geologists' evidence. "That doesn't say you can't have a trickle of water from time to time—like the Colorado River down the Grand Canyon," he said not long ago, combining two of his favorite rhetorical devices, the double negative and the grandiose metaphor, which allow him to take a more extreme position than he might get away with otherwise. Old models sometimes die hard. In the event that a Colorado River, or anything like it, fails to materialize on Mars, Sagan is prepared to retreat to drier, if not higher, ground. "I think life can do quite well without water. In fact, the deserts of Mars are really *oceans*—that is, if the wee beasties there can tap the water in the rock. The chemical bond that unites water to rocks is very weak; one or two electron volts is all that you need to break it, and a single near-ultraviolet photon of light, such as falls regularly on Mars, has that same amount of energy. So a Martian organism might use sunlight to snip the water off the rock. On earth, there are kangaroo rats who never drink, because they can derive their water from their food chemically; though they don't get their water from rocks, the idea for Mars is not very different. So even if there is no evidence for flowing water on Mars, I'm still sanguine about life." In presenting this argument, Sagan had the look of a man who has made a last-ditch effort and knows it; he added, "You understand the spirit in which I'm saying these things? They're within the bounds of permissible speculation, but nothing I insist on." Some of his Viking colleagues, however, think he takes his models a little more seriously than these words suggest. "Sagan struggles to create situations where life might exist," one geologist said. "It's a compulsion."

SAGAN was born in 1934 in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, where his father was a cutter in a clothing factory. "It was during the Depression, and we were kind of poor," he said not long ago. "When I was very little, the basic thing for me was stars. When I was five years old, I could see them at whatever time bedtime was in winter, and they just didn't seem to belong in Brooklyn. The sun and the moon seemed perfectly right for Brooklyn, but the stars were different. I had the sense of something interesting, distant, strange about them. I asked people what the stars were, and I mostly got answers like 'They're lights in the sky, kid.' I could tell they were lights in the sky; that wasn't what I meant. After I got my first library card, I made a big expedition to the public-library branch on Eighty-sixth Street in Brooklyn. I had to take the streetcar; it was some big distance. I wanted a book on the stars. At first, there was some confusion; the librarian mentioned all kinds of books about Hollywood stars. I was embarrassed, so I didn't explain right away, but finally I got across what I wanted. They got me this book, and I read it right there, because I wanted the answer." (Sagan was a precocious child. So is his son Nicholas, who resembles Sagan in many ways. Nicholas taught himself to read by the age of twenty-

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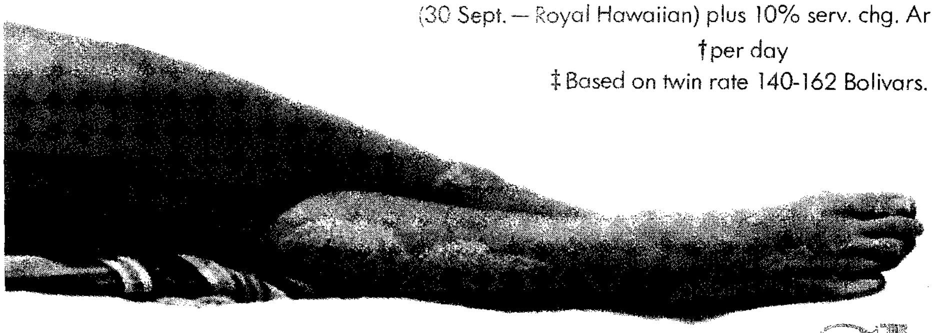

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one months—a fact that his parents discovered when he began rattling off the road signs on a transcontinental car trip. Sagan is an indulgent father, and, on occasion, he can be an ingenious one; for example, on that trip, during which he dictated large sections of "The Cosmic Connection" into a tape recorder, he also played back a number of children's stories that he had taped earlier, which kept the boy occupied between road signs. Nicholas is indeed wise beyond his years; recently, when he was asked whether he believed there was life on Mars, he replied, "Maybe yes and maybe no.") Sagan continued, "The library book had this stunning, astonishing thing in it—that the stars were suns, just like our sun, so far away that they were only a twinkle of light. I didn't know how far away that was, because I didn't know mathematics, but I could tell only by thinking of how bright the sun is in the daytime and how dim a star is at night that the sun would have to be very far away to be just a twinkle, and the scale of the universe opened up for me.

"It must have been a year or two after this that I learned what the planets were. Then it seemed absolutely certain to me that if the stars were like the sun there must be planets around them. And they must have life on them. This was an old idea, of course. Christiaan Huygens, the Dutch astronomer, I found out later, had written about it in the sixteen-seventies. But I thought of it before I was eight. And once I reached that point, I got very interested in astronomy. I spent a lot of time working on distances, coördinates, and parallaxes.

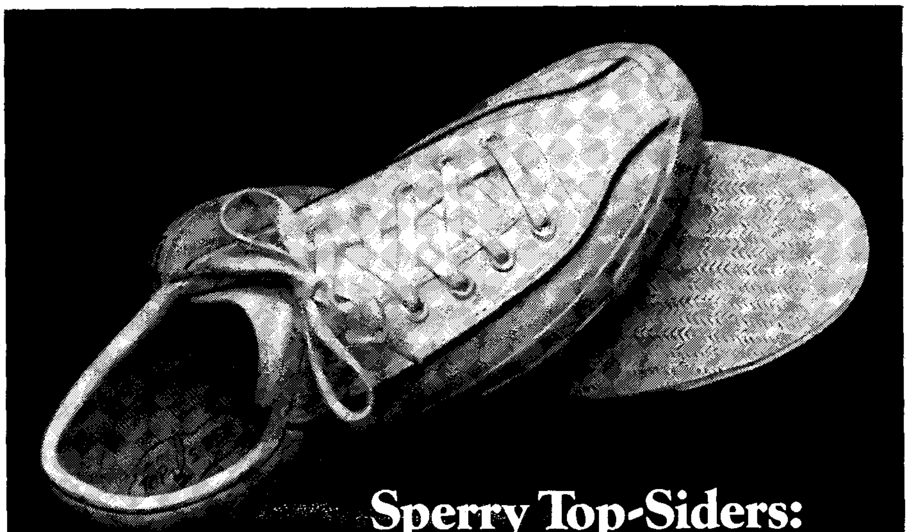
"Then, when I was ten—I was at P.S. 101 in Brooklyn at the time—I came upon the Edgar Rice Burroughs novels about John Carter and his travels on Lowell's Mars. It was a world of ruined cities, planet-girdling canals, immense pumping stations—a feudal technological society. The people there were red, green, black, yellow, or white and some of them had removable heads, but basically they were *human.* I didn't realize then the chauvinism of making people on another planet like us; I simply devoured what seemed to me the riches of another planet's biology. Carter fell in love with a princess of the Kingdom of Helium, Dejah Thoris. It was very exciting, and I loved those books. They were full of new ideas. On Burroughs' Mars, there were two primary colors more than on earth, and I would close my eyes and try to imagine them. I tried to imagine my way to Mars, the way Carter did:

I would go into a vacant lot, spread my arms, and wish to be on Mars." Thirty-one years later, Sagan has taped up on the wall outside his Cornell office a map of Mars as Burroughs portrayed it, with "X"s marking the spots where Carter landed. Recently, in his office, he showed a visitor, on a globe of Mars made from Mariner 9 photographs, exactly where Carter would have come down. "Many an evening I spent in vacant lots, arms outstretched, *thinking* myself to that twinkling red place, but nothing happened. I tried all different kinds of wishing. Suddenly, it dawned on me that this was fiction; maybe there was some better way to get to Mars.

"This was toward the end of the Second World War, and I heard about the V-2 rockets the Germans used to bomb England. There were occasional references in the papers to what rockets could do for space technology. I found some journals put out by a group called the British Interplanetary Society. It sounded nice. And gradually I realized that there *was* a way: I discovered that in 1939 the British Interplanetary Society published a study for a multistage rocket that could go to the moon. If the moon, then why not Mars?

"I didn't make a decision to pursue astronomy; rather, it just grabbed me, and I had no thought of escaping. But I didn't know that you could get paid for it. I thought I'd have to have some job I was temperamentally unsuited to, like door-to-door salesman, and then on weekends or at nights I could do astronomy. That's the way it was done in the fiction I read, in which space science was practiced by wealthy amateurs. Then, in my sophomore year in high school, my biology teacher (this was at Rahway High, because we had moved to New Jersey) told me he was pretty sure that Harvard paid Harlow Shapley a salary. That was a splendid day—when I began to suspect that if I tried hard I could do astronomy full time, not just part time.

"I had been receiving catalogues from various colleges, and I wanted one with good mathematics and physics. The University of Chicago sent me a booklet entitled 'If You Want an Education.' Inside was a picture of football players fighting on a field, and under it the caption 'If you want a school with good football, don't come to the University of Chicago.' Then there was a picture of some drunken kids, and the caption 'If you want a school with a good fraternity life, don't come to the University of Chicago.' It sounded like the place for me. The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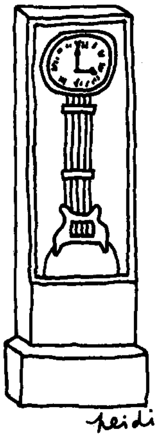
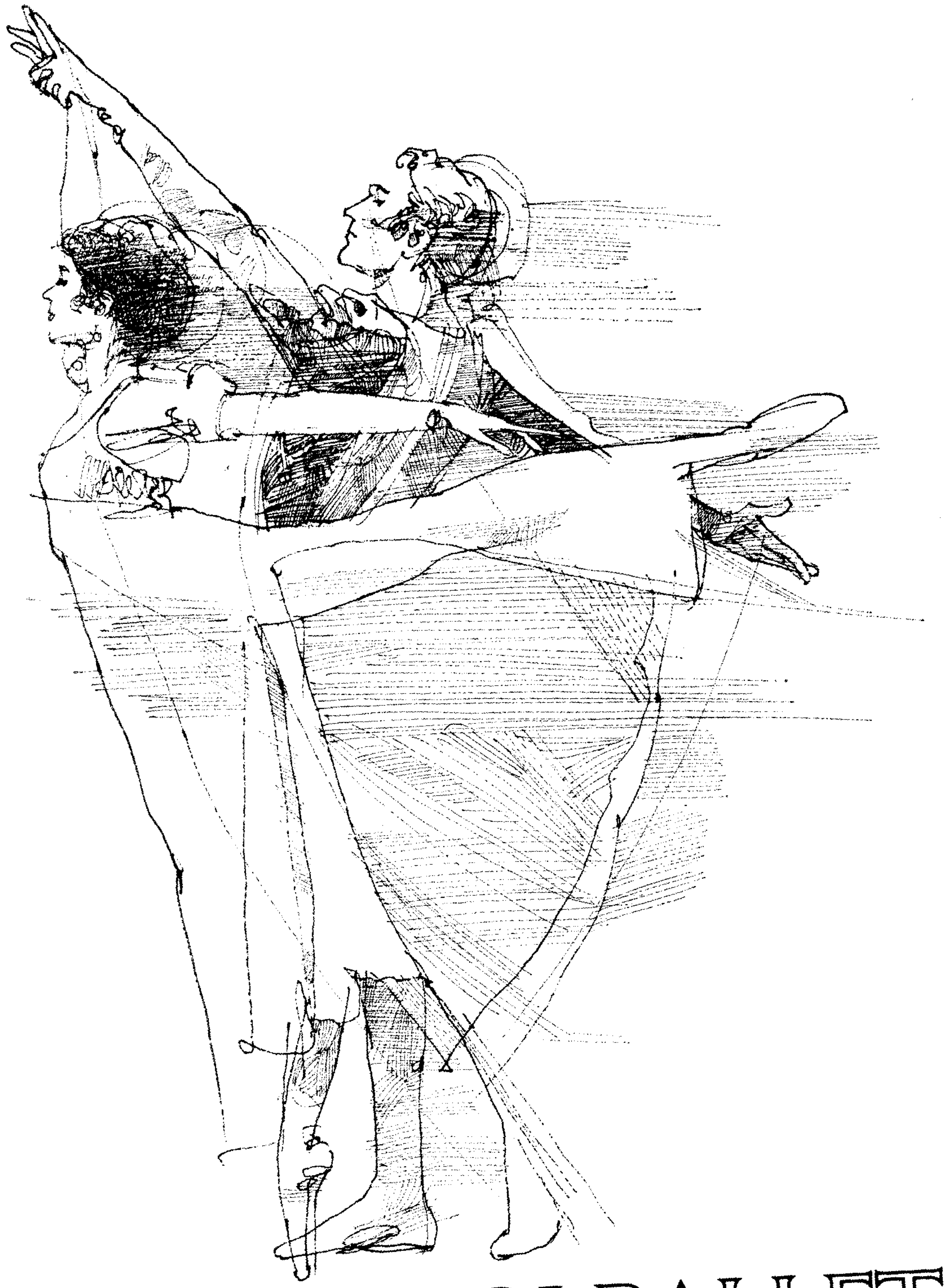
trouble was that it had no engineering school, and I wanted an education not only in astronomy and physics but also in rocket engineering. I went down to Princeton to ask Lyman Spitzer, the astronomer, his advice; he was involved in some early rocket studies. He told me that there was no reason an astronomer had to know every nut and bolt of a spacecraft in order to use it. Up until then, I had thought this was necessary—another holdover from the fiction I'd been reading, in which the rich amateur built his own spaceship. Now I realized that I could go to the University of Chicago, even though it had no engineering school. I applied, and entered in the fall of 1951. In the early nineteen-fifties, the University of Chicago was a very exciting place to be. It was strong in the humanities—which I wanted—but it was also very strong in the sciences. Enrico Fermi and Harold Urey were both there, in physics and in chemistry. And it had a superb astronomy department, which operated the Yerkes Observatory."

Sagan began to attract the attention of older scientists, many of them Nobel laureates, who, after experiences in a variety of fields, were beginning to think about extraterrestrial life. Back in Rahway for Christmas vacation during his freshman year, he met a young biologist—the nephew of a friend of his mother's—who was at Indiana University, working with Dr. H. J. Muller, who had won the 1946 Nobel Prize in Medicine and Physiology for the discovery that X-rays caused mutations in genes; Sagan was interested, because X-rays are produced by exploding stars—novas or supernovas—and Muller's discovery showed them to be a direct link between astronomy and the evolution of life. The young biologist told Sagan that Muller was now working full time on the origins of life. Later, back at the University of Chicago, Sagan wrote his new friend a letter; the friend showed it to Muller, who liked it and wrote to Sagan asking him to spend the summer of his freshman year working for him at Indiana. "Muller had me doing routine things, such as looking at fruit flies for new mutations," Sagan said. "But he ran a real research group, and for the first time I got a feeling of what scientific research was like. Moreover, Muller was interested not only in the origins of life but in the possibility of life elsewhere; he didn't think the idea was the least bit silly." Muller, of course, was by no means the first biologist to concern himself with extraterrestrial life; that distinction probably belongs to Alfred Russel Wallace, and the tradition continues with J. B. S. Haldane and Alexander Oparin. "Muller encouraged me to learn genetics," Sagan went on. "Later, he sustained me through years of studying biology and chemistry, which I had thought were far removed from my main interest, astronomy. I always kept in touch with him. A few years before his death, he gave me a book about space flight by Arthur C. Clarke, and inscribed it, 'Perhaps we'll meet someday on the tundras of Mars.' He died in 1967. In 1973, after Mariner 9 had mapped Mars, I managed to get a crater there named for him." Sagan is a member of the Subcommittee on Martian Nomenclature of the International Astronomical Union, which now handles such matters; he also participated in naming craters after Lowell, Schiaparelli, and Edgar Rice Burroughs.



In the fall of his sophomore year, Sagan returned to the University of Chicago with a letter from Muller introducing him to Dr. Urey, who had won the 1934 Nobel Prize in Chemistry for the discovery of heavy hydrogen, and had gone on to the study of the origins of life. (This was the basis of his interest in lunar science, a field of which he is generally considered the modern-day founder.) Urey is a mild-mannered man with a benign intelligence. "He was extremely kind to me when I was an undergraduate," Sagan said. "I did an honors essay on how life began. It was very naïve, and I remember Urey's comment: 'This is the work of a very young man.' I had the idea that in one fell swoop I could understand the origins of life, though I had not had much chemistry or biology. It was an attempt to learn by doing. Some other people at Chicago were more effective at this than I was. It was a time of great excitement, for this was when Stanley Miller was doing his work, under Urey, on the origins of life. He had filled a flask with methane, ammonia, water, and hydrogen—things you would expect to find in the primitive atmosphere of a young planet—and then had passed an electrical discharge, like lightning, through it. The result was amino acids, the first step toward life. Miller had shown that the beginnings of life were not a matter of chance but could happen in any place



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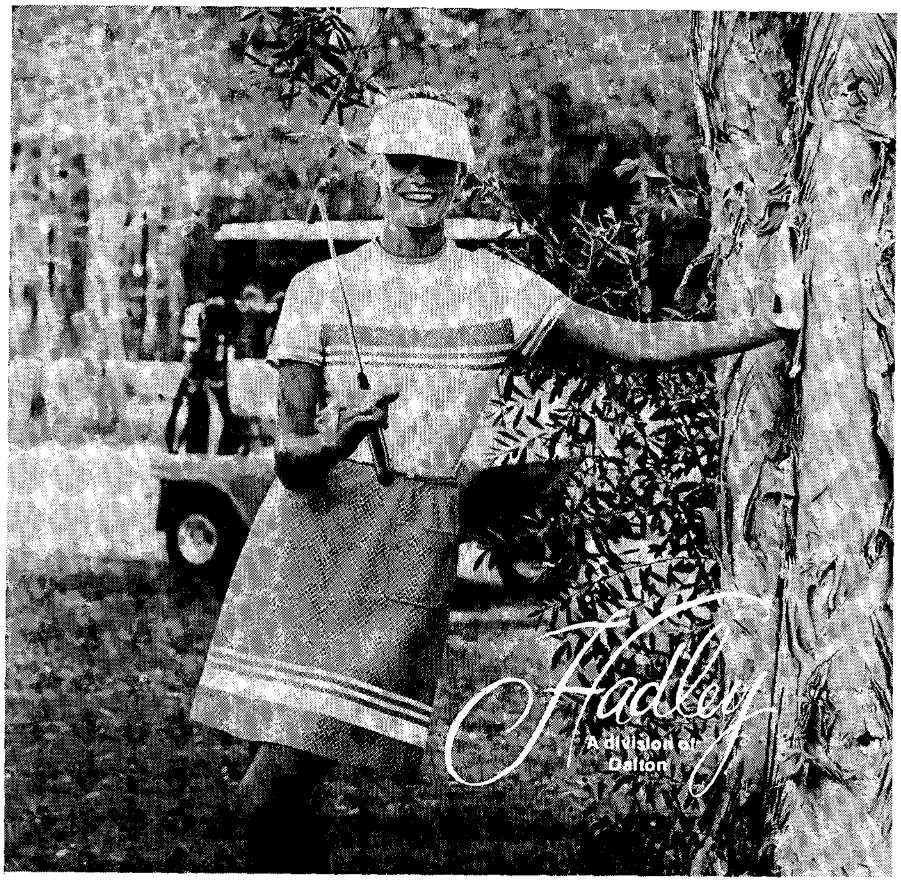

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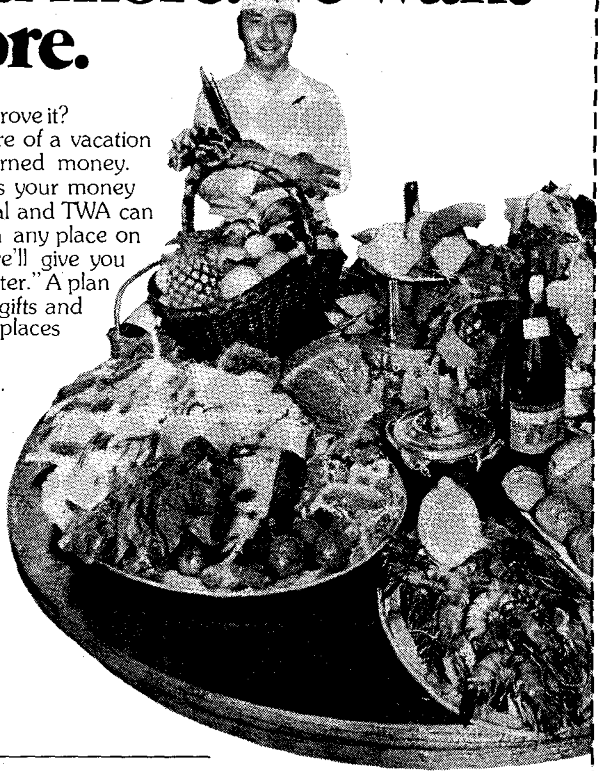
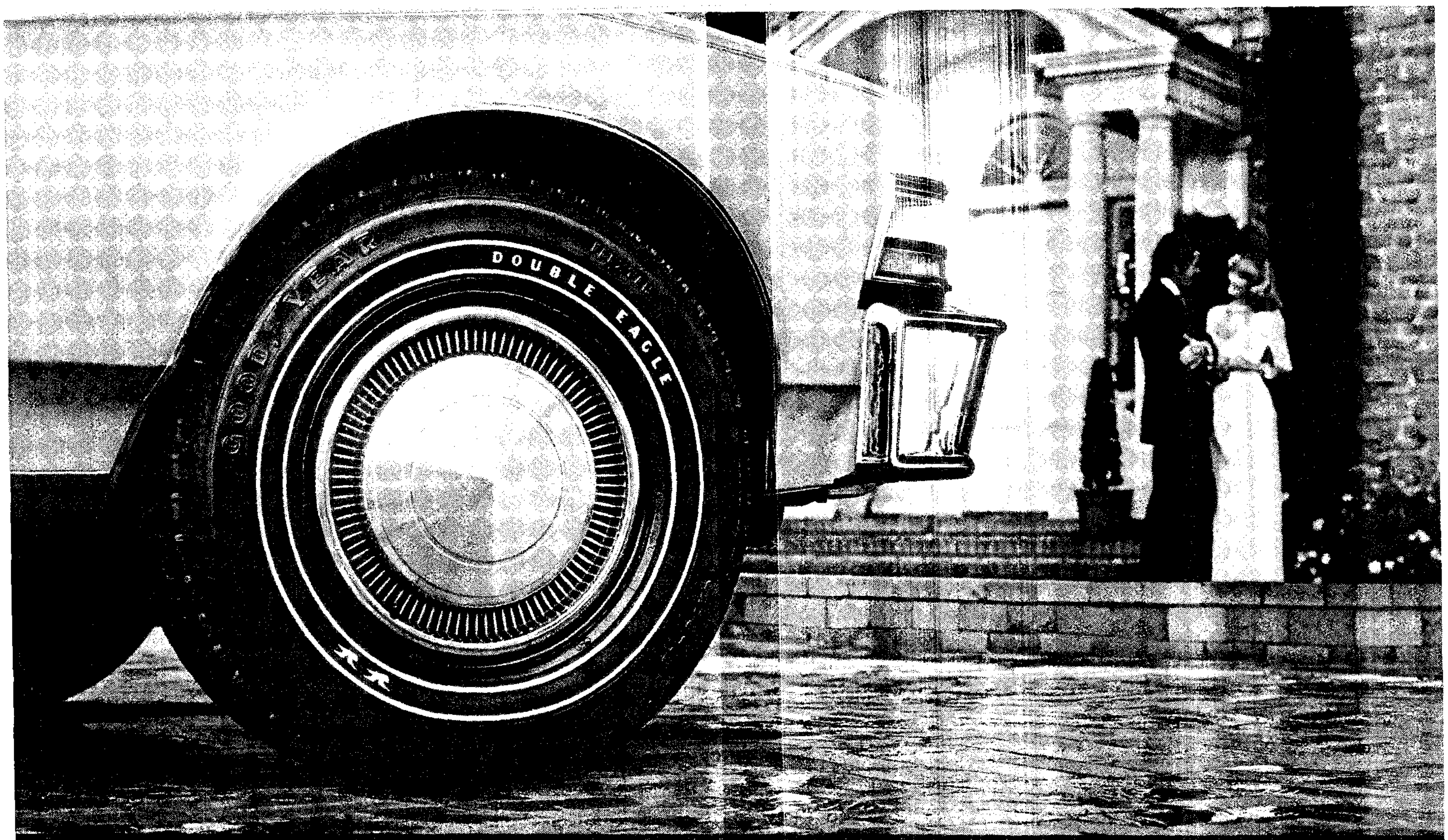


where the conditions were right." (Recently, Sagan showed a visitor to his laboratory at Cornell a version of Miller's experiment, with further ramifications; the resulting organic compounds were a reddish-brown gunk that gave the same spectrum as the reddish-brown belts on Jupiter.) He went on, "Urey showed me through Miller's laboratory. Later, Miller was forced to defend his work before the University of Chicago's chemistry department. They didn't take it very seriously; they kept suggesting that he had been sloppy, leaving amino acids all over his laboratory. I was outraged that something as important as that could be received in such a hostile way. Urey was the only one who spoke up for him. He said, 'If God didn't create life this way, He certainly missed a good bet.' " Urey, who is now eighty-three, is a member of the Viking team that will be looking for organic compounds on Mars.

After getting his master's degree in physics, Sagan went on in 1956, to the University of Chicago's graduate school in astronomy, which was at Williams Bay, Wisconsin. There he worked with Dr. Gerard Kuiper, a Dutch astronomer who at the time was the only full-time planetologist in the United States. Though Lowell had alienated the astronomical community, he wasn't solely responsible for planetary studies' having fallen into disrepute. With the advent of astrophysics, in the nineteen-twenties, astronomy had taken a more professional turn, which was one that led away from the planets; indeed, Kuiper, whom Sagan sees as providing a sort of link between the earlier planetary astronomers and what he calls "the present burgeoning time," had to start by studying the stars before he could go into planetary work. In 1944, Kuiper had discovered that Titan, the largest moon of Saturn, had an atmosphere, and that the major constituent of Titan's atmosphere was methane—a discovery that impressed Sagan, who later suggested that life might be found there. Kuiper was responsible for the idea that there might be lichens on Mars, because he had found that the planet's spectrum was not inconsistent with them (though it was inconsistent with green plants). Sagan didn't think much of the idea, because he doesn't think that specific terrestrial organisms would be duplicated in the course of Martian evolution. Nevertheless, he welcomed the suggestion, if only for its propaganda value, because he was already becoming interested in making the theory of



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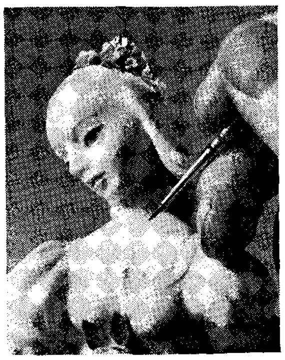

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extraterrestrial life acceptable again. "Kuiper was a respected man, and if he said it was possible for *any* sort of life to exist on Mars that was important," Sagan said. "It was a tremendous boost to exobiology." Sagan had spent the summer of 1956 with Kuiper at the McDonald Observatory, in Fort Davis, Texas, and there he had his first opportunity to see what Mars looked like in a close opposition through a big telescope. "As it turned out, there were dust storms in both places—Mars and Texas," he said. "I didn't find any canals. I was satisfied just to be able to see light and dark markings. The seeing was poor, even through the eighty-two-inch telescope at McDonald. There Mars was, though shimmering, squashed, distorted. Then, for an instant, the atmosphere steadied, and I caught a glimpse of the southern polar cap. I saw no fine details. It was no big deal. I realized that the telescopic technique, while interesting, was limited: Sitting under a blanket of air forty million miles from the target was not going to tell me much."

WHILE Sagan was getting his doctorate under Kuiper, he married a young biologist (they had two sons, Dorion and Jeremy, both of whom are now in high school), and the couple moved from Williams Bay to Madison, Wisconsin, whose university atmosphere was more to his liking. It was during this period that he met Lederberg, who was then professor of genetics at the University of Wisconsin. Lederberg, who had just won his Nobel Prize, had a reputation for brilliance and inaccessibility. "He was an object of some consternation and fear," Sagan said. "Postdoctorates in biology were afraid to present papers lest he be in the audience and demolish their thesis with two questions. Then, one day, he called me up out of the blue and said he wanted to see me—said he was interested in extraterrestrial life. I was immensely flattered." One of the ideas that Lederberg wanted to talk about was a thought he had had some years before, when he first read Oparin's work "The Origin of Life on Earth." It had occurred to Lederberg that since ninety per cent of the universe is made up of the same few atoms that are required for life on earth—the main ones being hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen—then there should be no discontinuity in the development of organic compounds in the course of the evolution of the universe; that is, that they should be as common anywhere else—even in the space between the stars—as they are here. His theory was subsequently borne out: In the next decade, radio astronomers found clouds in interstellar space containing forty or fifty varieties of organic compounds, such as formaldehyde, and it was discovered that some meteorites contain them, too. Lederberg wondered whether postulating the generation of amino acids on each planet by means of lightning in its atmosphere, in the manner that Stanley Miller had demonstrated, was necessary; they could be raining down on the planets all the time. "What I like about working with Lederberg is that things turn out well both for biology and for astronomy," Sagan said recently. The two scientists immediately took to each other. Sagan describes Lederberg as "a dry, stimulating, totally unfettered man who is willing to carry his ideas to their logical consequence, even though the prevailing wisdom says it's silly," and as "a natural resource that should be used widely." He soon regarded Lederberg as a mentor and a collaborator. "We stimulated each other's ideas," he said. "It was a pleasure to talk to him; we didn't either of us have to finish sentences. We could leapfrog through arguments—an efficient way of talking. Then and since, I've had dozens of ideas that I've been able to bounce off him. Many are jointly arrived at, so that neither of us knows which thought of them first."

Lederberg concurs in much of this. "Sagan has fired up some of my ideas, and I think I've helped fire up some of his," he said not long ago. "Back in the early days of our friendship, I think it was helpful to Sagan that an established biologist could entertain the same thoughts he did about extraterrestrial life."

In 1959, Lederberg headed a committee of the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences to study ways of searching for life in space; he asked Sagan, who was then twenty-five, to be a member. The group included several men who would be important to Sagan later, including Wolf Vishniac, who was then at Yale, and who shared many of Sagan's and Lederberg's ideas. Sagan, Lederberg, and Vishniac (who was killed in 1973 in a fall in Antarctica, where he had gone in search of microbes that might be analogous to ones on Mars) participated in many other conferences on extraterrestrial life, most notably a symposium sponsored by the Space Science Board in 1964-65, whose proceedings were published in a book, "Biology and the Exploration of Mars," which pro-

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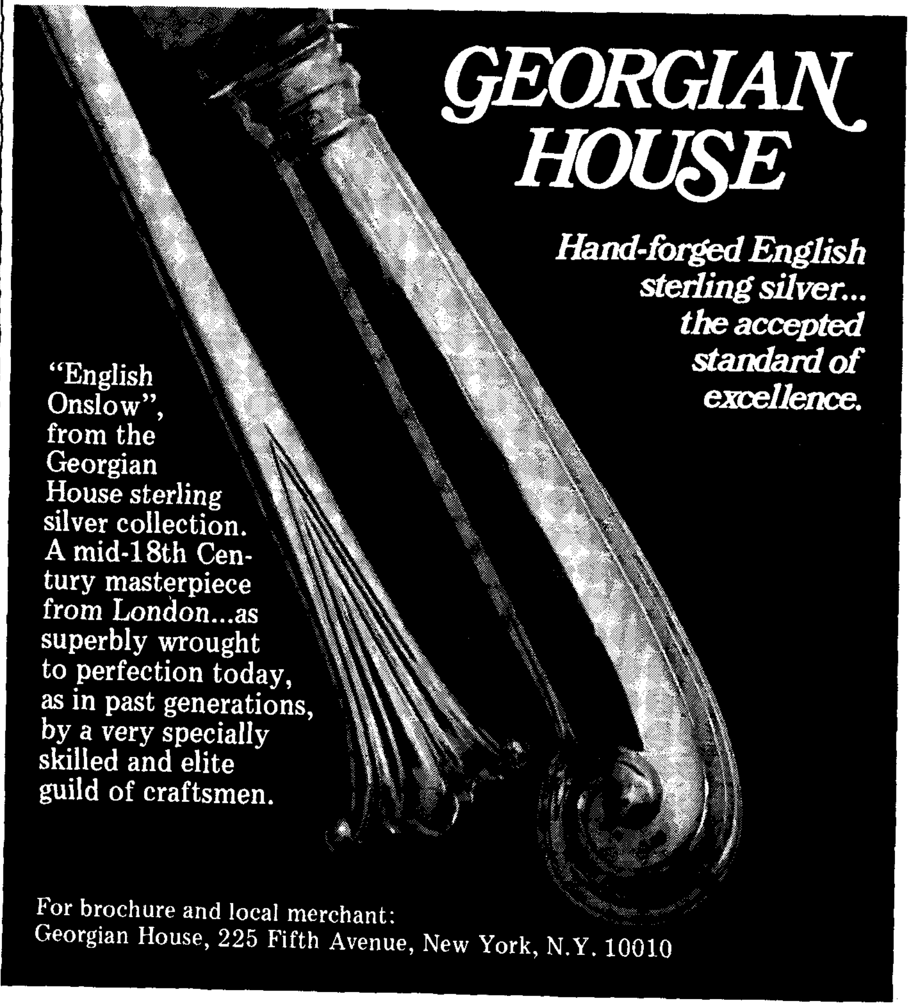

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vided an important scientific underpinning for Viking.

Sagan received his doctorate in astronomy and astrophysics from the University of Chicago in 1960; he went on to become a research fellow at the University of California at Berkeley, and then, at Lederberg's invitation, he spent a year as visiting assistant professor of genetics at the Stanford medical school, to which Lederberg had recently moved. From 1962 until 1968, Sagan held a joint appointment as astrophysicist at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and lecturer and later assistant professor of astronomy at Harvard. In 1968, he moved to Cornell, where he is currently not only the David Duncan Professor of Astronomy and Space Sciences but also director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies. In addition to the commissions and conferences on extraterrestrial life, Sagan has participated in the work of an enormous number of boards and committees having to do with space exploration, including the groups that formulated the international procedures for sterilizing spacecraft and several committees for NASA—most notably, of course, the imaging teams of Mariner 9 and Viking. He also became involved in the flights of Pioneers 10 and 11. Pioneer 10 is now on its way out of the solar system and Pioneer 11 will follow after it has flown by Saturn. When he realized that Pioneers 10 and 11 would be the first man-made objects to leave the solar system, he had plaques, designed by himself and a Cornell colleague, Dr. Frank Drake, placed aboard. Besides indicating the time of the launch in relation to the history of our galaxy, they bore a sort of return address, in case they fell into the hands (or whatever) of extraterrestrial beings; this included the coordinates of the earth in relation to a number of radio sources in the sky, along with pictures of those who had launched the craft—delineations of a nude man and woman, drawn by his present wife, Linda. Sagan still gets letters from people complaining about his sending smut into space, and he delights in the fact that, because the paperback edition of "The Cosmic Connection" bears a similar depiction on the cover, people who see it in bookstores think it's a dirty book. He himself was the first to realize, however, that, because the two Pioneers would probably never come close to another star, the plaques were less an attempt to communicate with other civilizations than an effort to communicate with our own, the message being to make people more accepting of the idea of extraterrestrial life, whose image Sagan is continually trying to improve. Indeed, if he hadn't been a scientist he might have made his fortune in public relations. For a conference on extraterrestrial life held in Soviet Armenia in 1971, of which he was co-chairman, Sagan, who is fond of plays on words, promoted the name CETI, pointing out that it was not only the acronym of Communication with Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence but a reference to Tau Ceti, the nearest star with characteristics like our own sun, and also the plural of *cetus*, the Latin name for the whale, an intelligent species that offers us the same problems of communication as an extraterrestrial one could; the multiple pun is one of the main things about the conference which people remember today.

Grandstand plays such as these, combined with Sagan's scientific achievements, have brought him a good deal of attention: in 1974, *Time* named him one of "Two Hundred Rising American Leaders," and he has been awarded both NASA's medal for exceptional scientific achievement and France's Prix Galabert, which was awarded to him *"pour son éminente contribution personnelle à la connaissance ainsi qu'à l'exploration des planètes."* His scientific achievements include over two hundred papers, some of them written in collaboration with Lederberg, or with Cornell associates such as Joseph Veverka, Frank Drake, and Peter Gierasch, or with James Pollack, who had been a student of his at Harvard and is now his colleague on the Viking-lander imaging team. Some of the more imaginative ones concern such matters as how microbes might exist below the lunar surface; how life might exist in the clouds of Venus; how life might exist in isolated areas on Mars; how Martian micro-organisms might survive the rigors of the planet by existing a centimetre below the surface; how the climate of Venus, enveloped in a hot, heavy atmosphere of carbon dioxide, which acts like the glass of a greenhouse, could be improved by dropping a certain type of algae into the clouds, which would break down the carbon dioxide and cool the planet; and how the Martian climate (if it is determined that there is no indigenous life) could be improved by depositing colonies of dark-colored microbes on the ice caps which could multiply and melt them (if Martian life *is* found, so that one would not want to introduce terrestrial microbes, carbon black could be substituted, and he has even calculated the number of rocket ships that would be required to get it there in sufficient quantities). A large number of Sagan's scientific papers have to do with communicating by radio with intelligent life elsewhere in the cosmos, and currently he is investigating this possibility with Frank Drake. Drake is director of the radio telescope at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, the biggest in the world, which is operated by Cornell for the National Science Foundation; the two scientists listen, when they can get the time, for signals from intelligent life in outer space. "Sagan desperately wants to find life someplace, anyplace—on Mars, on Titan, in the solar system or outside it," one of his Viking colleagues said recently. "In all the divergent things he does, that is the unifying thread. I don't know why, but if you read his papers or listen to his speeches, even though they are on a wide variety of seemingly unrelated topics, there is always the question 'Is this or that phenomenon related to life?' People say, 'What a varied career he has had,' but everything he has done has had this one underlying purpose."

Sagan was asked the other day why he thought it was that he, and others, are so interested in trying to find life beyond the earth. "I think it's because human beings love to be alive, and we have an emotional resonance with something else alive, rather than with a molybdenum atom," he said. "Why are people interested in other animals? Why are we interested in the life history of the armadillo? Why do we go to Antarctica to find out what the emperor penguins have been doing lately? It's fun, because we are primarily drawn to things that are alive."

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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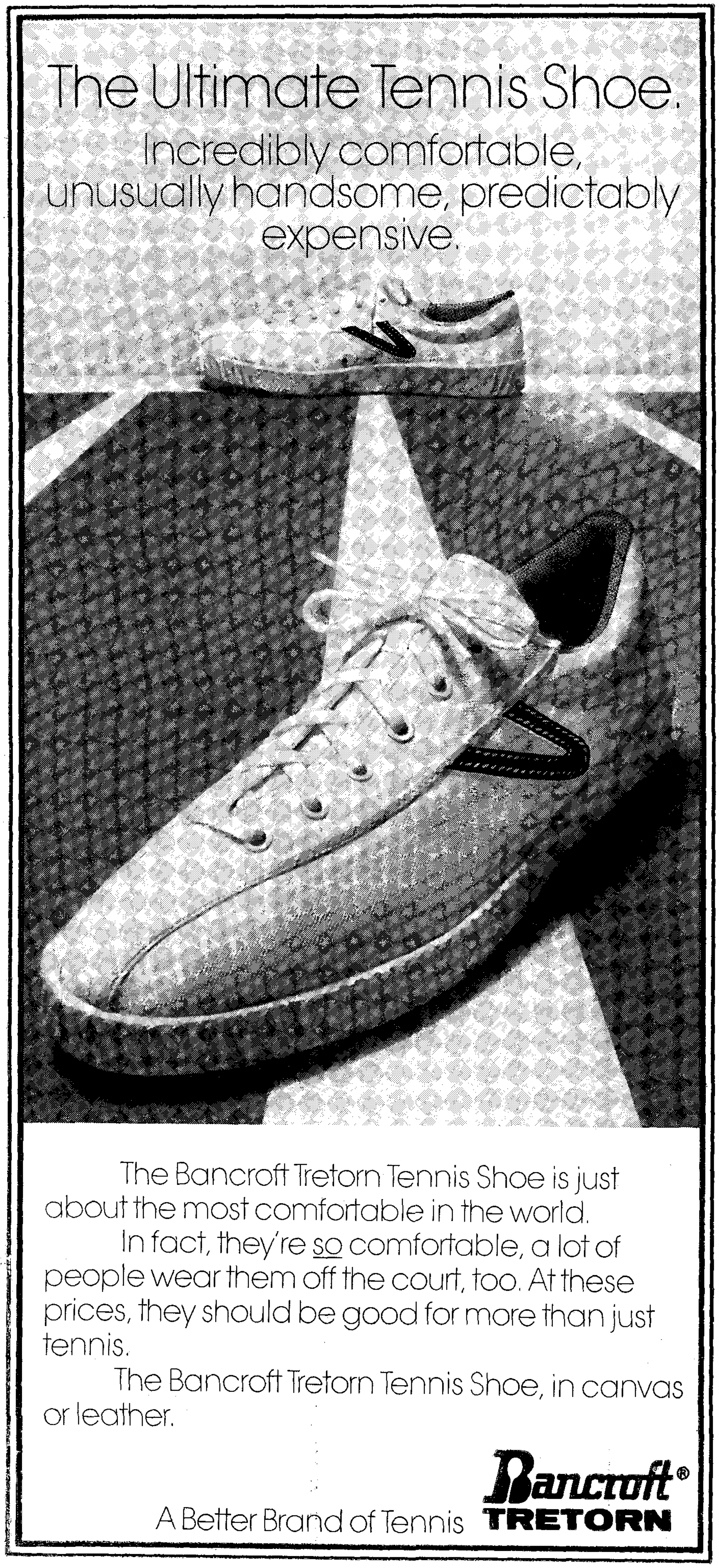
—*Florida Times-Union.*

Let's leave Bronson's wife out of this.



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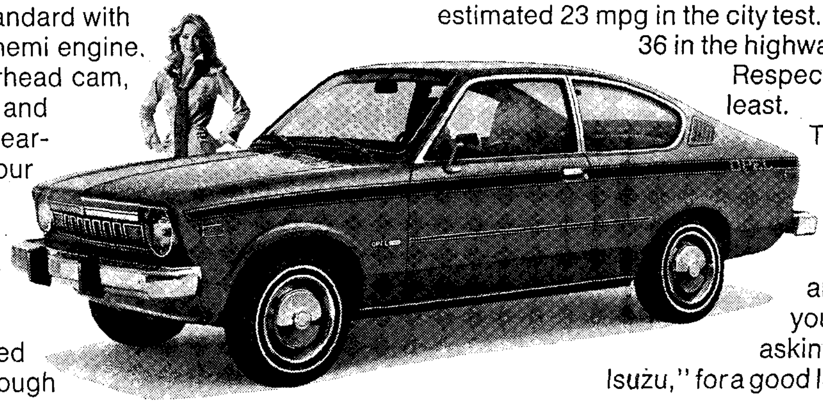

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# THE THEATRE

## OUT WEST

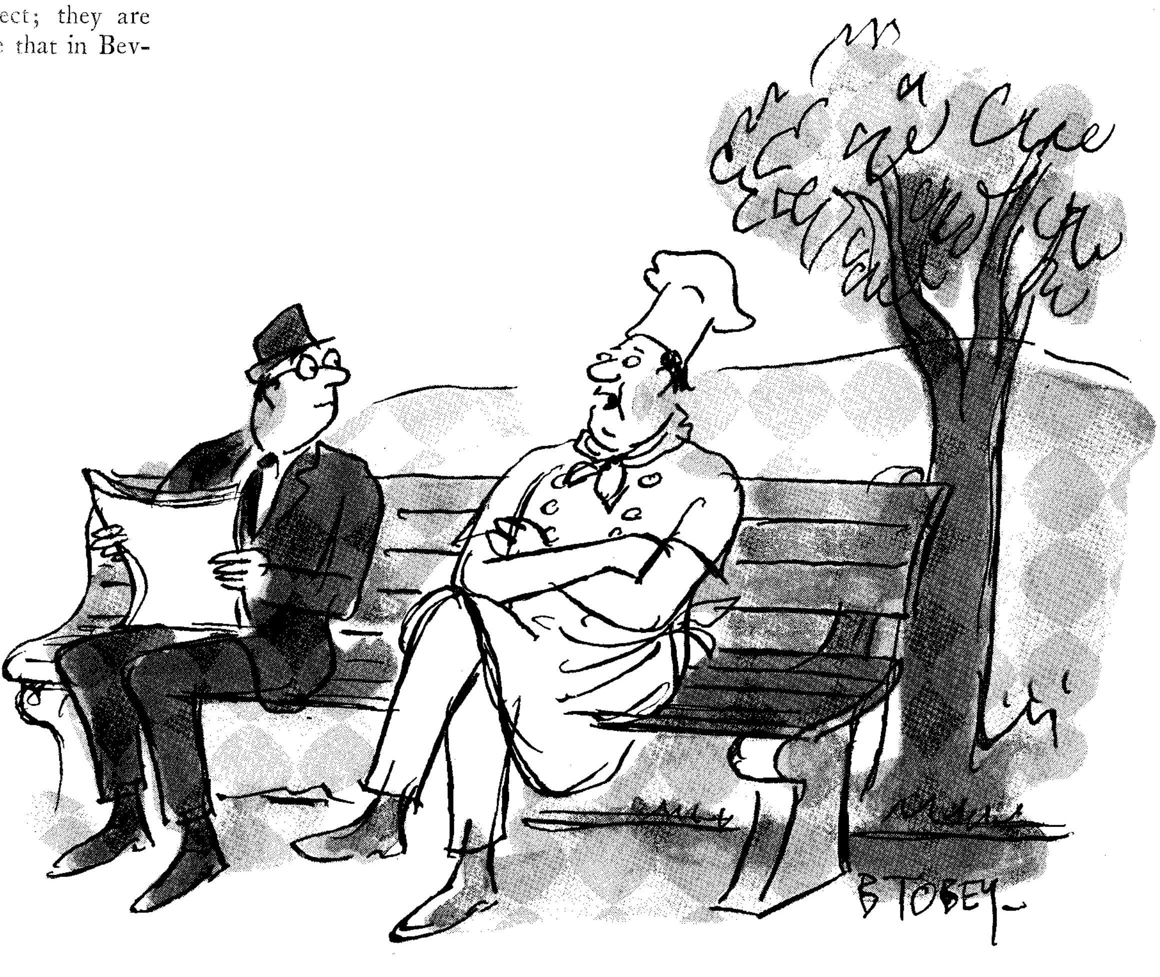
NEIL SIMON having moved from New York to Los Angeles, it was only to be expected that he would write a play about his new environment, and here it is. He calls it "California Suite," echoing the title of one of his hits of a good many seasons ago, "Plaza Suite." With a thrift that comes close to self-plagiarism, Mr. Simon also borrows from the earlier work its simple and amusing structure: the latest Simon consists of four unconnected sketches, in which different sets of characters occupy at different times the same hotel suite. The scene is the celebrated Beverly Hills Hotel—a landmark that by Los Angeles standards is out of the dark backward and abysm of time, having been originally designed in the Mission style and possessing to this day a broad front veranda that connoisseurs of turn-of-the-century architecture take care to seek out and stare in silent rapture at. Mr. Simon's characters certainly have no interest in the hotel as an aesthetic object; they are there because they believe that in Beverly Hills the Beverly Hills Hotel is the place to be. Besides, they are distracted by problems; all that they ask of the hotel is room service—the faster the better.

In the first sketch, a magazine editor from New York and her ex-husband, a screenwriter in Hollywood, quarrel over the custody of their seventeen-year-old daughter. In the second sketch, a fat businessman from Philadelphia has come West to attend his nephew's bar mitzvah. He wakes to find himself in bed with a pretty blond prostitute, who lies in an alcoholic stupor, unarousable; the businessman's wife is expected to arrive at any moment. In the third sketch, a famous British actress has come to town to attend the Oscar ceremonies; she is herself a nominee and hopes for the best. She is accompanied by her bisexual husband, an ex-actor who sells antiques and who will do a little successful cruising during the ceremonies. In the fourth sketch, two couples who have been on an extended holiday together have understandably come to loathe one another; they end in a rib-cracking donnybrook on the bedroom floor.

The sketches are blackouts, though the punch line in each case is curiously muted. Mr. Simon takes the clown's traditionally gloomy view of life (history, of course, being on his side); three of the four sketches, hilarious as they are from one moment to the next, imply that misery is the natural state of man and that it can be assuaged by neither liquor nor wisecracks. The remaining sketch—the one about the sinning Philadelphia businessman—is a sequence of superb sight gags, wonderfully enacted by Jack Weston. The director of the sketches, Gene Saks, has evidently encouraged Mr. Weston to display his Tolstoyan repertory of facial and bodily responses; what hope, what despair, what fear, what longing, what murderous cunning, what sheepish abasement Mr. Weston is able to convey! It is a performance that nobody should miss.

Tammy Grimes as the magazine editor raps out one relentless unpleasantry after another, and George Grizzard as the screenwriter does his best to keep from being cut to ribbons by her. They are delightful as adversaries and still more delightful as the ill-matched British couple. I found Barbara Barrie implausible as a Jewish housewife from Philadelphia, but she made a fine, fiercely competitive tennis-playing consort in the last of the sketches, and Leslie Easterbrook, as the totally stoned and therefore totally silent and totally immobile prostitute, made what I consider a very promising début on Broadway. The scenery has been designed by William Ritman, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the lighting is by Tharon Musser. It is no doubt snobbish of me to say so, but California hasn't done Mr. Simon a particle of harm; his wit is a wine that travels as well from West to East as from East to West.

—BRENDAN GILL



*"It was too hot in the kitchen."*

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Male Patriots*

AS the frontiers of the male empire contract, the emerging of nations of not particularly grateful or surprised women is giving rise to a sort of bland comedy that is often close to slapstick. The cream pie clings to the displaced sovereigns' faces, half hiding a miserable fury that is made funnier because the upstart pie-throwers don't even have the old-time humility to think the fury reasonable.

"Male of the Century"—directed by Claude Berri, from a screenplay by Berri and Jean-Louis Richard that originated in an idea by Miloš Forman—is about an amiable and worried mouse of a man who finds, to his astonishment, that he is not the gorilla he thought, that he is no great shakes at chest-beating. Before the film starts, our hero—called Claude, and played by Claude Berri himself, sporting a Victorian bather's heavy black mustache—has discovered that his wife, Isabelle (Juliet Berto), has had a one-night and perfectly fine affair. This drove him first to bashing his wife and then to retreating into a coma of male grumpiness which allowed him to ignore the fact that he had had a string of like affairs, and found them irrelevant in the mathematics of guilt. The trouble with this mathematics is that his wife—unpardonably, in his eyes—feels no guilt.

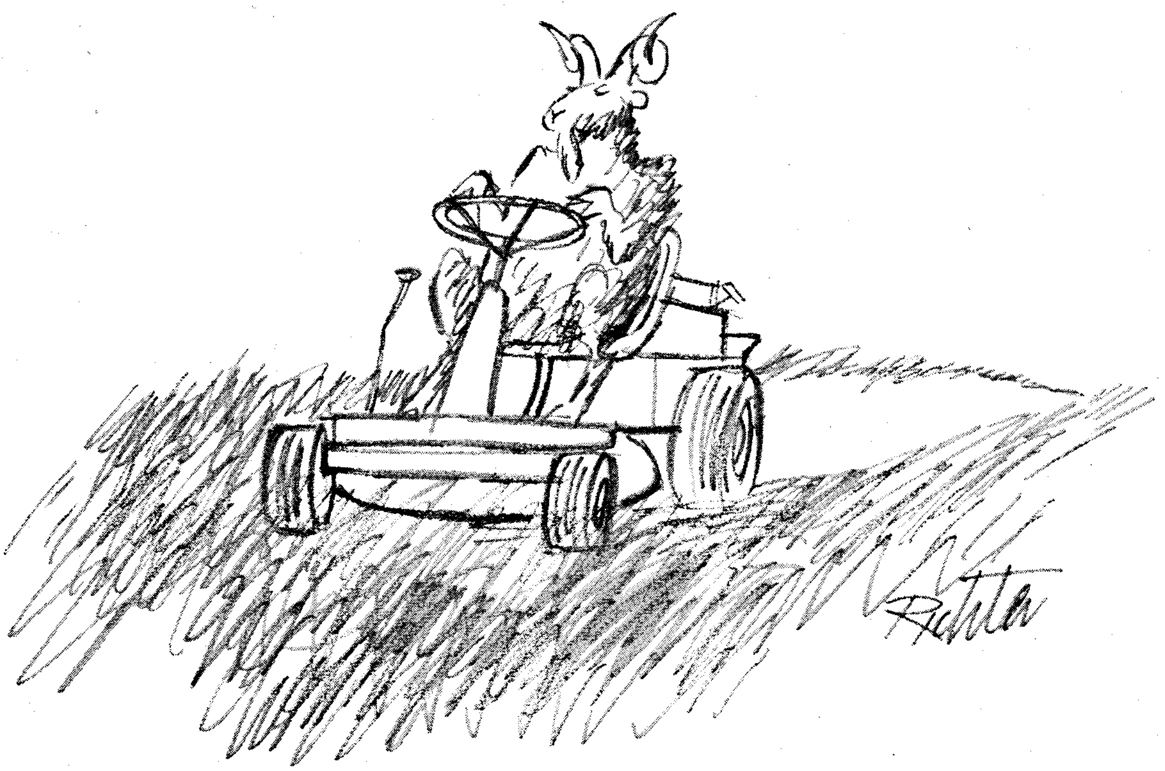
He commiserates with himself for what he dramatizes as an incomparable loss. He tells a friend—a man, of course: a tailor—that his wife was everything to him. A mother, a sister, a wife, a whore. All thieved, within a night! In a flashback, we see him trying to cope imperiously with meeting his wife's temporary lover, who has a look of being perhaps Algerian. The lover smokes pot. Claude clings to cigarettes. He talks to his tailor friend with indignation, hyperbole, and prejudice about his wife's having had an affair with "a stinking hippie," though the man we see in the flashback seems to be shy, hospitable, and undestructive. But the tailor's sympathies are with Claude, all the same.

Claude doesn't notice that he has a squinting standard about the two genders' rules governing affairs. The squint is so marked that, when his wife is held hostage in a bank holdup, he is much less worried about her safety than about whether she will have an affair with one of the gangsters. His worries are added to when his mother-in-law packs a suitcase for her daughter which thoughtfully includes underwear and contraceptive pills. Claude has such distraught fantasies of his wife's walking seductively about the bank vault in a lacy black slip that he is put into hospital to calm him down, and to rest an ankle that he sprained in a tantrum at his toddler children, who had been playing a bank-robber game with stockings over their faces. However, even the hospital exposes him to television. The steady news reports about the bank hostages hardly calm Claude.

Would he have done better never to have married? No; plug on. He runs a small-scale trouser business. His van is labelled, with characterizing sense of prestige, "The Pants King." He is monarch of all the trousers in the world. He finds himself perfectly capable of taking his children's captive mother's place. He feeds the kids mashed potatoes, unadorned. They accept, anxious not to hurt, but then delightedly yell "*Maman!*" at the sight of their mother on the TV screen.

The tailor friend, called Hubert (Hubert Deschamps), has been advised against rushing into marriage. The advice came from his mother, who told him to hold out because he'd never find a woman like her; he followed her counsel until he was forty-two, when she died. Aging mothers, pragmatic and intensely proud of their grown sons' masculinity, play an important role in this comedy of man at his most worried. Claude's mother—played by Mme. Langmann, Claude Berri's own mother—turns up devotedly in the hospital. She is very thin, very short of teeth. She has an important-looking plastic bag of sustenance for her son in his need. A hard-boiled egg and an orange. The film is scattered with extremely serious experts like this lifelong dietitian, who certainly wouldn't trust a hospital dietary consultant as far as she could throw him. There is also a passage of advice from a specialist in the subject of socially useful anesthesia about the different kinds of gas that might be thrown into the bank vault. Laughing gas, but . . . Then, there's carbon monoxide. On the whole, tear gas. "It would be best if their stomachs were empty."

The characters in the film express a droll and unself-conscious niceness that is altogether typical of Berri. The sting of the final scene is also typical. Nothing emotional has quite been worked out between the couple, even though the plot has been resolved. Man and wife still love each other, but they still want different things of each other. Most of all, Berri seems to be telling us, they still have distinct notions of where pride lies. In

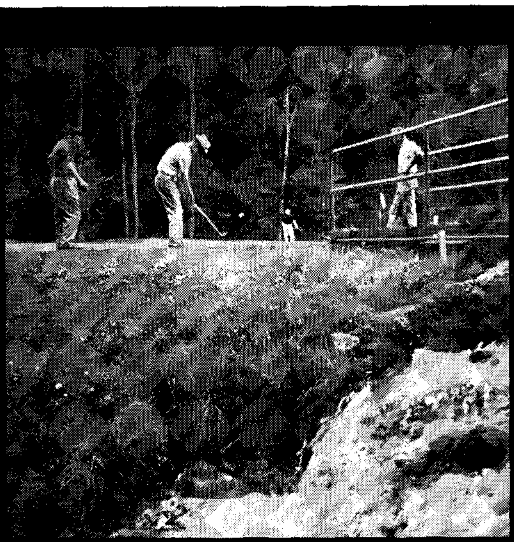


hauteur? In self-esteem? In individuality? In authority?

Claude Chabrol's "A Piece of Pleasure" concerns authoritarianism pure and simple. Philippe (Paul Gégauff, who also wrote the screenplay) has been living with Esther (Danielle Gégauff—Mme. Gégauff in real life) for eight years. He has her in a half-nelson grip that she intermittently despises, but their life together is apparently happy. They live in an ivy-covered country house; they have many friends, well entertained; sensuality between them has lasted, so long as Philippe does the asking; they have a ravishing small daughter. He exerts a lazy despotism over Esther by correcting her vowels when they are shopping. Her vowels are too short. She seems slung between obeisance and mutiny, which is what the film is about. She drives the car, but he complains. He enchants their little girl by playing the piano and making jokes, but she is the one who chiefly does the looking after. Philippe, bored and edgy, has imposed on them a theory that sexual self-rule for both will work. He has convinced her that their grounding is solid enough. And they decide to move to Paris.

Chabrol is showing us people divided by the present crevasse between belief and opinion. Belief is faith; opinion is style. In the couple's move to Paris, they demonstrate the dilemma. In the country, faith held; in Paris, style reigns. Yet they are not changed enough by the move to manage it. To some of their contemporaries, and to worldly magazines, the future means youth; but to both of these people, especially at the bad time that strikes us at three o'clock in the morning, the future means death. Not many people really want to be free: the couple stub their toes on that truth. Sometimes freedom is no fun. The anxiety of emptiness. The burden of isolation.

Chabrol and Gégauff, in a very grown-up film, are exploring what happens to people when they are off the rein. Not to flower children, or to the world's real serfs, or to the very poor who may suddenly be endowed by some lottery or bequest with the liberty of education and choice, but to a well-off, mature couple, with the luxury to grapple with questions about financial and emotional sorts of bondage. They encounter sophisticates capable of languidly asking whether a slave is not better off than a free man, because, as a slave, he is looked after as a valuable piece of goods; to which the slave would be likely to reply that he



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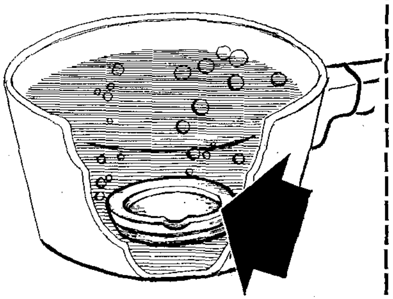

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would rather not be looked after, thank you. Before the Second World War, reported George Orwell, diehards in England used to say that there was no point in giving bathtubs to the poor, because they would only put coal in the things.

In the country, Philippe has already begun to be driven to distraction by Esther's carrying out his proposal of sexual license, which amounts to the act of a landlord handing out freedom to someone whom he continues to treat as his villein. He predicts a future for her as "Bovary the hick." In Paris, he lies uneasily awake, waiting for the alarm clock to go off at seven, when the child is due to get ready for the dentist. *He's* no nanny. *He* won't take her. It's *Esther's* job. Yet he's the one awake, and she's asleep. The child observes her parents struggling and suffering to get out of their rut, and asks questions that are sometimes eerily to the point, as children's questions frequently are. With "A Piece of Pleasure," the often too knowing Chabrol has made one of his most mature films, in allowing himself a child's eye.

"THE LAST WOMAN," directed by Marco Ferreri (of "The Grande Bouffe"), begins with the sound of an electric carving knife. It should be taken as a warning.

The film is a portrait of male-chauvinist swinishness as a cartoonist might draw it. The actor playing the emblematic human animal—Gérard Depardieu, called Gérard in the story—emerges with honor and bravery in his depiction of some of the more dishonorable and craven characteristics of man. Gérard's stomach is swollen with pride and beer. He often struts about his apartment naked, whereas his pretty girl, Valérie (Ornella Muti), latest of a string of mistresses, has a sweet decorum about her. I take the title of the film to mean not only the last woman whom Gérard will live with but also The Last Womanly Woman. She takes over the care of Gérard's toddler son. Gérard is immensely jealous because she believes that babies need cuddling. As he sees the world, he is the one who needs the cuddling. The baby remains uncompetitive. He is aged about a year. Though he learns to walk only in the course of the film, he seems to have been from birth a perfectly adult, Ralph Richardson sort of actor, benign and abstractedly muttering.

The film finishes horrifically, as the buzz of the electric carving knife signalled at the start. Just as "The Grande Bouffe" was an exercise in

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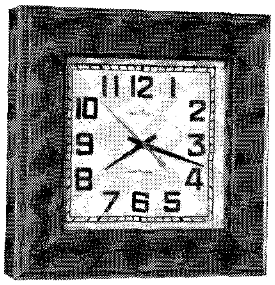

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making the most delicious and operatically prepared food strike us as repulsive, so "The Last Woman" is an exercise in taking sexuality to the level of the loathsome. Ferreri earnestly means his Grand Guignol dramas, no doubt of it: he is not to be dismissed. If one can cope with the ferocity of his metaphors, both "The Grande Bouffe" and "The Last Woman" are films with serious themes about monstrous distortions of human appetite. The hero stands for inordinate masculine pride, playing with his child only because he is a son; his girl stands for woman-as-object, painfully putting up with his insults. When did he last care about her? As soon as he has made love to her, he is bored. It never occurs to him that she may have her own longings, and a need to be cherished and fostered. "Women's lib!" he shouts. "Without an anchor, you're nothing!" And the anchor is me. Me. Me. *Me.* She retreats into what strikes him as unreasonable coolness. "*Quel caprice!*" he exclaims, aware of nothing. He rides a motorbike at a terrific pace. It is a symbol of his power, like his infant way of running downstairs to another woman's flat if he wants to punish his girl. His masculinity is shown by Ferreri not as a fact but as a weapon.

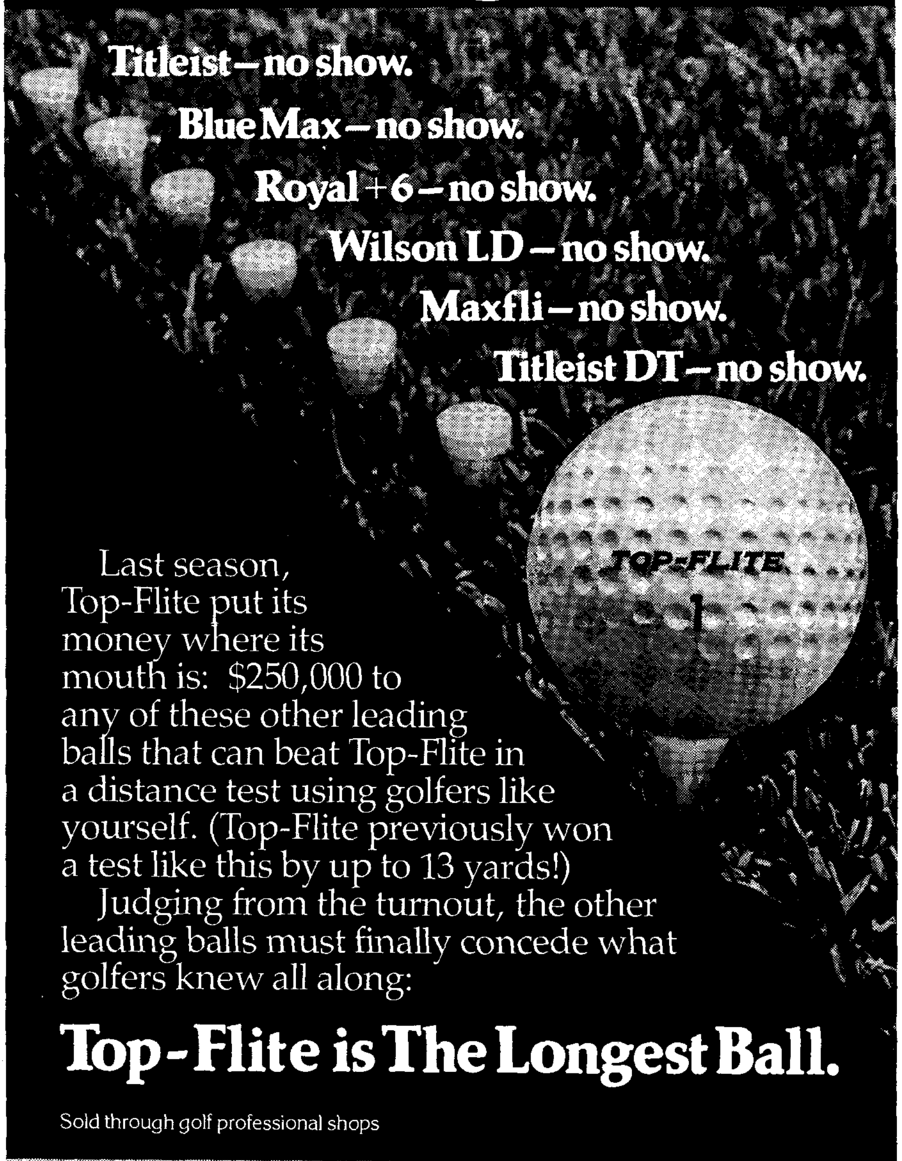
So is this what happens to people when they live in eggbox apartment houses with plate-glass views onto other eggboxes? Is this what happens if women consent to be bored? Valérie turns out to be more than Gérard can deal with because she insists on her right to be interested, and because his sense of the dramatic overwhelms his sensibility. The film ends with an act of self-punishment that, though it is almost unwatchable, is precisely in key with the earlier scenes of Gérard's theatrical absorption with himself. There is a curious emotional kickback in this film, as there is in the others here discussed. The principal man in each, apparently meant as a quizzical totem of male supremacy, is actually much the most compellingly seen character. It is also paradoxical that in the melodrama of "The Last Woman" the cringing prototype of the girl remains in the mind as a delicate and gentle-spirited being.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Major craft fairs are having a way of cropping up in obscene corners of upstate New York or rural Pennsylvania, making it difficult to drop in on them when you've a few hours to spare.—*The News.*

You can always wear a disguise.



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# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

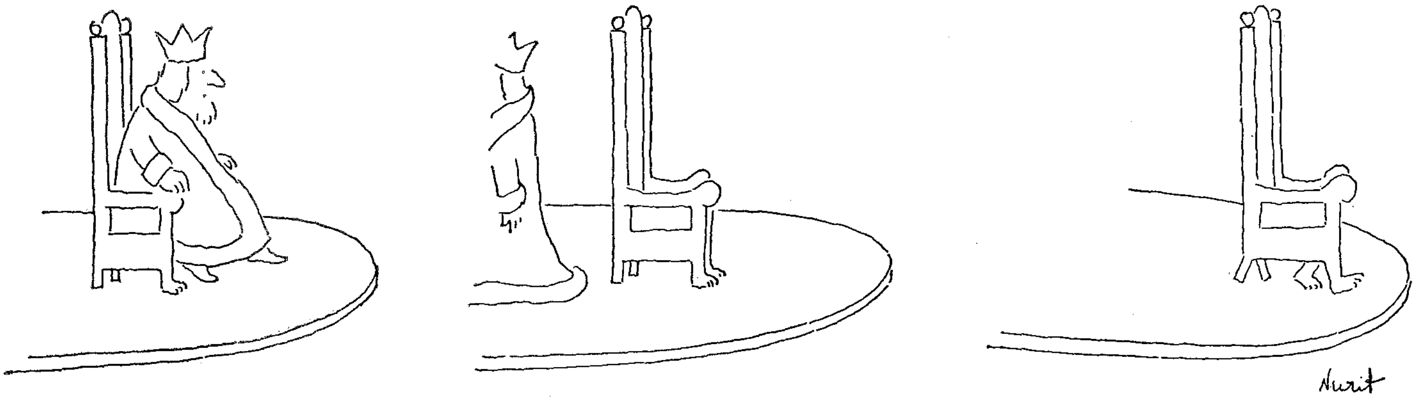
JUNE 11

THE PROCESS: In a Gallup Poll taken in April and early May, the period in which Ronald Reagan established himself as a clear and present threat to President Ford's nomination, sixty-one per cent of Republicans favored Ford, thirty-five per cent Reagan. A poll conducted for *Time* on April 29th showed Ford with sixty-two per cent and Reagan with twenty-five—a gain of six points for the President over a *Time* poll taken seven weeks earlier. Also in April, a Harris Survey of Republicans and independents had Ford with fifty-nine per cent and Reagan with thirty; a regional breakdown showed Ford ahead everywhere but in the Deep South, where he was behind by two per cent. And a Washington *Post* canvass taken two days after the Texas primary, in which Reagan won all the delegates and about seventy per cent of the preferential vote, tested Ford and Reagan against Jimmy Carter and found that although the Democrat would defeat either in an election held at that moment, Ford would be stronger than Reagan by four per cent.

The polls can be faulted on many grounds. Because they have no satisfactory way of gauging intensity of feeling, they can be highly misleading on issues; in the last stages of the war in Vietnam, they failed to register the full force of the opposition to Nixon's policies. In testing the strength of candidates, they often reflect recognition of names rather than approval of records. (Before this year's primary campaigns, Edward Kennedy and Hubert Humphrey led all other Democrats; in a Harris Survey released on May 31st, Humphrey led Carter by three per cent, and Kennedy was in fourth place, behind Carter and Edmund Brown, Jr.) Even the most scrupulously conducted polls can be subject to manipulation; in 1972, members of George McGovern's campaign staff in Wisconsin got hold of a list of districts being sampled by a television-network poll and proceeded to saturate them with McGovern campaign workers and advertising. "Polling," Henry Steele Commager has written, "presents a serious danger to the democratic process." Dangerous or not, it is certainly part of the process. "When the polls go good for me, the cash register really rings," Richard Nixon said in 1968.

But, whatever their shortcomings, the polls have been a surer guide to public opinion than the primaries, and when four of the most reputable ones show Ford leading Reagan by just about identical margins—approximately two to one—it has to be concluded that the primary system is not the expression of direct democracy it was originally intended to be. "I am for the people to select, as well as elect, their candidates," Senator Thomas Hart Benton, a Jacksonian Democrat and an early proponent of the system, wrote in 1854. He and other reformers felt that the people were being given the chance only to choose among candidates already chosen by the political bosses, and that the winning candidate, once in office, would be beholden to one set or another of them. "If bad men control the nominations, we cannot have good government," Robert La Follette, the Wisconsin Republican, wrote in 1898. And the quintessential bad man, Boss Tweed, of Tammany Hall, had said, "You may elect whichever candidate you please to office if you will allow me to select the candidates." Over the past several decades, the power of local bosses and their organizations has been in sharp decline, but the proliferation of primaries and the increased attention paid them have had less to do with this decline than has the expanded role of the central government, or what some observers describe as "the nationalization of American politics." The primaries occasionally inconvenience the remaining state and city machines—as, for example, on April 27th, when Pennsylvania Democrats chose Carter over the organization candidate, Henry Jackson. But Pennsylvania was an exception. There has been no more impressive display of bossism in recent years than Nelson Rockefeller's delivery to the President of one hundred and nineteen "uncommitted" New York delegates in order to keep Reagan in second place. (It was ironic as well as impressive, since the Vice-President was somewhat in the position of a man giving up his last remaining assets to save a bank that had just called in all his loans and foreclosed his mortgage.) In Illinois, Richard Daley kept his options open—until this week—by holding eighty-six delegates committed to Adlai Stevenson III, a non-candidate, and in Maryland Governor Marvin Mandel, in a stop-Carter move, put his state organization behind Governor Brown, who cheerfully accepted it while lecturing on the evils of machine politics.

Our present method of selecting candidates can be as much an affront to democracy as a rotten-boroughs system. In Kansas City in August, a delegate from Massachusetts will represent more than six times as many Republicans as a delegate from Wyoming. In what has become the most important of the primaries—California's, held this week—the three-quarters of a million Republicans who voted for Ford will be spoken for by a delegation pledged to Reagan, since for California Republicans the primary is a winner-take-all affair. (For California Democrats, delegates are distributed on a proportional basis to anyone who gets more than fifteen per cent of the popular vote in any congressional district.) Proportional representation, or an approximation of it, is now the rule in most primary states, but the method of recording votes for delegates varies widely—a fact that accounts for the frequent disparity between the preferential voting and that for delegates. It is often all but impossible for voters to know for whom or for what, if anything, the rival slates stand, and almost equally difficult when they are fielded as uncommitted. (As a rule, an uncommitted slate is one controlled by the local organization.) The process also tends to give the advantage to names that have become familiar through publicity—in most cases those closest to the faction in power locally. Some of the architects of the system felt that the open primary—one in which members of one party can vote for and against the candidates of another—would be the ultimate in democratic procedure, giving the electorate even more latitude than the direct primary. In fact, the open primary undermines the very concept of political parties and of voluntary associations in general. It makes no more sense than allowing a New Yorker to cast a vote in Alaska, or allowing members of one trade union to take part in the elections of another—according the teamsters, say, a voice in the affairs of the railroad workers. Moreover, the primaries give a distinct advantage to a candidate who, like Reagan or, until he became a spent force, George Wallace, makes his principal appeal to the deeply aggrieved, the radicals of right or left. Apart from people who have a vested interest in the outcome—those who have or are seeking patronage jobs or other political and governmental favors and benefits—these radicals are the most highly motivated and the best organized of voters, and while moderates generally prevail in November, the zealots can deploy their troops more effectively in

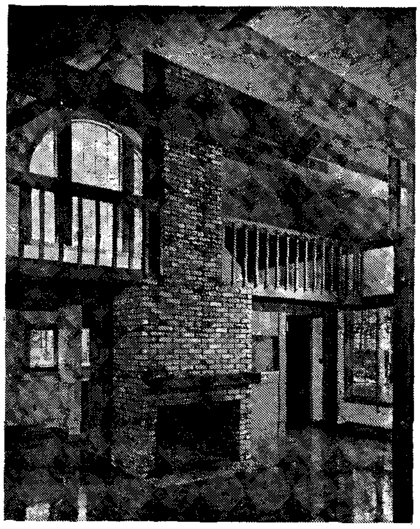


the primaries. It was reported last month that in Lubbock, Texas, where the usual turnout for a Republican primary is about seventeen hundred, more than five times that number cast ballots this year. Some were Republican rightists who had not bothered to vote when their cause had no champion, but as many were Democrats who had supported Wallace and found Reagan a suitable proxy. Reagan won with sixty per cent. He would probably have taken Lubbock without the crossovers, but he might not have taken Texas.

The primaries have not enriched the democratic ideal, or improved the quality of government, or given us better Presidents: Since 1912, when the first one was held, Calvin Coolidge has won more Presidential primaries than any other candidate except Woodrow Wilson. At times, though, the primaries have provided the electorate with choices it would not otherwise have had. Without them, such candidacies as those of Reagan and Carter would have been impossible. Reagan has had something of a national following for more than ten years, but if he had sought to challenge a Republican President from within the established Republican organization he would have been rebuffed almost everywhere, including, probably, California, where he no longer holds office and has no authority over the Republicans who do. Unlike Reagan, Carter was all but unknown outside his own state and had even less standing in his own party. He had, of course, high intelligence and formidable political skills, but he needed the primaries to put these on display and to gain exposure through the press and television, which are also part of the process. Beyond that, a kind of mystique has developed about the relationship between winning primaries and winning the Presidency. Since 1912, nine of the ten elected Presidents have been men who had won five or more primaries; the exception, Warren Harding, had won only one, as had his Democratic opponent, James Cox. And in the sixteen elections since 1912 it was the nominee who won more primaries than his rival who went to the White House—in all but one year, that is, when Herbert Hoover, who won seven primaries, defeated Alfred E. Smith, who won nine. These figures may prove only that nothing succeeds like success. In 1940, Franklin Roosevelt won seven primaries, and in 1952 Dwight Eisenhower won five. No serious historian would maintain that Wendell Willkie could have defeated Roosevelt if he had won eight primaries or that Adlai Stevenson would have been President if he had won six. It is absurd to give the same weight to a Republican primary in Arkansas as to a Democratic one in New York. But politicians, either out of superstition or because of the legal training of so many of them, are great respecters of precedent, and it is now almost an article of faith among them that the only road to the White House begins in New Hampshire and ends in California.

THE ISSUES: For what he holds to be a lack of commitment and specificity, Edmund Brown, Jr., has accused Jimmy Carter of "consumer fraud," as though the candidate were a mislabelled package, but when Brown himself has been charged with ambiguity and fuzziness he has said that "a little vagueness goes a long way in this business." All politicians know this to be true, but few would acknowledge it as being among their guiding principles. The fact is that while both Brown and Carter, in interviews and press conferences, have been reasonably responsive in handling questions about public policy, they have, like President Ford in the later primaries, been asking voters to accept them on other grounds—character, rectitude, competence, experience, and the like—and Carter has justified this by saying that "people don't respond to a detailed discussion of the issues this year." He is probably right, though in Nebraska, where he made the statement, he lost to Frank Church, who did discuss issues. Still, it has been a bad year for those Democrats who have sought support on the basis of fixed positions on domestic and foreign policy. Of them, Fred Harris and Sargent Shriver had more and firmer commitments than any of the others, and they were among the first eliminated. George Wallace, Birch Bayh, and Henry Jackson were almost as specific, and although Jackson carried New York and Massachusetts, his success was largely attributable to superior organization. (He was well organized in Pennsylvania, too, but Carter won handsomely there and forced his withdrawal.) Among those who stayed the primary course, only Church and Morris Udall continued to speak in ideological and programmatic terms, but neither was ever regarded as a really serious candidate.

Much recent history supports Brown and Carter in their view of the uses of ambiguity and the inadvisability of appealing to voters with detailed social and economic diagnoses and remedies. Barry Goldwater in 1964 and George McGovern in 1972 campaigned almost entirely on issues and suffered two of the worst defeats of the century. No one in memory has solicited trust and confidence quite as openly as Carter has, but Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower—and, for that matter, George Washington—were put in office by people who had little to go on except a conviction that the candidates were men of strength and high purpose, suited to leadership by training and temperament. (This may have been true, though to a far lesser extent, of John Kennedy, who came close to losing.) And Carter may have been right in citing 1976 as a year in which there are particular justifications for finessing the issues, especially in the primaries. Few of the current issues lend themselves to the kind of rhetoric appropriate to airport rallies and barbecues. Inflation, unemployment, tax reform, the allocation of resources of energy—these are complicated, largely



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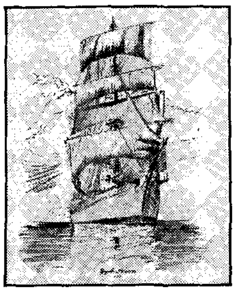

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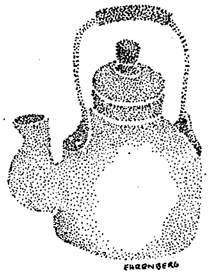
technical matters and cannot be responsibly dealt with in five- or ten-minute speeches, primarily designed for two- or three-minute spots on the evening news. All the leading candidates can deplore the cost and waste of government, as has nearly every candidate who has held or sought the Presidency in the last forty years, but short of treating the problem as Ford does—"This President will veto and veto and veto again and again and again!"—there is little to offer the voters except promises to reorganize and rationalize, and to institute "zero-based budgeting," this year's nonce phrase for efficiency and economy. Since Vietnam, there has been little public interest in foreign and military policy. Reagan has got some mileage out of the Panama Canal—it could have been an issue in 1964, 1968, and 1972 if anyone had thought of it—and out of what he charges was our military unpreparedness, but it is doubtful if he really did more than arouse the feelings of the minority that regards, as he plainly does, our withdrawal from Southeast Asia as a craven surrender of principle rather than as a belated triumph of common sense and decency.

When the nominees have been chosen, the larger issues will be dealt with in more detail and, perhaps, with more responsibility than they were in the primaries. Disputes over who is "electable" and who is not will have become pointless; national audiences will have to be faced, matters of national concern addressed. Issues that thus far have hardly been touched upon—the intelligence agencies, the environment, the plight of the cities—will be subjects of debate and hard questions. It is likely that less will be heard about Panama and Rhodesia, and more about Western Europe and Japan. Party platforms will have been published, and while they are never altogether binding on nominees, they represent a series of fairly specific commitments. Yet the key issue in almost every Presidential campaign is not so much what should be done in the future as what has been done in the past. If Ford is the nominee, he will have to run on his record, his performance in office—beginning, no doubt, with the pardon of Nixon, a subject on which little has yet been said. If the economic upturn continues through November, he will have to defend his claim that the credit for it belongs to him and his advisers, rather than to the Democratic majority in Congress, which forced his hand on the tax and energy legislation that, in the view of those who drafted it, has had as much to do with recovery as any of his policies. And if Reagan is the nominee, he will have to switch from attacks on the Ford record to some kind of defense of it, for it is, after all, a Republican record, and he will have to couple his pleas for his own election with a call for the election and reëlection of hundreds of Ford Republicans. Similarly, if Carter is the Democratic nominee, it will be hard for him to go on talking about the unfitness of those who have served in Washington over the years. It may be that few of these old hands contributed much to his success in the primaries, but he could not be a success in the White House without their coöperation. The general-election campaign may advance public enlightenment little more than the primaries did, but at least the nominees will be brought closer to current realities.



CHURCH AND STATE: In April, Ronald Reagan said in a television address that he believed that "God had a divine purpose in placing this land between the two great oceans," and last month, speaking at Warner Pacific College, a Church of God institution in Portland, Oregon, the President said, "Our national life has reached the point where we must recover transcendent qualities of spirituality and morality." He did not explain this assertion, but he told the students that "as a little boy" he had been much moved by the admonition in the Book of Proverbs to "trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding," and he went on to say that he had had the Bible open to this verse when he took the oath of office in 1974. He also pointed out that his son was a divinity student. If Senator Church cited Scripture anywhere, it was not reported, but he let his audiences know that, for his part, he has a son who is a minister. That Governor Brown is an ex-seminarian was a fact widely made known by his managers, as was the fact that he has a strong interest in Trappist monasticism and Zen Buddhism. The Carter people in Michigan tried to make something of the fact that Mormonism, the faith in which Udall was raised, embraces some racist doctrines, while some of Carter's critics raised questions about the Baptist fundamentalism he espouses. Udall explained that he was a lapsed Mormon, but Carter, though he had not brought up the matter in the first place, has said that his religion, while not forming a basis for his political views, had strengthened him in his political endeavors.

Whenever religious questions have been injected into Presidential politics in the past, there has been an effort to deny their significance and to remove them as issues. This is what the Roman Catholic nominees Alfred E. Smith and John Kennedy sought to do in 1928 and 1960; Smith failed, Kennedy succeeded. Except for Udall, no one this year has tried to have religion set aside as politically irrelevant, or as a strictly private matter. This may be because, as many believe, it has lately been playing a larger role in American life, and also, perhaps, because many see it as a force promoting integrity and social conscience. Or it may be because the doctrine of separation of church and state no longer needs defending; in this century, the only threat to it that anyone could perceive, or misperceive, came from the Vatican, and we have survived a Catholic President. But if it is bigoted to hold that a particular religion disqualifies anyone for the Presidency, it is simplistic to hold that religion has no bearing whatever on politics. It is not merely a matter of taste, though in some people it may be mainly for show; faith, when it is deeply held, is bound to affect one's views on political and most other matters. The fact that Brown is at least a part-time ascetic may tell more about his social philosophy than the fact that he is a Democrat. The fact that Carter is a Baptist is at least as important as the fact that he is a Southerner. And the church-state question—on which Baptists have always favored separation—is not the only relevant one. Woodrow Wilson and John Foster Dulles were Calvinists who would never have advocated an established church, but their religious convictions were keys to their approach to the world. Arguing the case for this country's entering the League of Nations, Wilson could say that it was "the hand of God that led us in this way" and speak of the responsibility of this country for the "redemption . . . and salvation of the world." Dulles justified our role in the Cold War by insisting that we were defending "moral law" and that "this law has been trampled by the Soviet rulers, and for that violation they can and should be made to pay." This kind of certitude had no place in the thinking of Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the most religious President in our history,

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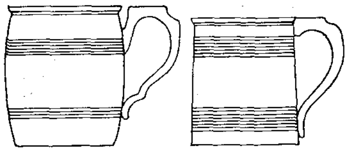

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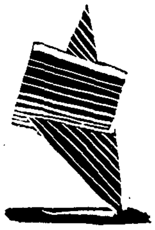
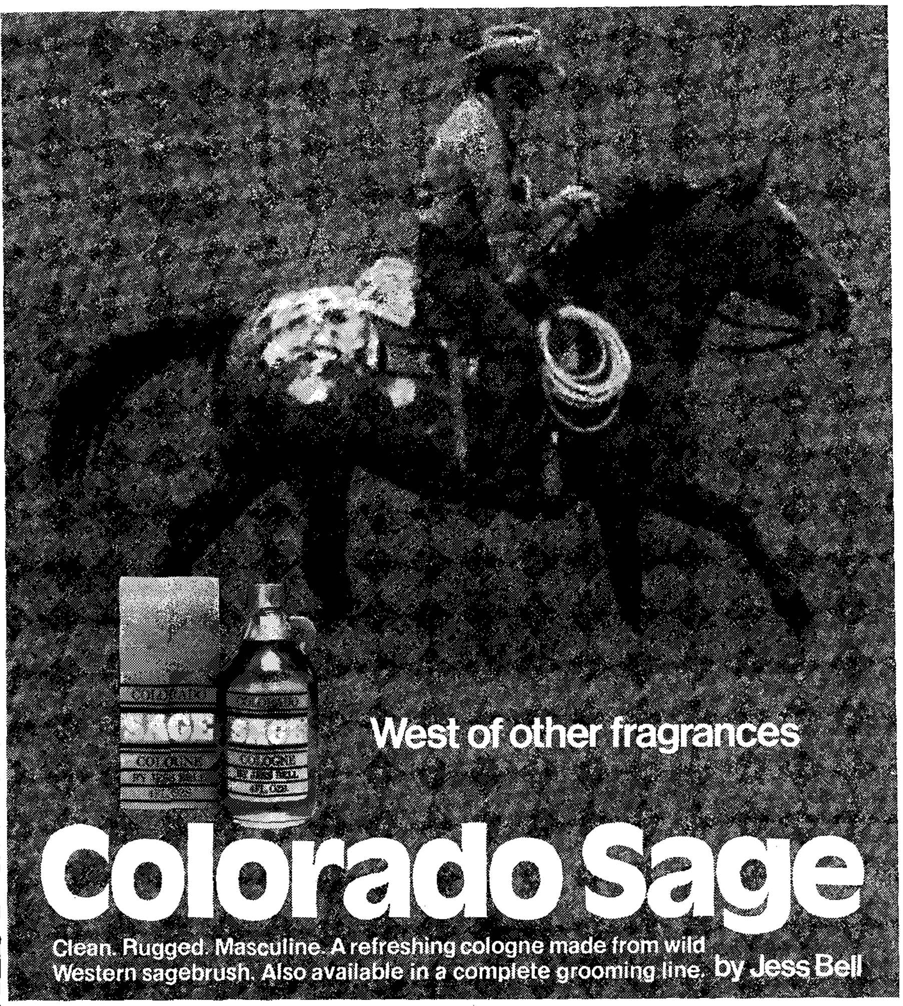
and it has no place in democratic politics. And evidently it has no place in Carter's philosophy, for he has said, drawing on Paul Tillich, that "when we quit searching and think we know the answers . . . perhaps at that moment we lose part of our religion." It is a reassuring answer to a perfectly legitimate inquiry.

NINETEEN SIXTY-FOUR AND 1976: Democrats who are cheered and Republicans who are dismayed by the prospect of a Reagan nomination tend to think of 1976 in terms of 1964, and of a Reagan campaign as a replay of Barry Goldwater's twelve years ago. The similarities are numerous, but the differences are large. Like the Goldwater of 1964 (but not the Goldwater of today), Reagan is a sabre rattler. Both men have been attracted by the idea of dismantling Social Security and of selling the Tennessee Valley Authority to private interests. (One wonders why Reagan doesn't recommend the same thing for the Panama Canal.) But Goldwater did not take the primary route to the nomination; had he done so, he might never have won it, for he had far less rank-and-file support than Reagan has had this year. He was more a Party regular, and although he, too, pursued a "Southern strategy," his appeal outside the South was essentially to hard-core, middle-class Republican conservatives, while Reagan has attracted many Democrats and independents in the lower-income brackets. Goldwater was more an ideologue than Reagan and less a demagogue. He was often flip and irresponsible, but he was a more thoughtful man, and it seems unlikely that he could ever have brought himself to ask, as Reagan once did when involved in a controversy over education in California, "Why should we subsidize intellectual curiosity?" Goldwater appeared to have little inner drive; Reagan seems as fiercely ambitious and combative as Richard Nixon. Goldwater was a lacklustre campaigner; Reagan is a slick and accomplished one, though perhaps in a style more suited to the primaries than to the general elections, in which he would be unable to set the ground rules. In 1964, Goldwater was a divisive force in his own party, but he was almost certainly less so than Reagan would be as a candidate, largely, though not entirely, because so many of today's Republican leaders have had to live with a consequence of Goldwater's nomination—a period of sustained political famine. What many Republican leaders now fear is that a Reagan nomination would not merely split the Party temporarily, as Goldwater's did, but would set in motion a chain of events leading to something like permanent dismemberment. This is not because a good many Republicans would defect to the Democrats or sit on their hands until after November 2nd; losses of this kind might be only marginally greater than they were in 1964, and might, in fact, be more than offset by Reagan's broader appeal. But in 1976, unlike 1964, many Republican rightists feel that no matter what happens in Kansas City in August, their ends would be served by the destruction of the Party. They reason that if Reagan loses to Ford, or if Reagan is nominated and loses to a Democrat, it will have been demonstrated conclusively that the Republican Party is an institution no longer capable of serving rightist causes. Far from being distressed by the likelihood that many Republicans will desert the Party if the President is not nominated (in a *Times*/CBS News poll, twenty-three per cent of the Republicans who support Ford said that if they had to choose between Reagan and Carter they would choose Carter), they would welcome it as further evidence of the Party's unworthiness. Some would do anything necessary to hasten the Party's dissolution, one having recently said, "It's like a disabled tank on a bridge, impeding the troops from crossing to the other side. You've got to take that tank and throw it in the river."



The military metaphor does not quite fit the facts. The Republican Party is not a single vehicle that can be pushed into a grave. It is a federation of state and local organizations, loosely bound together by ties of tradition, sentiment, and bits and pieces of ideology. Some of its components were all but moribund well before 1964, while others have flourished in the years since then. In much of the South, the Party is stronger now than it has ever been, and the outlook for further success in winning state and local offices would not be dimmed by Reagan's nomination; actually, if anyone other than Carter headed the Democratic ticket, the Southern Republicans might be strengthened. In the North, there would be few places where candidates could ride Reagan's coattails to victory, but in states like New York it is inconceivable that the Party would fall apart because of anything that is likely to happen, or not happen, this year. Yet the Party as a *national* institution is another story altogether. It is already very weak, holding the loyalty of only about eighteen per cent of the electorate, and is now, according to John Deardourff, an adviser to Republican candidates in several Middle Western states, "perilously close to that point where it lacks the critical mass just to stay alive." If it cannot satisfy the ultra-rightists, it probably cannot function without them. If they leave to form a new national party, which is what many of them intend to do no matter what happens between now and November, the loss of adherents (perhaps no more than three or four per cent) would not in itself be much of a loss in overall strength—the present eighteen per cent would drop only about a point—but among the defectors would be the most energetic and effective of Republican workers, the cadres that have known how to exploit the political ineptitude of Ford and his advisers and that have mounted Reagan's formidable challenge. For politicians who feel that winning is always better than losing, a third party that would be little more than a Republican splinter might seem an exercise in pique and futility, but on the far right, as on the far left, there are people who think of winning in terms of scoring doctrinal points and of frustrating those who have frustrated them. This kind of thinking has been evident in the Reagan campaign from the start. It has been less a campaign for the Presidency than one against the President. Voters may be attracted by Reagan's histrionics, his jingoism, his articulation of their resentments, but he himself has had little to say about his qualifications for the job. His emphasis has been on what should not be done rather than on what should be done. It may prove a good formula for winning this year's Republican nomination, but unless he knows something about the country's present mood that no other leading politician knows, it is not an approach likely to win in the general election.

When they nominated Goldwater in 1964, the Republicans had little to lose—or so, at least, they thought at the time. Goldwater divided a party that had no executive responsibility and, at the national level, little legislative power. No Republican could have hoped to win; anyone the Party nominated would have had to run not only against a popular incumbent but against his martyred predecessor. Reagan's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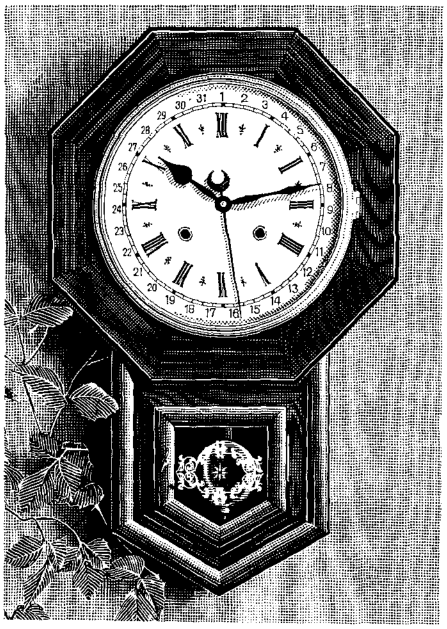

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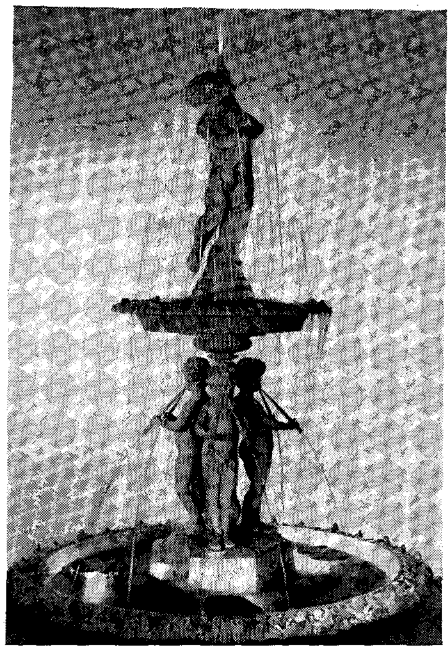

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Penny and Michael Schmitt, props.

nomination would be a public humiliation of a sitting President, who would have five months to serve as a lame duck. Many Presidents—most recently Truman, Eisenhower, and Johnson—have had to serve while facing retirement, but none had been repudiated by his party, and Eisenhower, indeed, had wide backing throughout the country and would have been reëlected if he had wanted a third term and had not been barred by law from seeking one. Truman and Johnson withdrew voluntarily in favor of men who supported their basic policies and were pledged, if elected, to continue them. In none of these cases was the governmental process much affected by the political process; there was nothing like a crisis of confidence. But if Reagan is nominated, Ford will be from August through January a President empowered by the Constitution to speak for the nation but a President disowned by his party, and certain, in any event, to be succeeded by a man determined to introduce a whole new set of priorities. He would exercise power without a power base. This is a situation without precedent in modern American history. (Almost a century ago, in 1884, Chester Arthur, who had also moved up from the Vice-Presidency, was defeated by James Blaine in June for the Republican nomination, and served until the following March, when he was succeeded by Grover Cleveland. But that was at a time when the country had little in the way of a foreign policy, and when a burning domestic controversy turned on whether or not polygamy should be countenanced in the territories.) If Ford should lose in Kansas City, it is difficult to see how he would conduct himself and his Administration in what remains of his term. Reagan has campaigned as much against Henry Kissinger as against Ford, and since the Secretary of State has few admirers among Democrats, our allies and adversaries might well decide to suspend all negotiations for the duration. Kissinger could resign and be replaced by someone who had the approval of either Reagan or the Democratic nominee—in the circumstances, surely no one could get bipartisan support—but any such interim arrangement could hardly satisfy anyone here or abroad. In 1944, Franklin Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey agreed to keep foreign affairs out of the Presidential campaign, and the agreement held, but they could count on wartime national unity, and, besides, their differences were almost negligible. But the Cold War and the militarization that accompanied it have blurred the distinction between foreign and domestic policy, so that differences, for example, over our role in Southeast Asia were close to the core of domestic concern. On matters that can be described as strictly domestic, the main differences between Ford and Reagan are rhetorical, and the only initiative now being undertaken in the White House—again as a response to Reagan—is the search for a case that might ultimately induce the Supreme Court to reverse or modify its 1954 decision on segregation in the public schools. Ford seems to be pursuing this with uncharacteristic enthusiasm, and it is unlikely to draw any criticism from Reagan. But if Reagan is nominated, even the day-to-day operations of government are likely to be suspended as the outgoing Administration begins to disintegrate in the manner of all outgoing Administrations. And if the nominee is Ford, his eagerness to win the approval of the Reagan wing may have a similarly immobilizing effect. He will be more than ever a caretaker President.

After Goldwater's nomination in 1964, Johnson's strategy was to put as much ideological distance as possible between himself and his Republican rival; Ford's strategy in his contest with Reagan, until two or three weeks ago, was to do all he could to close the gap. As a result, Reagan, who seems unlikely ever to be President, and may not even be nominated for the office, has had an impact on events as great as that of many Presidents, and greater than that of any aspirant within memory. In a sense, he has been a kind of co-President. He has toppled a Vice-President, provoked the Secretary of State into political combat, and in a real sense become a participant in the making of foreign and military policy. When it seemed possible that some kind of normalization of relations with Cuba might be arranged, Ford, seeking votes among the Cuban exiles in Florida, called Fidel Castro an "international outlaw." (Reagan got most of their votes anyway.) When Reagan disapproved of the Administration's belated recognition of minority rights in southern Africa, Ford put the quietus on it, and will do nothing to persuade this Congress to support the policy and appropriate the funds that Kissinger had told the Africans would shortly be available. Until Reagan came along, Ford and his military advisers were not persuaded of the need for the as yet untested B-1 bomber, estimated to cost about eighty-seven million dollars each, or for the expanded shipbuilding program he announced on May 4th. By his attacks, Reagan has forced Ford, who is almost the epitome of the Washington "buddy system," to join him in running against the government the President heads. In 1964, Goldwater campaigned for the nomination with the assurance that he, unlike Nelson Rockefeller and others seeking it, would give the Party "a choice, not an echo," or, as it was put in an earlier day, that he would not be a "me, too" candidate. Throughout most of the last six months, the President, breaking a tradition observed by almost all incumbents, has done little more than echo the man who seeks to replace him. If he defeats Reagan two months from now, he will be free to take another tack, but his probable aim then, as it has been all along, will be to mollify the Reaganites, with the consequence that their leader, even if he fails, will continue to be a presence in our national politics. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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and, near but unseen,
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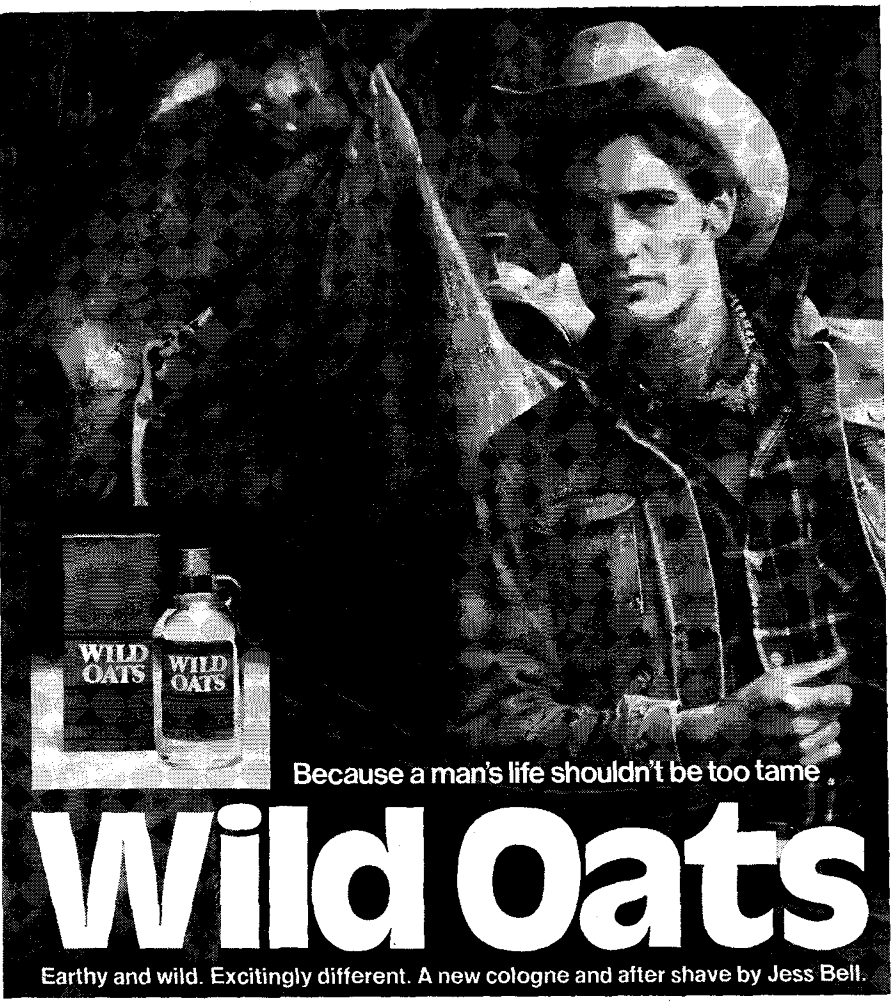
the swallows stir
under the eaves,
the street groans
and goes back to sleep
a moment, and then
the first deliveries.
In this hour I
recognize myself
as I first did
in the darkened glass
of childhood when I was
afraid, and later
with a woman
who drank slowly,
grew cold, and went
home alone. Once,
years ago, leaving
for work, I looked up
and saw a stranger
at my window and he
didn't wave back,
but this time I'm
the father coming home,
broken and mended,
from a long trip
with a gift for no one.

—PHILIP LEVINE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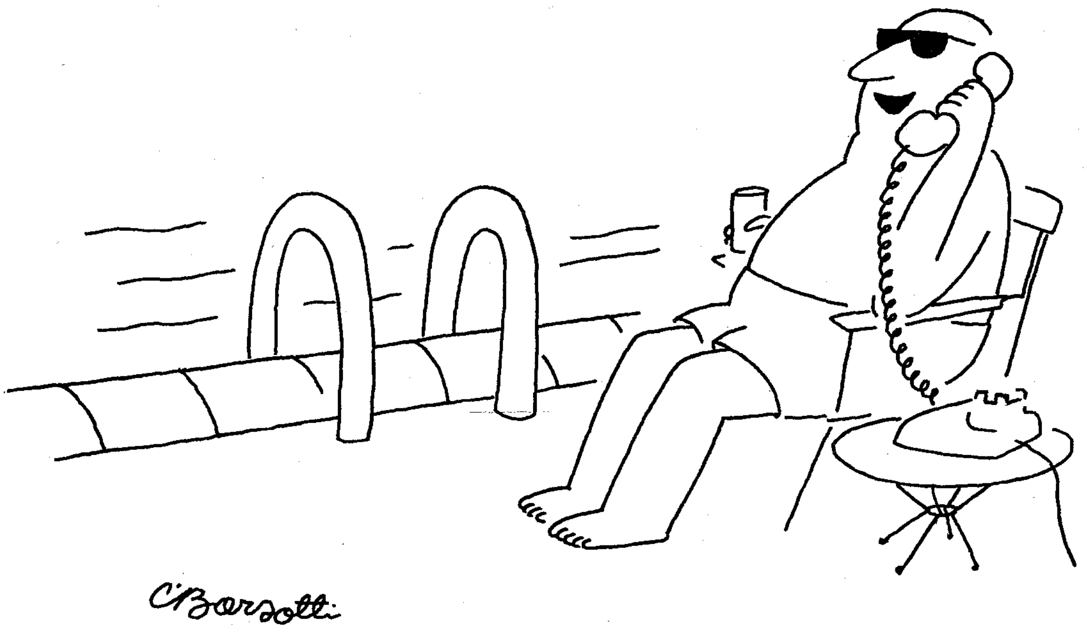
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## Only Verdi

WHEN the critic Henry F. Chorley assembled his “Thirty Years’ Musical Recollections,” in 1862, he reflected that “Signor Verdi is . . . the only writer of his country representing, during the last fifteen years, that Maestro of better days [Rossini], whose music was heard from one end of Europe to the other.” And not only Europe. Verdi won his first large success with his third opera, “Nabucco.” It was produced at La Scala, Milan, in the spring of 1842 and revived in the autumn season for fifty-seven more performances—a figure unmatched before or since in the Scala annals. Swiftly it carried his name throughout Italy. In 1843, it reached Vienna and Lisbon; in 1844, Barcelona, Berlin, Corfu, Stuttgart, Oporto, and Malta; in 1845, Paris, Hamburg, Marseilles, and Algiers; in 1846, Copenhagen, Constantinople, Budapest, and London; in 1847, Havana and Bucharest; in 1848, New York and Brussels; in 1849, Prague; in 1850, Lemberg and Buenos Aires; in 1851, Zurich and St. Petersburg. Similar accounts could show how rapid and wide was the dissemination of all Verdi’s popular operas. And, unlike Rossini’s—which, except for “The Barber,” soon disappeared from the central repertory—they continued and continue to be performed. For a century and a quarter, Verdi has dominated the operatic scene in a sustained way unmatched by any other composer except Mozart and Wagner. Donizetti and Meyerbeer, who were deemed giants in their day, came and went (and seem to be coming back again). Puccini and Richard Strauss have arrived, but who can tell if they are here to stay? Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi have stood the test of time, and Verdi’s reputation is still growing. In London, Covent Garden has just staged its first production of Verdi’s fourth opera, “I Lombardi alla Prima Crociata,” with clamorous success. In the fifties and sixties, *all* his operas were revived on various British stages, and also in Italy. In New York, this season, “La Battaglia di Legnano,” “Giovanna d’Arco,” and “Stiffelio” were given their first American stagings, and an American Institute for Verdi Studies was founded. A large body of works that used to be lumped together as “early Verdi” has become a sequence of distinct operas, each worth individual inspection.

When Alfred Noyes, in a once well-known poem, wrote that “the music’s only Verdi”—it was a “Trovatore” tune he heard, ground out by a barrel organ—that “only” was a fair reflection of serious critical opinion early this century. “Otello” and “Falstaff” were respectable; Verdi’s other operas formed a progression from crude vigor to that late-reached mastery. Some people think differently now. Giuseppe Baldini, a cultivated and scholarly man, translator of Shakespeare, claimed “Il Trovatore” as Verdi’s masterpiece; the conductor Gianandrea Gavazzeni has dubbed it “the Italian Matthew Passion.” Such champions go too far. The general perspective of the old view was more nearly true. Almost at the start of his career, Verdi formulated the articles of operatic belief that guided him along the path to “Otello,” and in the letters of 1843, when “Ernani” was planned, there are ideas, precepts, very phrases that recur constantly during the next forty years. That path began under the shadows of Rossini and Donizetti, composers to whom Verdi’s music paid frequent and sometimes, it seems, deliberate and specific tribute. It led him—as Rossini and Donizetti had both been led—to Paris. Verdi’s life for the decade after “Ernani” reads like a travel diary, a chronicle of journeys, from a Milan base, to bring new operas to the stage or supervise local premières. He later referred to this time as his “years in the galley;” a long, pretty continuous stay in Paris, from July, 1847, to August, 1849, provided the only patch of relative stability. “Rigoletto,” “Il Trovatore,” and “La Traviata” mark the climax of that busy period; in nine years Verdi had composed fourteen or fifteen operas (depending on how “Jérusalem,” an expanded and extensively revised “I Lombardi,” is counted). There followed “Les Vêpres Siciliennes” and another long Paris stay, from October, 1853, to January, 1857; for some thirty years Verdi strove (with results that never quite satisfied him: “Simon Boccanegra,” “La Forza del Destino,” “Don Carlos,” and to some extent “Aida” were all refashioned after their premières) to create a *grand opéra* in which lofty Meyerbeerian subject matter could be brought to life by his own particular kind of Italian “warmth.” Those years need not concern us here. “Giovanna d’Arco,” “La Battaglia di Legnano,” and “Stiffelio” all belong to the earlier period.

“GIOVANNA,” first given at La Scala in 1845, was the third of the four large patriotic operas that Verdi wrote with the poet and patriot Temistocle Solera. (The others are “Nabucco,” “I Lombardi,” and “Attila.”) It is large in scope, not in duration—just under two hours of music. I first saw it staged ten years ago, in a student production at London’s Royal Academy of Music, and was bowled over: “There are passages that are



*“Irv Pittman, poolside.”*

naïve in a *banda municipale* way; the supernatural music strikes no depths; but every number in the score is filled with life, with feeling. There is no fluently mechanical writing along approved models for easy effect. All is bold, vigorous, alive, and marked by that response to character which always fired Verdi's musical imagination." Solera protested that he had devised "an entirely original Italian drama," but in fact he took Schiller's play "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" and boiled it down. "Die Jungfrau," patterned on Shakespeare's histories (there are clear echoes of "Henry IV" and "Henry V"), turns on a situation familiar to every operagoer—a conflict between amorous inclination and patriotic duty. Joan, on the battlefield, feels a sudden attraction toward the handsome young English knight Lionel and spares his life instead of killing him. She feels that the purity of her mission has been sullied by this moment of sensual weakness and so is unable to reply when—before the crowds assembled for the Reims coronation of the Dauphin, Charles—her father charges her with diabolical practices. Dishonored, captured by the English, she recalls Samson and with superhuman strength bursts her bonds, to lead the French to victory, though dying herself on the battlefield. Solera dropped Lionel, along with a dozen or so other characters, and transferred Joan's transitory affection to Charles. At the end, her father, not heavenly power, strikes off her chains. Solera also provided words for Joan's "voices," which in Schiller are imagined. The operatic demons tempt her in a lilting 3/8 chorus, "Tu sei bella, pastorella," whose fresh prettiness has no infernal overtones; but since the temptation is precisely that Joan should continue in pastoral bliss, rather than take up arms, the result is not altogether inappropriate. The character of Joan is simplified but not spoiled. She is still David, the shepherd who rose to lead a people to freedom, and Samson, the champion who yielded to desire but repented and destroyed his foes. And she is the first Verdi heroine to be drawn in depth. As Julian Budden puts it (in "The Operas of Verdi"), "at no point does Giovanna descend to the level of an ordinary prima donna. Almost everything she has to sing carries her own unique blend of simplicity and majesty." Her father, Jacques, a baritone, is also the kind of torn personage Verdi delighted in: a fanatic who sets religious rigor above patriotism and above paternal tenderness, a kind of Azucena rent by loftier emotions. Charles, a

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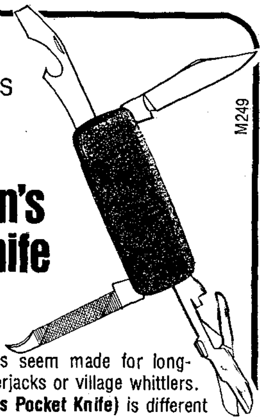
tenor, has chivalrous, graceful music. On these three, and much chorus, the opera depends. The bass, Talbot, has a small role—leading the English troops in a rousing chorus rather like "Heart of Oak."

The American première was given last month by the New York Grand Opera, in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The first performances were said to be rough. By the third, which I attended, everything conspired to produce a rousing event in which any critical reservations were swept away by the energy and excitement that such music generates when it is executed with spirit. Pyramid Sellers, in the title role, sang with feeling, with force, and with some delicacy. Aristides Inchaustegui, a tenor from Santo Domingo, as Charles, had smoothly produced tones and a good sense of phrase. Theodore Lambrinos, as Jacques, was robust, if not subtle. Vincent LaSelva's conducting was passionate yet not uncontrolled. And the Brooklyn Academy itself—New York's only public opera house built on a human scale—played its part in creating the sort of occasion recorded by the nineteenth-century critics: when a Verdi opera "*muove all'orgasmo il pubblico.*"

VERDI's early biographer "Folchetto" (the pen name of Jacopo Caponi) declared that "foreigners will never be able to understand the influence exerted, for a certain period, by the ardent, blazing melodies that Verdi conceived when the situations, or even isolated lines of verse, recalled the unhappy state of Italy, or her memories, or her hopes. The public saw allusions everywhere, but Verdi found them first and shaped to them his inspired music, which often ended by causing a revolution in the theatre." Similarly, Luigi Dallapiccola said that in words and music Verdi "formulated a style through which the Italian people found a key to their dramatic plight and vibrated in unison with it." But to some extent foreigners can understand. Beyond any specific "relevance," there was and is the power of Verdi's melodies and strong slow-surging rhythms to generate mass emotion. It is an important element in his works, a reason for their continued as well as their immediate popularity. Even people who have lived comfortable, untroubled lives are moved to "vibrate in unison" with the Hebrews' cry of "Oh mia patria sì bella e perduta," in "Nabucco," or the Scottish exiles' of "Patria oppressa," in "Macbeth."

"La Battaglia di Legnano" (1849), composed for performance in a Rome on the point of declaring itself a republic, is the most openly "patriotic" of all Verdi's operas, a Risorgimento call to arms. (It proved unperformable elsewhere until its political teeth had been drawn.) Paradoxically, it is also the most "French" of his early works. As Budden says, "it could only have been written in Paris, against a background of French opera and above all the French military march. . . . Verdi was reaping the fruits of his first encounter with French opera." Unlike the Roman audience, I have never been bowled over by "La Battaglia." The fault may lie in the performances I've heard (in the Fenice, Venice, with Leyla Gencer as a squally heroine; in a Welsh National Opera version set in Lombardy during the last war—the Italians as partisans, Barbarossa a German commandant; and, in February, in the Great Hall of Cooper Union, where the Amato Opera put on an indifferent production). But Budden suggests a possible failing in the work itself when he describes its accompaniment patterns as "unusually studied," and continues, "Everything is deliberately made 'interesting;' nothing is repeated without harmonic variation wherever possible. Even the scoring is calculated." There are stirring things in "La Battaglia." Much of the third and fourth acts rises high. But it lacks the sweep and naturalness of the best early Verdi. Or so I shall maintain until my mind is changed by some irresistibly splendid presentation. (Performances can often cause revaluation; the full merits of Verdi's "I Masnadieri" were concealed until the masterly Philips recording of the piece brought them to light.)

THE domestic scenes of "La Battaglia" show Verdi moving into his "second period," in which, it might be said, there is a new care for the delicate, subtle musical presentation of personal predicaments. There followed "Luisa Miller" (1849) and "Stiffelio" (1850), both "bourgeois" dramas. "Among my neglected operas," Verdi once said, "some I abandon because the subjects were a mistake, but there are two which I should not like to be forgotten: 'Stiffelio' and 'La Battaglia di Legnano.' " "Stiffelio" was the last of his operas to be revived in our day. In revising it as "Aroldo," the



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composer cannibalized the autograph. The original *was* forgotten; a few Italian houses did it, and then it petered out in Barcelona, Corfu, Oporto, and finally Málaga (1862). Only in 1968, after two copy scores had come to light, was it revived, in Parma. In all but two of the early productions, the action had been shifted from nineteenth-century Austria to fifteenth-century Germany, and the piece renamed "Guglielmo Wellingrode." Then, as "Aroldo," the action was relocated for three acts in a medieval castle "near Kent," and finally on the banks of Loch Lomond, where all the characters—some presumably took the high road, and some the low—were by preposterous coincidence reunited. "Aroldo" is no substitute for "Stiffelio." The matrimonial difficulties of a nineteenth-century Protestant pastor sit less pertinently on an English crusader, and "Stiffelio" loses its special interest as being one of the two operas in which Verdi used a "modern" setting. (The other, of course, is "La Traviata.")

At the time of their composition, Verdi was living openly with a woman not yet his wife and already the mother of at least two illegitimate children (not by him). His choice of subjects has a biographical interest. While Stiffelius was away preaching, his wife, Lina, was seduced by Count Raphael. The drama turns on the clergyman's belief in forgiveness and the man's inability to practice what he preaches where his own wife is concerned. There is a striking coup de théâtre in Act II, when Stiffelius is about to fight Raphael: from the church come the voices of the brethren awaiting their minister, and the sword drops from Stiffelius' hand. In Act III, he decides to let Lina join her lover, draws up a deed of divorce, and, ignoring her tears of repentance, invites her to sign it. She does so, and then turns on him spiritedly—on the man who has coldly regained his honor at the price of his wife's love, since she has always loved him. As for Raphael, "fu tradimento." The scene changes to the chapel. Stiffelius mounts the pulpit and opens the Bible at random. It falls open, conveniently, at John 8, the story of the adulterous woman. With his eyes on Lina, who is ascending the pulpit steps on her knees, Stiffelius reads on: "Neither do I condemn thee"—and the curtain falls as the full congregation cries out, "God declared that she was forgiven!"

An interesting subject, although in Francesco Maria Piave's libretto some of its details are rather clumsily worked. (Besides the deed of divorce, no fewer

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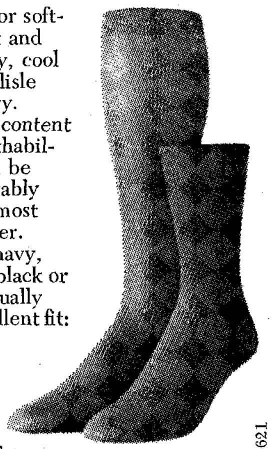

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than four letters are involved.) Verdi rose to it with some of the most adventurous music he had written. Only one number, an aria for Stankar, Lina's father, is cast in conventional form; and since Stankar is a conventional nobleman of the old school, even that makes dramatic sense. (Stankar's cabaletta breaks new ground, however, for, instead of the usual repeat, it collapses into a series of broken exclamations, with a final ferocious rally.) The other pieces are in what has been called Verdi's "dialectical" vein. Form is determined by the verbal and emotional content; when arias are interrupted by the person to whom they are addressed, the music moves off on a new tack. The interview between Stiffelius and his wife is the high point. He addresses her in measured Bellinian phrases; the effect is of someone forcing himself to contain fierce emotions within formal utterance. When she replies, her voice is doubled in octaves by clarinet and solo cello, and accompanied only by hollow fifths—an extraordinarily poignant passage. Then an English-horn melody takes over, to express the intensity of feelings that has reduced her speech to little more than a monotone.

Stiffelius was composed for Verdi's cherished tenor, the ringing and resonant Gaetano Fraschini. In the American première of the opera, given this month by the New York Grand Opera, in the Brooklyn Academy, Richard Taylor did not have the needed weight and force of tone, but he sang with intelligence and ability. Norma French, as Lina, seemed somewhat too cautious; the role calls for more generously energetic singing. The performance, again conducted by Vincent LaSelva, was not as headily exciting as the same company's "Giovanna" had been; nevertheless, it was good enough to make plain the remarkable merits of "Stiffelio." Both "Giovanna" and "Stiffelio" were simply staged, in settings of painted canvas. At a guess, the castle hall of "Stiffelio" was borrowed from "Rigoletto," the churchyard from "Don Carlos," and the chapel from "Ernani." Martin Platt staged both operas with a careful regard to the composer's instructions. There were some comical moments: as when Stankar, crying "O sword of honor, which for so many years, girt at the side of the aged warrior, in perils garnered glory for him," drew a battered and buttoned practice foil from the belt of his smart blue suit. But on the whole the intentions were right—which is more than can be said of some

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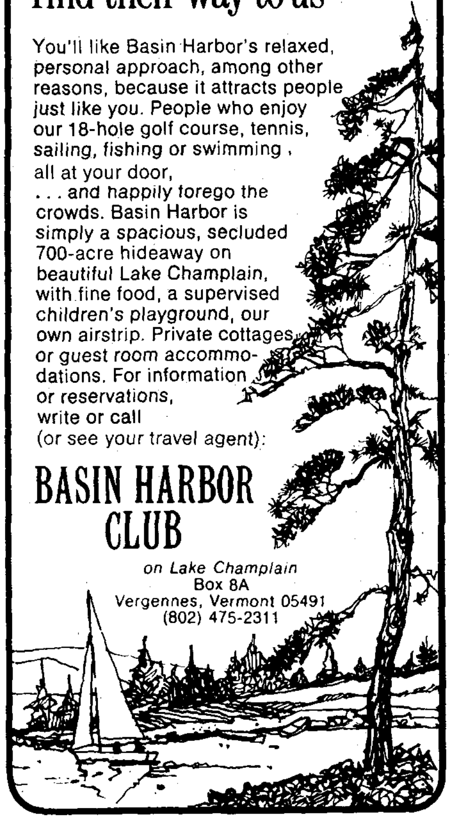

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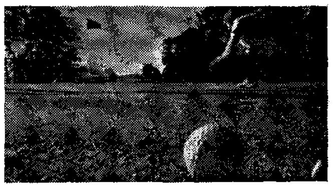

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of the big, ambitious Verdi productions put on in larger houses.

THE formation of the American Institute for Verdi Studies was prompted, in part, by the need to throw a bridge over the gulf between what scholars have discovered about Verdi's intentions and the way his operas are often performed today. The gulf became apparent during the International Verdi Congress held in Chicago in 1974, when the Lyric Opera, host to the *congressisti*, staged a production of "Simon Boccanegra" at odds with much of what the assembled scholars had been saying about the work. The congress had been convened by the Institute of Verdi Studies, in Parma. The archives and publications of that organization have revolutionized Verdi research. The exchanges of ideas at its congresses—the cross-fertilization of differing national techniques of music criticism, music history, and musicology; the friendships, rivalries, and shared special interests; the casually dropped clues that led others to discover treasures—have transformed our knowledge, and therefore understanding, of several Verdi operas, of his approaches to form and to the execution of his works, and of many related matters. But performers have failed to take much account of them—and musicology is a sterile exercise until its results are put into performance.

Much of the new work on Verdi is being done in America. After Chicago, Martin Chusid, of New York University, gathered a few enthusiasts together (I was among them) to see if there would be support for a parallel American institute. Mario Medici, the director of the Parma institute, sent his blessing. And support was immediately forthcoming: from scholars; from just about all the opera companies of this country; from conductors, directors, and singers; from the general public. The result is the American Institute for Verdi Studies, which already has an extensive archive—housed in the music division of New York University's Bobst Library, on Washington Square—and a busy program of future activities.

—ANDREW PORTER

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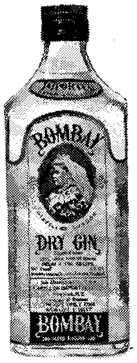

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## *Home to Bournonville*

"THE GUARDS OF AMAGER" is one of the dozen or so works by the nineteenth-century master August Bournonville which survive in the repertory of the Royal Danish Ballet. Until the company presented it here at the tail end of its Met season, the ballet had never been seen in New York. Visits by the Royal Danes are rare (the last was in 1965), and although one can see more or less authoritative performances of Bournonville ballets danced by other companies or by student groups, there's nothing like seeing a "new" Bournonville danced by Bournonville's own company—danced and mimed. The Danes bring a quality to miming that endows that sick art with new life. This isn't simple declarative mime in "The Guards of Amager." This is visual conversation, paragraphs of it, running in counterpoint, overlapped and interrupted to complicated beats. It is done in ensembles all over the stage at once, or in intimate duologues or triologues, and so fast that if you drop your eyes you miss a vital narrative link. Yet it isn't what the characters are "saying" that tells the story—it's the characters themselves. The story that is being told is an operetta-ish affair about the skirt-chasing commander of the guards and his wife, who by way of reprimand seduces him at a masked ball. There are two lovely moments in this story. When the wife finds the sheet of music her husband has been playing, she touches her temple and nods, as if saying to herself, "He's been thinking of me." When she discovers that he's in fact faithless, and later when he faces her, unmasked, at the ball, neither of them takes it big. Louise and Edouard are grownup gentlefolk, a species we seldom see on the ballet stage.

"The Guards" is late Bournonville; he made it in 1871, six years before he retired, and eight years before he died. It has the wisdom and buoyancy of old age, a fragrance of nostalgia that still penetrates. The frontcloth bears the subtitle "An Episode of 1808." The prologue consists of five spotlit scenes, each shorter than the one before. First, the guards stationed on Amager are seen in unguardly attitudes surrounding their commander, who plays a spinet. To their left, we see a sewing circle; to their right, townsmen dipping snuff. Next, a huddle of gossips. A line of villagers skips through the darkness, and then a doorway in Copenhagen lights up: two ladies in Empire gowns receive a letter from a postman. Louise will visit the garrison. Almost before we have taken it in, the scene blacks out, the scrim rises, and the ballet proper begins at a daunting pace. It never slackens. The whole first scene is played in what looks like the vestibule of an inn. Though poorly executed in places, this set and the following one, of a provincial ballroom, are good contemporary pastiche of nineteenth-century semi-realistic design. Scene 1 combines an effect of mullioned windows and painted woodwork with overhead borders and side pieces covered in a floral pattern. A large hole in the back wall reveals a winter landscape. It is not a doorway. Through the actual door troop more characters than most companies have in their entire repertories. They're quirkily individualized characters, but they aren't farcical; they have interior as well as exterior life. And the ballet doesn't tell us all there is to know about them. It leaves some of its life behind the scenes.

In the ballroom scene, Bournonville gives us a set of social, folk, and demi-caractère dances, ending in a classical ballet number for two girls and a jester. Louise (Vivi Flindt) appears in disguise: first as one of a quartet of vivandières, then in a coquettish solo with a veil. Henning Kronstam, who plays Edouard, changes his costume to dance a hornpipe with two other sailors, but the lack of a plot motive for the change suggests that this may be a performance tradition. Possibly, too, Louise's masquerade was originally limited to the veil solo. It's unlikely that the ballet we see today is the same in every respect as the one Bournonville composed. In the adagio of the classical trio, the boy holds a girl by the waist, but it is she who promenades him by bourréeing in a circle. The idea is incredibly modern for 1871, yet who if not Bournonville would have had the wit to think of it? And the boy's solo must surely be one of the most difficult ever created, even by Bournonville. It was danced one night by the practiced Flemming Ryberg and the next night by the young and talented Ib Andersen. Both times, it looked as if it contained no linking steps and no rests.

Unfortunately, there was no opportunity to sort it out. "The Guards of Amager" was a novelty of genuine interest—the only novelty, in fact, of the Danes' entire season. New York got two performances. Washington had four. That speaks ill but, I fear, all too truly of New York. It is in New York that the Danes encounter steep prejudices about what does or does not constitute ballet. In the coarsest New York terms, "The Guards" doesn't qualify as ballet; it has too much mime. The more elegant and responsible New York attitude holds that "The Guards" is simply old-fashioned—very dear and charming in its way and, because it once *was* a ballet, worth preserving. You could probably raise more support for a Bournonville Landmark Preservation Society in New York than you could in Washington, but you still couldn't get four performances. Worth preserving, yes, but not worth inhabiting as a theatrical experience.

On the question of mime: Mime is a legitimate resource of the dance theatre (and not only of the dance theatre). The impatience of audiences when faced with extended mime sequences reflects a suspicion that the meanings being expressed so directly in such easy-to-read sign language are superficial, and that if the characters had something important to say to each other they'd be dancing. The idea that dancing makes a profound statement and mime

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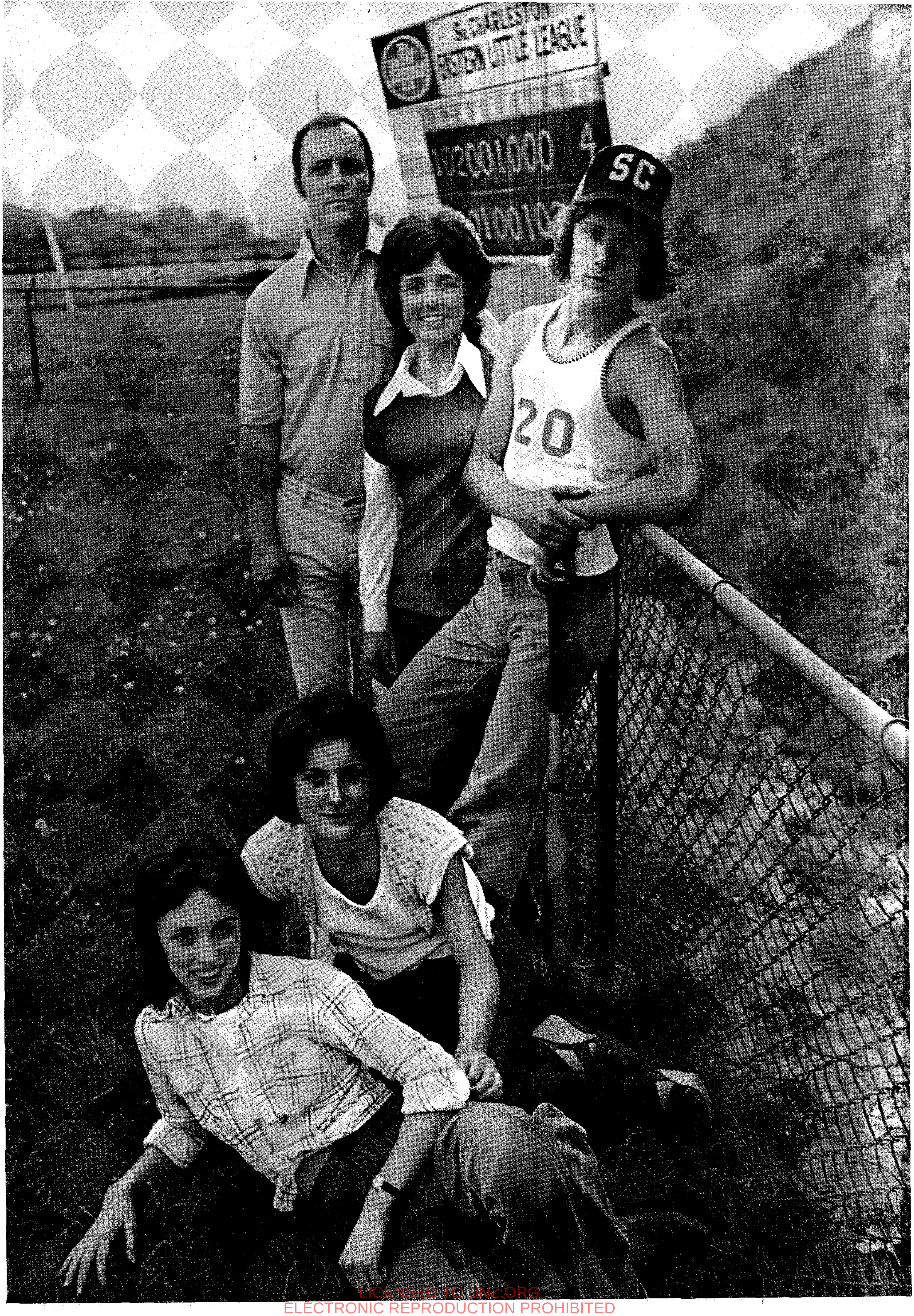
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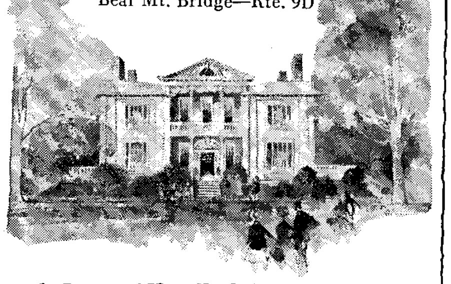

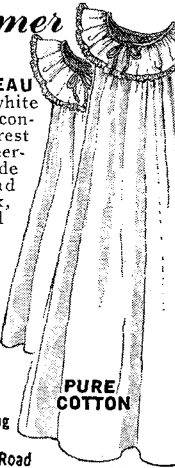

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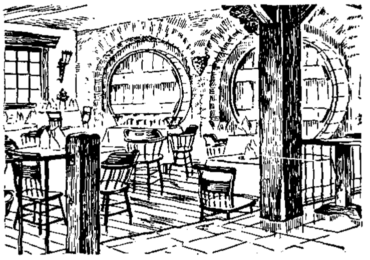

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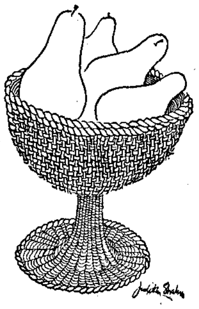
doesn't may arise in sombre ballets with a tragic expression, like "Swan Lake," but even there, where the fantastic plot is only a pretext for a dance entertainment, it does no harm to refer to the plot now and then in mime. I find that it refreshes concentration. However, in most modern story ballets if the plot is to be taken seriously the choreographer avoids mime. Often these ballets are weak because he does no more than that. He doesn't invest the dances with dramatic content; he relies on the dancers or the audience to translate dance figures into stylized description. Modern audiences are as pleased to puzzle out these bottomless riddles as audiences of former days were to guess the meanings in a well-wrought mime passage. Formally coded mime of the "unless I marry I die" variety is not the only kind of mime there is. There's the Bournonville kind, which the choreographer himself defined as "a harmonious and rhythmic sequence of picturesque attitudes taken from nature and classic models, suitable to character, costume, nation and epoch. The sequence of postures and movement composes a type of dance, but without the turn-out (*en dehors*) of ballet. Its attitudes are aimed at effects of plasticity and characterization entirely apart from virtuoso academic technique." One might add that "The Guards of Amager" is a comedy deeply rooted in the life and lore of its time, and the lively and differentiated pantomime that fills out the whole of its first scene is as much an expression of the Bournonville ballet d'action as the lively and differentiated dances of the second scene. There is no question of frivolous mime versus earnest dancing. The whole ballet is consistently light and consistently vivid in terms of its characters and setting.



On being old-fashioned: Bournonville is well aware of the degrees of theatrical intensity on the scale between pure mime and pure dance. The ballet exploits the whole diapason, from the opening vignettes to the climactic classical pas de trois. The delay in the outbreak of dancing is a calculated effect. When the hero takes a girl on each arm and flirts with her, it's almost but not quite a waltz. The second scene is almost but not quite a straight divertissement, for it is danced by the characters of the ballet, and the plot reaches its dénouement in the dances. This is really a very modern approach. Perhaps what people mean when they say the ballet is old-fashioned is that, for what it is—the prototype of ballet bouffe—it isn't very exciting. It doesn't swirl with uniforms and petticoats. It doesn't make temperatures soar. Apart from the classical pas de trois, the only dance image that stays with you is the amusing side-to-side chassés in the hornpipe. It's also true that the Met is much too big a place for it. But that many of the cultural references in the mimed action are obscure is not a reasonable objection. There is one very broadly played character, a large nursemaid or granny who trundles mechanically like a mama doll. A Danish audience undoubtedly recognizes her; I took her for some ancient folk figure (though her fame may have originated in the ballet). The action occurs during a Shrovetide festival, as in "Petrouchka," and the significance of the few customs that aren't familiar is easily guessed. (One, the blindfolded swatting of a container to release a shower of goodies, is related to the Mexican piñata game.) But the larger point to be made about all this is that the Danish cast, which includes dancers, ballet children, and character mimes, plays with such precision that a time and place of which one knows nothing are brought spiritually to life. Because the ballet has meaning for the Danes, it has meaning for us. (It is this kind of life, incidentally, that is missing from all performances of "Petrouchka" I have ever seen. Until it is done by a Russian company—if it is not too late for a Russian company to do it—I may never know why the ballet, not just the music, is a classic.) Ballet bouffe is a dead genre, buried by the Ballet Russe in gobs of Viennese schmalz. "The Guards of Amager" is indigenous art. Perhaps that's why, after a hundred years, it remains a theatrical image one can believe in.

Its historical background shows how close to life Bournonville worked. A passionate Francophile, he had mourned the fall of Paris to the Prussians the year before. Twenty years earlier, he had written of his hero Napoleon, "It is not only because there flows French blood in my veins that his memory is so dear, but also because I connect his name with many of the feelings I have for my Danish fatherland—the Danes were, after all, his most faithful allies." In "The Guards," Bournonville is looking back on his parents' generation in the time of the Franco-Danish alliance (in 1808 he was three years old), and the Danish home guards, bravely marching up and down as if hourly expecting the return of the British fleet, are seen with a mixture of childlike affection and skepticism. Edouard pompously dedicates his sword. All the officers flirt with the locals' wives. They also have snowball fights. Edouard du Puys, whose full name is used in the cast of characters, was a real person, a friend of Bournonville's father who had been a lieutenant in the Amager volunteers. Famous for his love life, he was once exiled from Denmark because of an affair with the Princess Charlotte. Du Puys was also a composer and a baritone—the first to sing Don Giovanni when Mozart's opera was given at Copenhagen's Royal Theatre. Vilhelm Holm, who is credited as the composer of the ballet's score, is more properly its arranger. Some of the melodies—notably the one that the ballet's Edouard plays on the spinet—are by du Puys. The program note might have furnished more of this kind of information. (The souvenir-program note by Svend Kragh-Jacobsen should have been included.) And it might have avoided the patronizing description of "a little ballet which, though rich in mimed effects, is still eminently entertaining."

WOULD the company ever use such a line about Flemming Flindt's "Triumph of Death"? Though hardly "rich" in mimed effects, Flindt's ballet falls into the pantomime category simply because no other category would accept it. And Flindt's purpose is not to entertain but to instruct mankind. He harangues us for nearly an hour with shapeless anecdotes in the course of which a man in a black cloak appears and people fall down dead. Flindt's source is said to be a play by Eugene Ionesco, "Jeux de Massacre," which tells of a city stalked by death. This is not the snickering domestic Ionesco of "The Chairs" or "The Bald Soprano" or "The Lesson" (which became a Flindt ballet in 1963) but the cosmic, eschatological Ionesco of "The Killer" and "Rhinoceros," who pronounces verdicts of stentorian banality upon whole societies. Ionesco's material may have invited the kind of amorphous treatment it gets from Flindt, but Flindt doesn't seem as intent on adapting another man's work as on staging a series of freak-outs in the manner of the Broadway and Off Broadway acid-rock musicals of the sixties. "Triumph of Death," which had its première in 1972, eventuates

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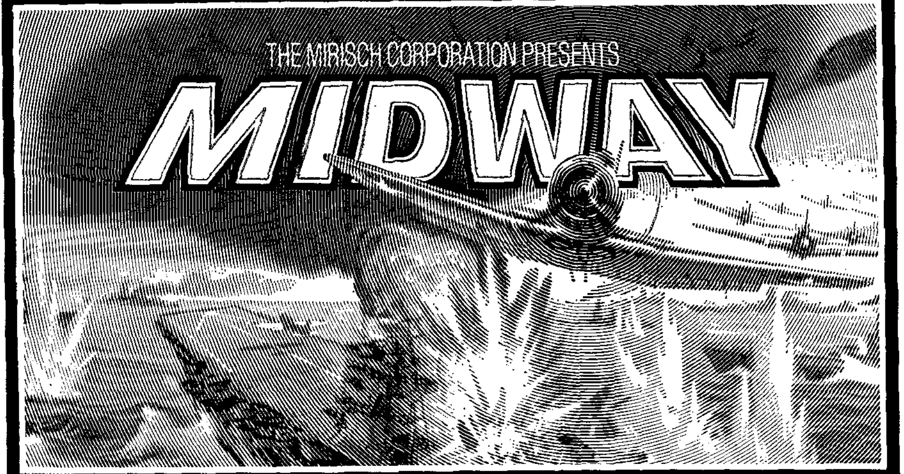

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in an absurdly overrated nude scene, which doesn't lift the tedium but only alters its tone. (The mime episodes prepare you for the "orgy" the way watermelon prepares you for jello.)

Flindt has been the company's artistic director since 1966, and, judged by his New York repertory, he has yet to respond to the dancers' needs, either in terms of their strengths or their weaknesses. The women badly need to develop their pointwork, but too much of their choreography leaves pointwork out of account. Flindt's own ballets sometimes seem hostile toward women. In "The Lesson," a pathological ballet teacher tortures and then murders a girl student. Flindt still takes the teacher's role on occasion, and gives an especially brutal performance. In "The Four Seasons," an otherwise tepid full-company work, he gets a sadistic laugh out of the audience in the Autumn "hunt" scene, when two girls are carried across the stage slung on poles like dead game. And the use that is made of the entire company—its men and its women, its dancers and its fine mimes—in "Triumph of Death" is degrading.

Another new ballet seen this season was John Neumeier's "Romeo and Juliet," to the Prokofiev score. It was the most relaxed Neumeier piece we've yet had; it didn't toy with heavy conceits or subject the dancers to hard labor. But it wasn't a ballet, either. Neumeier appeared to be directing an unfinished production of the play during the music. In this way, he accomplished a few effective scenes in *verismo* style: news of Juliet's "death" reaching Romeo in the middle of a clogged road; a tomb scene refreshingly concise and free of histrionics. Jürgen Rose contributed resourceful scenery. But the best of this "Romeo" came from the company—a long list of Cousins and Servants and Handmaids who not only swelled the scene but effortlessly enriched it. The Strolling Players, though, onto whom Neumeier kept shifting the burden of narrative, were an excrescence.

The rest of the Bournonville repertory consisted of "La Sylphide" in a new production, with a very beautiful forest set, and the dance portion of the third act of "Napoli," in its same old glorious set. Filled with Danes young and old, it still creates one of the happiest stage pictures in all theatre. And there was Niels Kehlet, still dancing the central role and still producing his sensational jump at the indecent age of thirty-seven. Peter Martins returned to his home company in "La Sylphide" and showed how, with his ample, easy rhythm, clear beats, and command of natural gesture, he could have become the dominant James of our day. The production differs in several respects from the American Ballet Theatre version—musically and rhythmically it is superior—but the other differences weren't as interesting as I'd hoped they'd be. Sorella Englund was a waiflike Sylph, with the beginnings of impressive style. There were no other ballerina prospects, and despite two very good young men, Arne Villumsen and Ib Andersen (and Johnny Eliasen in mime), the company seemed to be losing ground in Bournonville. The young women have all learned to jump like Russians; none could produce the grand jeté in attitude that is one of the glories of the Danish school. Technique aside, the appeal of Danish dancing has always been partly philosophical. It's the appeal of a kind of ballet that is not a branch of show business. In the overheated climate of professional ballet in New York, the Danes can't really compete. They tried to, but the season was not hot box-office, and since that might have been predicted, it is a pity the company did not go down fighting, with a complete "Napoli," with "Konservatoriet" instead of "Etudes," and with perhaps one or two more of the Bournonvilles that have never left home. Danish dancers have been struggling to get into the twentieth century almost as long as there has been one, and they've tried every kind of wrenching alternative to their own classical style and repertory. That style and repertory should have eroded but didn't. Only now, with Flindt one lap behind the zeitgeist, are signs of erosion starting to appear. Yet of all the dancers who have visited New York in the last decade the Danes have changed least. Doing what they do best, they are still the gentlest and most tasteful dance company in the world.

—Arlene Croce

•

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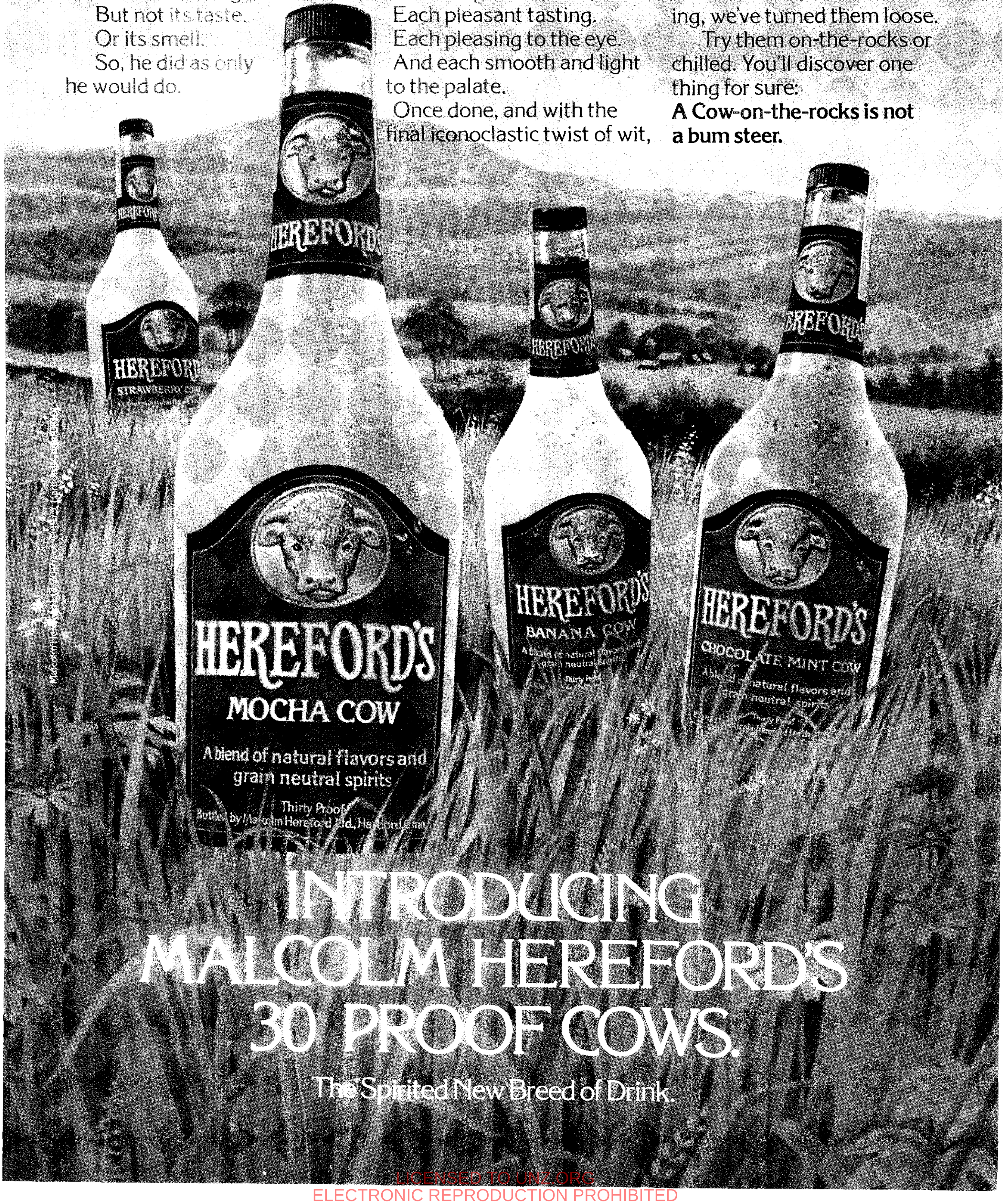
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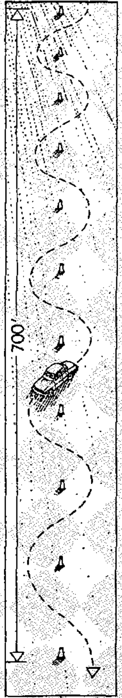

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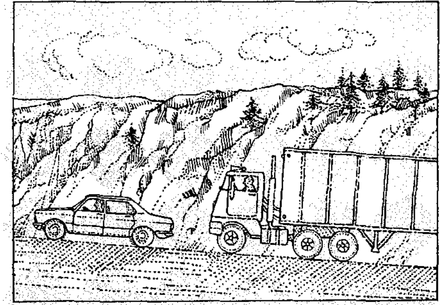

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# LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 9

AFTER the anxieties of the last few weeks, people visibly took heart when things brightened up for the Government and the pound on Monday, though many voices warned that the new international loan which brought the improvement was simply a further reprieve for both, and not a solid testimonial of confidence. The relief was considerable, nevertheless. All along, as a matter of fact, a sizable, sturdy section of public opinion was apparently undaunted by each day's worse installment of news from the money markets, interpreting it as the media's probably exaggerated version of the incomprehensible machinations of a lot of foreigners gambling with the British currency and Government. This was the indignant view of the Labour man in the street. To the majority of worried citizens, however, the way the rest of the world seems to regard Britain's management and chances of coming out of her difficulties alive was made even more depressing by the recent spectacle of the reputation of Parliament taking a beating along with the pound. The unprecedented violence in the House of Commons over the controversial bill to nationalize the aircraft and shipbuilding industries brought to a head the divisive bitterness of a situation in which a paper-thin minority Government tries to push through unpopular measures as though it had a good muscular majority to power it. After the uproar and angry scuffles in the chamber, with the Speaker taking the rare step of suspending the proceedings, there came the Conservative accusations that the Government had cheated in the voting on the bill. The technical procedural arguments were too complicated for non-Parliamentarians to follow, but the effect on ordinary citizens of the goings on of their elected representatives at Westminster has been plain and disenchanted.

On Monday, after the Whitsun break, when the Commons reassembled in a state of now undisguised hostility between the parties, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Denis Healey, made a statement on the economy. It was expected to contain nothing much beyond his routine bracing assurances about the pound's basic good prospects and the financial benefits that its present low state is bringing—results that Londoners can see for themselves in the crush of tourists packing into theatres and restaurants and snapping up bargains in the stores. It was a totally unexpected surprise when Mr. Healey gave the news that a lot of foreigners—worried bankers this time—had backed Britain for six months with a large credit in case of need, to which no awkward conditions were attached stipulating the harsh Government spending cuts that the Conservatives have long clamored for but that the unions would fight as a threat to their living standards. The Chancellor is a large, powerfully built man who does not exude modesty or gentleness toward the enemy, and to observers in the press gallery he seemed positively to shine with triumph as he stood at the dispatch box smilingly answering the questions that showered on him from the grimly unsmiling Opposition. The Government's victory at this hard-pressed moment was completed, of course, by the result of the crucial miners' vote, giving a firm, if not glowing, "yes" to accepting their new lower pay claims. The Conservatives' immediate motion of no confidence in the Government did not get enough support from the assorted band of Liberals, Ulster Unionists, and Scotch and Welsh Nationalists on whose unpredictable alliances a defeat or a victory in the House now shakily depends. To nobody's surprise, Mr. Callaghan's administration was not brought down, and Mrs. Thatcher's attack on it was thought to be unwise, and remarkably poor in performance, too. This is a bad moment for Conservatives. The euphoria following Mrs. Thatcher's election as Party leader seems lately to have evaporated somewhat, and her frequent belligerent assertions that the Party is spoiling for a general election, which it would win, are not borne out by the gloomy private talk of many of her supporters, who say that they are in no shape as yet to provide an alternative Government. Mr. Heath continues to sulk in his tent, losing much sympathy and admiration in the Party by not emerging to do battle. In contrast, the position of the Prime Minister has changed unbelievably in the last few days. He and the public have settled down with each other, and his recent utterances have been popular with his jubilant Labour followers. In particular, people like his bluff naval way of announcing to them and the world that the country is not irretrievably on the rocks, that it is still a good ship, and that it will survive. If he can manage to strike that note here and get an answer, many observers consider, some despondently, that there is a chance he will still be around after the next general election.

THE Bicentennial is being celebrated here with such handsome thoroughness that it might be thought to be marking a smashing local victory. Events have crowded in thick and fast, and are still coming. The major London celebration, the huge "1776" exhibition, sponsored by the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich, will be supplemented in July by another big show, "American Arts in the Age of Independence: 1750-1800," at the Victoria and Albert. Festivals and exhibitions of everything from patchwork quilts and early maps to the Dance Theatre of Harlem and drawings of American plants (in the Orangery at Kew) are planned in many places. As a home refresher course to fill in any chinks that may be left in all this, the BBC is rerunning Alistair Cooke's "America" on the same evenings as the independent Thames television's eight-part series on immigrants from Europe, "Destination America," with veteran survivors chipping in their colorful and sometimes horrifying reminiscences between the ancient sepia stills. By the end of the year, the British should have no excuse for not understanding American history rather less vaguely than before.

It was a stroke of genius to house "1776" out at Greenwich, not only for its appropriateness—the charters for some of the first colonies were issued from the royal palace once situated there—but because it is such a delightful place. The most pleasurable way to get there is by one of the small tourist boats that chug down the Thames from Westminster Bridge, past the Tower and St. Paul's and the shabby wharves, until the dazzling Greenwich complex of buildings rises from the water as though it were itself a great ship anchored in the river. For some strange botanical reason, a spring of searing northeast winds and a disastrous absence of rain that is seriously alarming water boards and farmers up and down the country has made every blossoming tree in the South of England flower its head off, and the red maples and the heavy pyramids of chestnuts are a fine sight in Greenwich Park, where picnic parties take their ease after inspecting the American Revolution. The exhibition is described on its posters as the British view of events, but its real triumph is that it manages to show every strand in the tangle with excellent impartiality. It is a perfectly stunning, imaginatively composed arrangement of almost six hundred items loaned by museums, galleries, libraries, and private owners in America (astonishingly magnanimous in sending so many rare treasures over to these enemy shores), Canada, France, and Britain. It illuminates brilliantly on two levels—as a portrait of the eighteenth century and an account of the tremendous, fertilizing ideas working in men's minds, and as a straight narrative of the twenty years between the Stamp Act and the moment when John Adams presented his credentials to George III at St. James's (with the clear voice of the Prince of Wales speaking a taped extract of his ancestor's emotional reply). All the techniques of the meticulous reconstruction (a cozy contemporary London coffeehouse journal giving news of the rebellion lying among the empty glasses and the nutshells; a gruesome, dangling tarred-and-feathered Boston customs officer; a corner of Admiral Lord Howe's cabin aboard his flagship, Eagle, in New York Harbor, containing his actual furniture) and of sound (the rattle of gunfire; the rebel fifes tootling "Yankee Doodle;" the British marching off at Yorktown to "The World Turned Upside Down") are used to make the complicated story come alive for the multitudes of excited schoolchildren milling through with their notebooks. Their elders enjoy an unsurpassable collection of portraiture by Gainsborough, Copley, Romney, Benjamin West, Zoffany, and many more, uniquely brought together at Greenwich—fine male faces over Establishment red coats or rebel-blue uniforms with facings. There is only one woman—the placid, aristocratic countenance, painted by Reynolds, of the intrepid Lady Harriet Acland, who travelled up the Hudson and pleaded successfully with General Horatio Gates to allow her to stay and nurse her husband, badly wounded at the second battle of Saratoga. Another of the little human footnotes added by the exhibition is the stiff, charming portrait, lent by its owner in Aberdeenshire, of a luckless young lieutenant in the 38th Foot, who, plagued by

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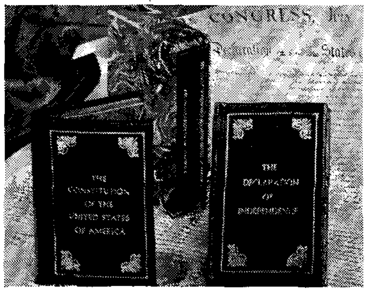

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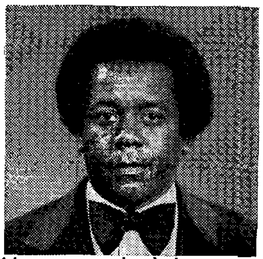

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twinges of gout after the battle of Bunker Hill, sat down to change his stockings. Two American soldiers approached him, to surrender, as he thought, but instead they shot him dead, and his servant, too.

THE great art event in London this summer is the World of Islam Festival—the result of long planning between museums here and abroad, with the enthusiastic financial backing of the United Arab Emirates. This largely unfamiliar universe is now very thoroughly charted for anyone with the stamina to take in the seven different major shows, no less, that are on view at the moment, each one concentrating on a different aspect of Islam, including its sacred books, its music, its costumes, and the daily lives of its nomad tribes and city dwellers. The largest and most dazzling, "The Arts of Islam," at the Hayward Gallery, covers eleven hundred years of the taste and culture that the Muslim invaders took with them as far west as Spain, and to India in the East. Its contents are so rich and so demanding to the eye—in the complexity of the arabesques, the geometry of the calligraphic patterns repeated again and again on tile or bronze or marvellously subtle silk hangings—that the progress of bemused visitors through the rooms is slow. The carpets would easily take a visit by themselves. Glowing on the Hayward's rather gloomy walls, or stretched on low canvas frames as though expecting odalisques, some of them depart from the symmetry of abstraction and lovingly depict charming animals and birds. This is the greatest showing of Islamic art since the famous Muhammadan exhibition in Munich in 1910, which Matisse visited and so much admired, and it is a fascinating revelation to Londoners. One museum man, sadly surveying the crowds, remarked that his own splendid but all too rarely visited Islamic department is only one of many in London and provincial museums that the public now going along to the Hayward with such enthusiasm could see any day of the week for free.

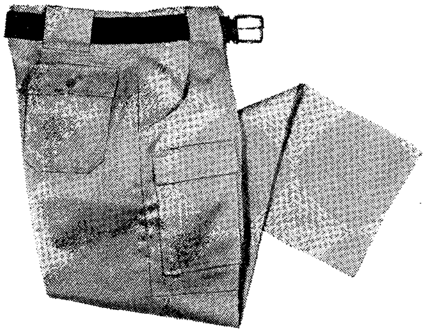
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Reagan called California's primary "very important, the most important."

"And the Ford people must think so, too," he said, citing as evidence a bill put before the state legislature yesterday to award Republican delegates in proportion to the popular vote instead of on the current sinner-take-all basis.—*Honolulu Star-Bulletin.*

And the devil take the hindmost.



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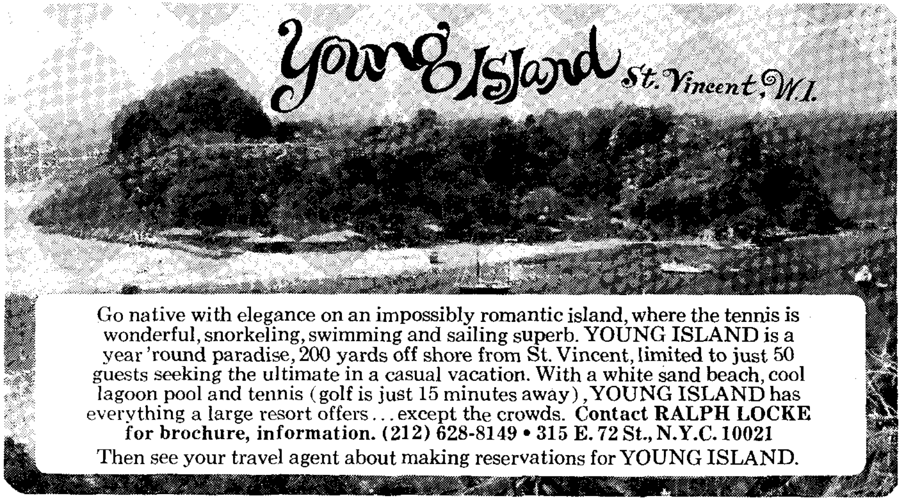

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# BOOKS

## *Flann Again*

SINCE Flann O'Brien, whose "Stories and Plays" has just been published by Viking, wrote a melodious fanciful prose that would charm even the stoniest reviewer into something like a song, complaints about the book had best be registered immediately. First, why it is called, on the title page, "A Richard Seaver Book"? Mr. Seaver's personal contributions to the volume are nowhere specified, so his name presents itself as a purely territorial assertion, and an illustration of the tendency, as publishing houses swallow each other and editors emerge from the general indigestion as semi-self-sufficient entrepreneurs, to load books with as many credits as an Academy Award acceptance speech. Second, why has Claud Cockburn given us such a pawky, sly, mannered, and uninformative introduction, when what we need is an outline of O'Brien's creative life and the location within it of the so various contents of this volume: an unfinished farcical novel; two short stories better called sketches; a playlet and a full-length play; and a scatterbrained though brilliantly phrased essay on Joyce, which once did service, we are left to deduce, as an introduction to a special issue of the magazine *Envoy*? The play, "Faustus Kelly," was produced at the Abbey Theatre in 1943; the copyright credits for the other material run from 1941 to 1951; the incomplete novel, "Slattery's Sago Saga," contains references to President Kennedy's assassination, in 1963; and O'Brien, who also wrote under the name of Myles na Gopaleen and was born Brian O'Nolan, died in 1966: such is the chronological information gleanable from this posthumous collection. If O'Brien is to be treated as a modern classic whose scraps and false starts merit preservation in hard covers, then let a few scholarly dignities be accorded. Viking Press, or Richard Seaver, could learn the proper style from a writer older than O'Brien who, thanks to the happy accident of his longevity, looks after the resurrection of his early works himself; Vladimir Nabokov's notes, in the volumes published by McGraw-Hill, on the stories and novels of his émigré period are models of factuality and orderly reverence. But even the preceding "Richard Seaver Book" devoted to the O'Brien canon—the Gaelic novel "The Poor Mouth," as prepared for the press by the translator, Patrick C. Power—rebukes "Stories and Plays" with its relative rigor and clarity of purpose. If old wine is good, let it be brought forth in new bottles, but let them be decently labelled.

*"Why do you insist upon finding something good to say about everyone who infuriates me?"*

Although O'Brien is not to blame for the manner of this book's production, he must be held responsible for the not always wonderful oddity of its contents. "Slattery's Sago Saga, or From Under the Ground to the Top of the Trees" seems conceived for the lark of its title. Not only is the saga unfinished, it scarcely gets started. Each chapter makes a fresh grab at the greased pig of a plot, which was no doubt meant to concern the hilarious complications that ensue when Crawford MacPherson, the Scots wife of an emigrant Irishman called Ned Hoolihan, arrives in Ireland to put into effect her plan to replace the potato with the surpassingly starchy sago as the staple of the Irish diet. She proposes this scheme to Hoolihan's adopted son Tim Hartigan, who, while Hoolihan has become "absolutely stinking and crawling with money" in the oil fields of Texas, has remained peaceably behind in Poguemahone Hall, reading "Jude the Obscure." The entrance into his life of his adoptive stepmother occurs in a burst of O'Brien's descriptive bravado:

> The door was noisily flung inward and framed in the entrance was an elderly woman clad in shapeless, hairy tweeds, small red-rimmed eyes glistening in a brownish lumpy face that looked to Tim like the crust of an apple-pie. The voice that came was harsh, and bedaubed with that rumbling colour which comes from Scotland only.

Gustily she presents her headlong plan to purchase all the arable land in Ireland and lease it back to the natives on the provision they plant and, in fifteen years, harvest sago palms: "You are a young man, Hartigan. You will probably live to see your native land covered with pathless sago forests, a glorious sight and itself a guarantee of American health, liberty and social cleanliness." She is determined to prevent a recurrence of the potato famine of the eighteen-forties, which caused a million starving Irishmen to migrate to America and nearly ruin it: "They bred and multiplied and infested the whole continent, saturating it with crime, drunkenness, illegal corn liquor, bank robbery, murder, prostitution, syphilis, mob rule, crooked politics and Roman Catholic Popery." To protect the United States from the Irish menace, she will invest the gushing wealth of Texas and oust that root of all evil the potato. Tim thinks, "What a strange spectre of a woman this was, to be sure! Where would her equal be found in the broad wideness of the world?" But most of the plan's fun lies in its exposition; though the characters dither and multiply for seven chapters, and the reader is treated to an O'Brienesque display of curious truths about the sago palm, idle and frantic conversations are all the action there is; the book's prankish premises prove barren, and O'Brien, unable to duplicate the miracle of "At Swim-Two-Birds" and spin a genuine novel out of schoolboy extravagance, understandably stopped writing "Slattery's Sago Saga." The last chapter, a letter from Hoolihan to Hartigan, has a dark power irrelevant to Irish follies; like Kafka's "Amerika," it is an evocation of the United States by a writer of genius who had never been here.

> You might think I'm now long enough in the U.S.A. to have a few friends here and there but honestly, Tim, I'm lonely as hell and have to keep fighting like a trojan to keep away from the licker. Some of my buddies, as they call themselves, may be all right under the skin but I just don't have the mental machinery to tell which of them are bums or hoods. They have all a profound, sincere, undisguised interest in money—MY money, I'd say—and I needn't tell you they mostly want it to prop up poor prostitutes in homes, teach the alphabet to blind cripples, found new Orders of nigger and octaroon nuns and make absolutely certain that the Democrats will never lose this State.

Amid foolery, a nerve is touched, a real voice speaks, close to paranoia, fighting "the licker." The manuscript stops as if appalled.

The other item of considerable length in the collection is the play, "Faustus Kelly." A town politician, Kelly, sells his soul to the Devil to secure his election to the Irish Parliament. By the time three acts of confusion and oration are past, the Devil vows, "I want nothing more of Irish public life." The play is Shavian in form, but where Shaw would have filled the stage with luminous debate there is instead a compounded obfuscation of voices being carried away with themselves. The accents are lovingly done:

> Ah, Paddy Hourigan, may God be good to him, for a finer, neater, better-

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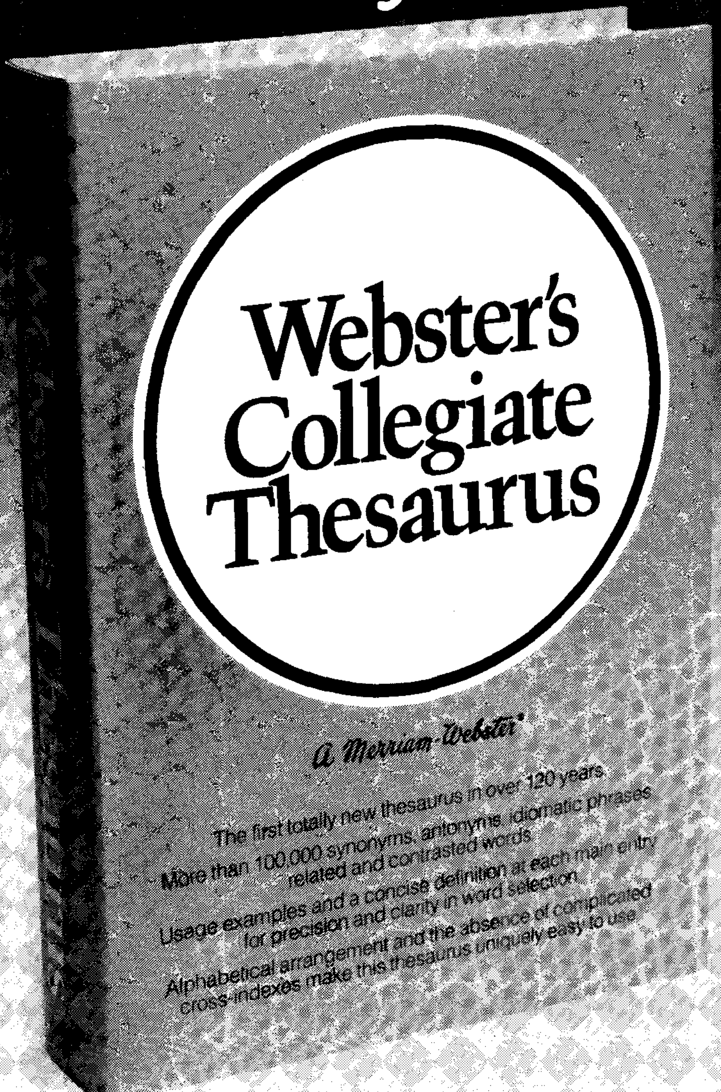
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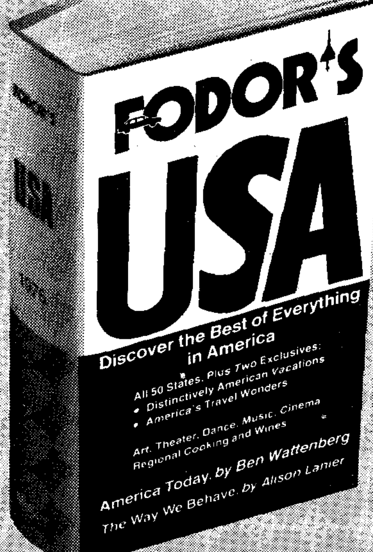
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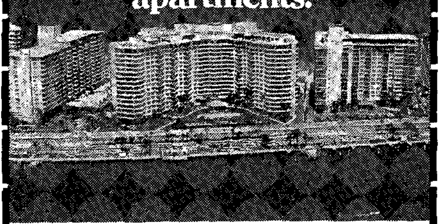

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made, dacenter Irishman never wore a hat.

> I do, I do, sure I could go down there any day on me bicycle, I could meet you in Biddie Brannigan's and have a glass of good Irish whiskey with you, what grander, finer thing could we do?

O'Brien, a civil servant for most of his life, knew his town councils, and he certainly knew how men talk to one another—he creates an Irish roarer, named Reilly, to outdo the Cyclops of Joyce's "Ulysses." But the action and the accuracies turn inward, to a local reality of private jokes; the crucial event of the plot, for instance, is the Devil's *not* being "sanctioned" as rate collector by "the Department." Not being sanctioned is apparently the ultimate misfortune in Ireland:

> You can be up for murder and welcome. You can take a hatchet and cut your wife into two pieces. People will say you're ... an odd class of a man. But this business of not being sanctioned —oh, begob, that's a different pair of sleeves.

The Devil's discomfiture is amusing to behold, but an uneasy sense persists that we are outsiders at a party, and our laughter keeps coming a second late. Unlike Beckett and Joyce, Yeats and Shaw and even Synge, O'Brien seems obsessed by Irishness itself; his Irishmen never shed their racial and nationalist accoutrements and emerge simply as men.

The two short stories, and the anecdote in play form called "Thirst," are thin things to come from the tradition that produced "Dubliners" and the stories of Frank O'Connor, Mary Lavin, Seán O'Faoláin, Benedict Kiely, and the multitudes of others who have made Irish mores and manners a familiar garb of humanity. "Thirst" shows some men caught in a pub after hours teasing the constable into having a drink with them. "John Duffy's Brother" tells of a man who wakes with the mad idea that he is a train. The tales are monochromatic, though unerringly limned; they more suggest Kafka (in their bleak air of unhealth) and Pirandello (in their circling about the notions of delusion and fabrication) than the masters of Irish realism. They are sternly unsensual, except for the effortless music and lucidity of the prose. O'Brien can shock us with the crystalline quickness of his mind. His essay on Joyce, "A Bash in the Tunnel," begins, "James Joyce was an artist. He has said so himself. His was a case of Ars gratia Artist." Later, another pun captures in a word Joyce's peculiar voracious fusion of schemata and data:

> What was really abnormal about Joyce? At Clongowes he had his dose of Jesuit casuistry. Why did he substitute his home-made chaosistry?

But O'Brien's central image of the Irish artist as resembling a man who would lock himself into the lavatory of an uncoupled railroad car to enjoy a "bash" of solitary whiskey-drinking reflects upon the something closeted and inebriated about his own talent. A sour trickle of alcohol runs through these inventions. "He was tired," we are told of Tim Hartigan, "and intestinally a bit irked by spent whiskey." Another recurrence in this collection is the notion of "cuteness." Sarsfield Slattery, the nominal hero of the unfinished farrago about sago, is described: "The air he carried with him, whether he liked it or not, was one of ineffable cuteness and circumspection." A character in "Faustus Kelly," in a surprising stage direction, "feels that his cuteness is challenged." His own cuteness, perhaps, irked O'Brien. His circumspection can be felt in the absences within his witty work: "Stories and Plays" contains no felt glimpse of parentage, of love, of the private, animal, domestic life that meant so much to, say, Joyce. The most emotional moment occurs when the Devil is roused to the fear of social exclusion; the coziest times are passed in public houses. It was no mistake of fate that cast O'Nolan, under his other pen name of Myles na Gopaleen, as a newspaper columnist. His busy imagination seems that of a man who, given the gifts one must develop in solitude, didn't want to be alone. "Humour, the handmaid of sorrow and fear" remained his muse, and writing became, under his magical pen, a sort of fooling away.

—JOHN UPDIKE

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE SPECTATOR BIRD, by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). A speculative, somewhat crabbed book about a seventy-year-old retired literary agent trying to come to grips with old age. Joe Allston, who used to be admired in the New York literary world, now lives in semi-seclusion in the San Francisco hills with his unflaggingly devoted wife, an elderly Siamese cat, and a small circle of decrepit or dying friends. Joe's gloomy musings about his arthritis and his unspectacular life are interrupted one day by a memory-stirring postcard from a Danish countess he and his wife met twenty years before. The narrative weaves back and forth between Allston's wry and usually bitter descriptions of his present life ("the unexamined disease is not worth having") and his equally wry but lyrical descriptions of the countess and her eccentric family (her father was a famous naturalist who secretly bred people) which he finds in a diary he kept while the Allstons were living as the countess's paying guests. Mr. Stegner's writing is smooth and clear, and Allston is a believable and frequently sympathetic character, but so much of the book consists of dyspeptic diatribes against current literature, sexual mores, the bad manners of the young, and so on that one often finds oneself reading the book as if it were a letter from an intelligent but rather petulant elderly relative.

THE DEAD OF WINTER, by Dominic Cooper (St. Martin's). Mr. Cooper shows us a bleak, all but depopulated island in the Inner Hebrides, and a man in his forties living there alone—a lobsterman, with a few sheep, a few hens, and a cow. His life is as bleak as his home, but it has a certain pastoral, almost idyllic, quality. All this is changed by the arrival of a stranger twisted with envy of the simple lobsterman's situation—an envy that grows to violence. Mr. Cooper seems to be telling us a story that is also a parable, a recitative that has something of the saga about it. He is a gifted descriptive writer, and his island setting has at least as great a surge of life as the strange figures with which he has peopled it.

### GENERAL

THE EDUCATION OF A PUBLIC MAN: MY LIFE AND POLITICS, by Hubert H. Humphrey, edited by Norman Sherman (Doubleday). This bouncy, candid autobiography by the present senator, former Vice-President, and perennial candidate for the Presidency reminds us how far this country has come and how far it still has to go. Senator Humphrey, who was born in 1911 in Wallace, South Dakota, remembers the once-upon-a-time charms of small-town America, as well as the bank failures and the dust storms that destroyed many small towns. He learned about big-city politics as mayor of Minneapolis from 1945 to 1948; graft and racism were his main problems. He recalls how frightened he was when

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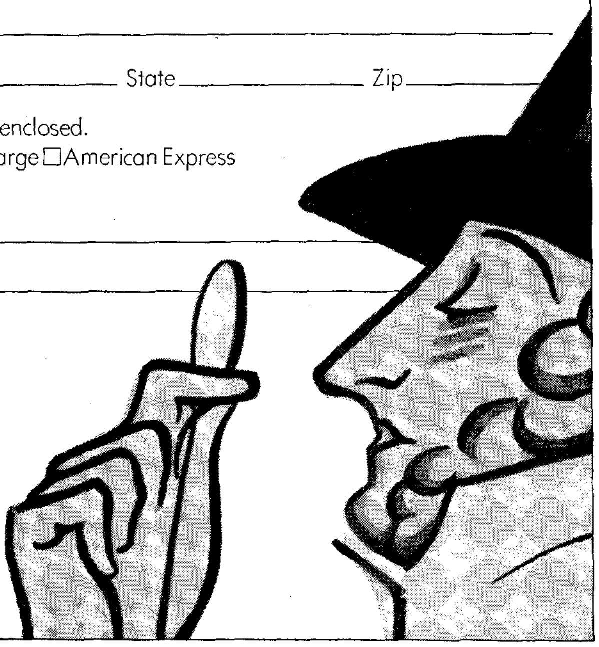

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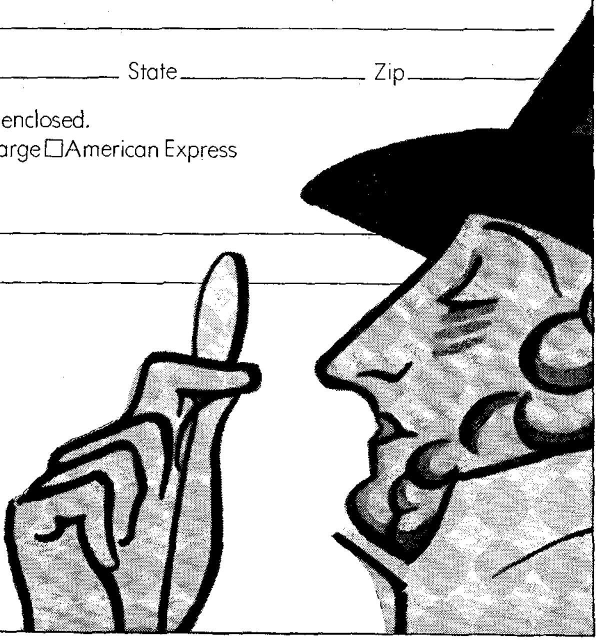

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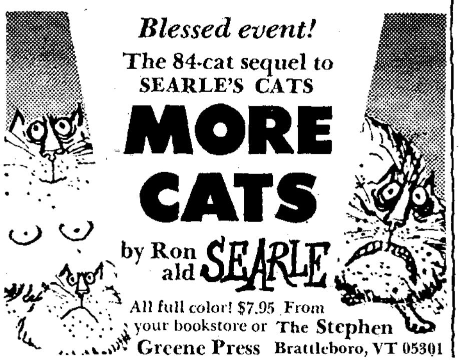

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he decided to stand up for a strong civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform of 1948, and how, as a result of winning that fight, he found himself—a newcomer to the Senate after that year's elections—ostracized by his party's leaders. Humphrey then explains how he learned that power is a technique one must use to make preachments effective. The "education" in the title is genuine, and because the Senator started out as a political-science teacher, he educates the reader, especially about national government, the relations between Congress and the executive, and—what is very difficult to get down, and very important for the electorate to appreciate—the fabric of politics: the political effect of all sorts of things that do not appear in the Constitution, in statutes, or in party bylaws, such as pique, personality, ambition, likings, manners, habits, friendship. Readers may find the author's account of his term as Lyndon Johnson's Vice-President unsettling: Humphrey appears too loyal (or subservient), and Johnson too harsh (or unpredictable). As far as personalities are concerned, the book is mostly a matter of telling, not judging, though Humphrey is explicit in judging past policies and prescribing new ones.

THE DIARY OF ANAÏS NIN, VOLUME SIX: 1955-1966, edited and with a preface by Gunther Stuhlmann (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The chipperest installment so far. In it, Miss Nin, a long-neglected, often disappointed avant-garde writer, starts getting recognition. She is not, in these years, exactly a household name, but she is published, read, and asked to lecture. And, with the help of a psychoanalyst, she learns at last that being feminine is not the same as being a doormat. The new Miss Nin is more entertaining—she also becomes more sensitive as she becomes less touchy.

THE CARDINAL AND THE SECRETARY: THOMAS WOLSEY AND THOMAS CROMWELL, by Neville Williams (Macmillan). Thomas Wolsey's life—from butcher's son to young prodigy, then to cleric, to cardinal, to statesman, and, at last, to pathetic and hounded victim—is one of the awesome stories of the sixteenth century, and in the first half of this engrossing double biography Mr. Williams develops it adeptly, proposing that Wolsey's vision and fairness deserved better than the dishonor he received from various quarters both during and after his life. A haughty prince of the Church, whose mule of humility was always decked with crimson velvet trappings and gilt stirrups, Wolsey was virtually the equal of his sovereign, the erratic Henry VIII. He worked desperately to extricate Henry from his heirless marriage to Catherine of Aragon, and was horrified when he was blamed for the breakdown in this "Great Matter." His fall makes a terrifying climax, and for a while the smaller stage and the colder exigencies of Henry's next long-term chief minister, Thomas Cromwell, somewhat dampen the book's excitement. Now familiar for his prosecutions (notably of Thomas More), Cromwell achieved considerable reforms and strove valiantly to rationalize Henry's flounderings toward a national church. Like Wolsey, he was from modest origins (a blacksmith's son), like Wolsey a tireless worker, like Wolsey a man hated as an upstart and a tyrant, and, in the sudden end, like Wolsey the victim of court intrigue. Great deaths for great men! With fine straightforwardness and a lucid attention to complexity, Mr. Williams reminds us of an age when death was an especially near presence.

STRATEGIES FOR FREEDOM: THE CHANGING PATTERNS OF BLACK PROTEST, by Bayard Rustin (Columbia). In this set of three Radner lectures delivered at Columbia University, Bayard Rustin reviews the black struggle of this century and argues for the principles of integration, nonviolence, and coalition politics. He is convinced that his race has generally suffered when it has followed the call of separatism, and that only a concern for both the class and the racial bases of inequality can produce long-lasting effects. His principles place him at odds with other spokesmen for his race, but he pleads his case lucidly, appreciating the dilemma noted by W. E. B. Du Bois: "One ever feels his two-ness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder."

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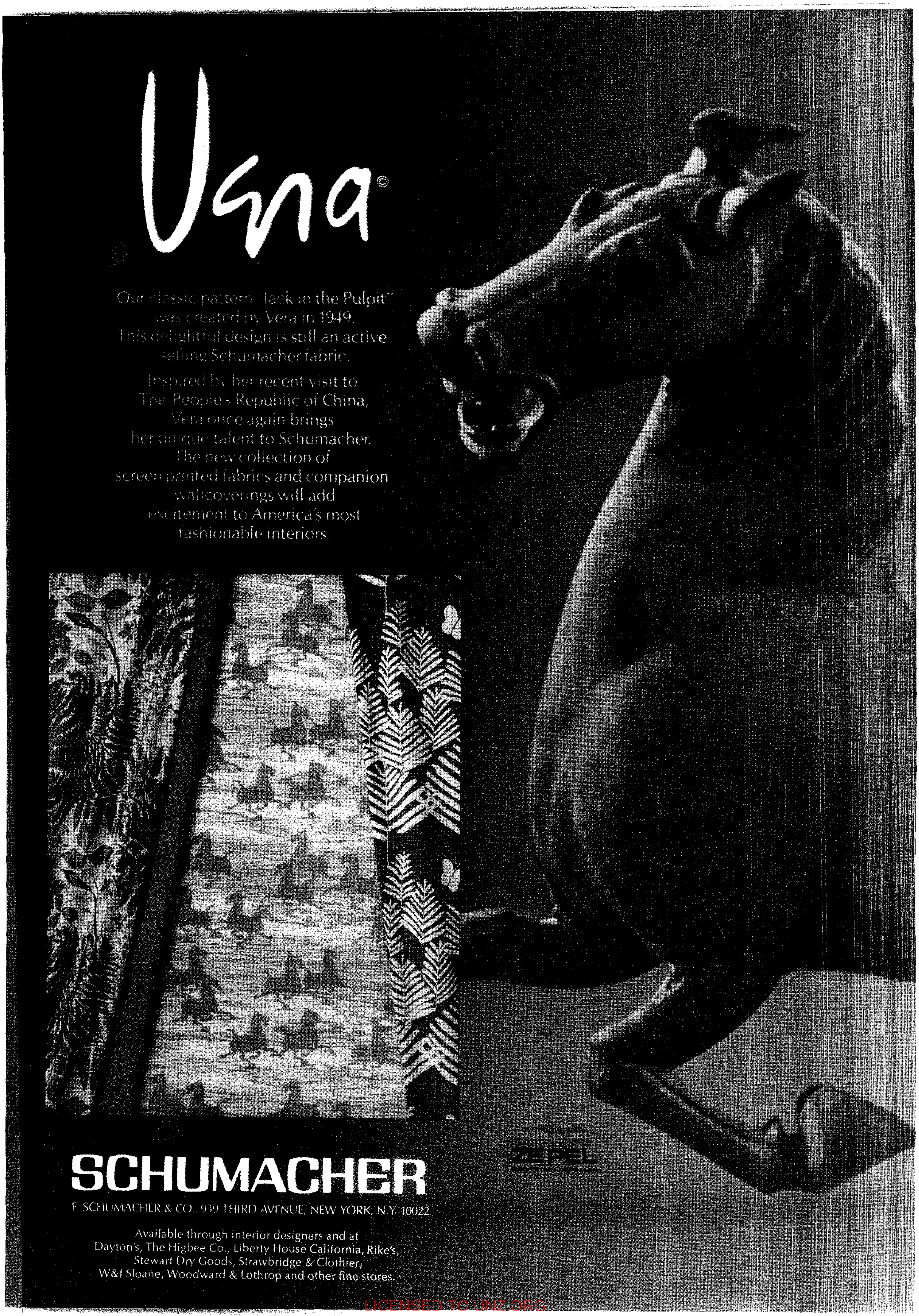
### NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*"TV Week" in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

(7) (11) (13) Wide World of Entertainment: A look at hospitals.



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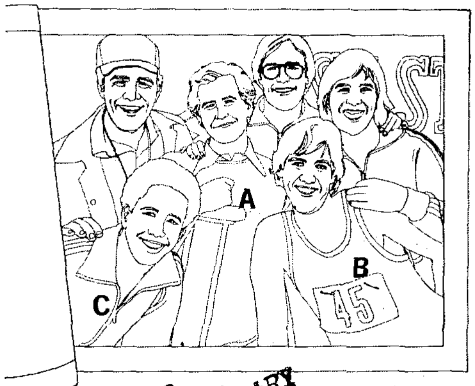

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